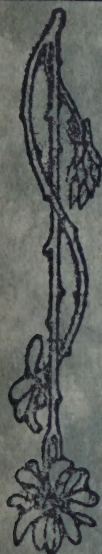




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Dedication
to the memory of
Edward Percy Byron Alexander
of the class of 1915-16

this number of the magazine is dedicated
in appreciation not only of his genius whose loss
we feel to be his country's
as well as our own, but of the new inspiration
and impetus given to our whole college life
by his creative work.

November

10TH. This is the glory season. Today I went into the autumn woods—how can I say it? The trees, sometimes they stood tall and slender in the deep recesses of shadow like shining tapers, sometimes they were magnificently spread against the sky like flaring torches. And the leaves, how ceaselessly they fell! in little hurrying groups or one at a time, glittering down in solitary splendor. I never knew before how many ways they fell and with what meaning. Some fell with quiet intentness as if a service to the scheme of things were in it. Some with a careless ease or a grim indifference; others fluttered down in a very rapture, while others still turned about with piteous resistance.

25TH. What a day! After this wind you could count the leaves left on the trees. They glitter high up in the late sunlight like gay spangles or joyous little clapping hands. Yet the wind has had the day and there have been such moments—moments when the wind made the world seem new and queer and cool with animate shadows and weird shifting lights; when the sky was so full of ravelly clouds it seemed to have been suddenly whirled over us as if from another land, dreamed of, but never seen.

Now it is late and all is still, the last glorious whirl of autumn is over. The world is still, flooded with cool, white late sunlight. From the grasses come the soft hushing sounds of twilight, making a hallowedness throughout the earth.

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THE EYE OF GLUSKÂP.

PERCY ALEXANDER.

[The Eye of Gluskâp was a great amethyst which was lodged in a supposedly inaccessible portion of the cliff of Blomidon, above the little village of Grand Pré. It was supposed to possess a miraculous power to ward off evil and was held in great reverence by the simple villagers, who believed that when its light failed to shine, some great calamity would befall them. Its comforting light was seen even on nights when the moon was obscured. It was blessed by the priest, and was under the protection of the church.]

CHARACTERS.

Lieutenant Winslow Osgood, of H. S. M. "Halifax."

L'Abbé Chasson.

Evangeline de Lamourie.

Jeanne de Lamourie, sister to Evangeline.

Gabriel, betrothed to Evangeline.

SCENE: A room in the cottage of the parents of Evangeline.

TIME: The evening of a spring day of 1755.

A spacious, low-beamed room. At the left is a great fire-place with crane suspended. Plain deal table, chairs and benches. A large braided mat on floor. A small crucifix on wall at right. At the rear a long narrow window, with short white curtains hanging straight down.

Evangeline is spinning before the fire. Her sister, Jeanne, is knitting. Lieutenant Osgood is standing with his back to the room looking from the window.

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—A storm will be brewing. . . . The Eye of Gluskâp gleams like a witch's torch tonight. Is that not a superstition hereabouts?

JEANNE—No superstition, Monsieur, the Eye of Gluskâp always burns thus before a storm.

EVANGELINE—It is, methinks, God's earnest that no harm may befall us when Gluskâp sheds thus its reassuring light—

JEANNE—Aye, for when the fogs come in, the loons scream all night long, and the wolves come out, and answer to their moan. And they say 'tis because old Gluskâp is displeased and veils his eye, and they are filled with fear—

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—I have seen it gleam thus when far at sea, Evangeline, and have wished I had your faith.

JEANNE (*in awed surprise*)—O Monsieur! Do you not trust the Eye of Gluskâp?

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—Well, not as you do, I fear—My petite. You see, I am an Englishman—

JEANNE—That matters not, Monsieur. Old père Davidson, who lived below the hill, was English, was he not, Evangeline?

EVANGELINE—He was an Englishman, Mignotte.

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD (*with amused interest*)—And what of him, Jeanne?

JEANNE—Once when the Eye of Gluskâp shone as it does to-night, and his good neighbors told him of the storm's approach, the old man was angered; for his hay was in rick, (with confidential expressiveness), and he shook his fist, and cursed the Eye of Gluskâp. That very night a purple light crept through his latticed windows and blinded all his sheep as they lay in fold. And the dykes went down, and let the waters over all his crops. Ill fortune has dogged him ever since. I would not for my life have lived his sin—

EVANGELINE—Nor I!

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—Do you believe these things, Evangeline?

EVANGELINE—May God forgive me if I mistrust his holy sign!

Did not le père Abbé Chasson say that it is the light of Heaven that constant shines from the dark bosom of Blomidon, as earnest that God's favor is upon his little village of Grand Pré? The gulls that float on soft white wings along its purple rays at eventide are silent, and make no sound. All *good* creatures are in awe of it.

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—But I! Therefore I am a *bad* creature, Evangeline? Nay! I wish I had that precious jewel in London!

JEANNE (*shocked and awed*)—In London, Monsieur!

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—Yes. Where fair women wear jewels that flash to many lights; where hearts are gay and cheerful voices fill the nights with song!

JEANNE (*eagerly*)—Oh how wonderful! Tell us about it, Monsieur!

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—Nay, I have no heart for telling it to-night.

JEANNE—O! pourquoi, Monsieur?

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—Because my jewel is here in Grand Pré.

JEANNE—Mean you the Eye of Gluskâp, Monsieur?

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD (*looking with unmistakable meaning at Evangeline*)—There are many kinds of jewels, my petite.

EVANGELINE (*obviously making an excuse to leave the room*)—Gabriel is long at milking, Jeanne, I shall help him with the pails.

JEANNE (*with a mischievous glance at Monsieur*)—Nay, I shall go!

EVANGELINE—I wish to prop my lilies else they be crushed by the storm; they are in perfect bloom.

JEANNE—I shall prop them as I pass. (*With mischievous laughter*) For should thou go the milking would ne'er be finished tonight—You may entertain Monsieur!

(*Exit Jeanne*)

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD (*looking at the door, amused*)—La petite coquinnie! (*Turning to Evangeline*) And yet her jest pains me the more, methinks!

EVANGELINE (*with an effort*)—It pains me not, Monsieur; my sister, Jeanne, knows well that I am Gabriel's betrothed.

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—Have you bethought you of what—

EVANGELINE—I have thought not of it, Monsieur.

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD (*in a pained voice*)—You have thought not of it, Evangeline?

EVANGELINE—My mind has no thought, and my heart no place for any man save Gabriel. Tomorrow he is to bespeak le père to set our day of marriage.

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—You know not what you do, Evangeline.

EVANGELINE—Better than you, Monsieur!

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—Evangeline! Will you not give heed to reason before it is too late? Come with me to London! You will have wealth and position, and all that your beauty should command. It is those idle superstitions that chain you here, Evangeline—and they are false—

EVANGELINE—Better that I were sleeping beneath the violets under the hill, Monsieur, than to doubt the voice of God that speaks within my heart—Nay—good sir,—I beg you—

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—Nay! I love you, Evangeline! I love you! Do you not know what that means? The proudest beauties in London might envy you those words—And you!—I will not be denied—Evangeline? No! You will—You will be my wife if the whole British fleet—

[Lieutenant Osgood has caught Evangeline in his arms, when Gabriel enters, and stands dumbfounded hearing Lieutenant Osgood's last sentence. He throws himself furiously forward with a sudden realization of their meaning. He is intercepted, however, by Evangeline, who clings to his arms—Lieutenant Osgood calmly takes his hat, and with a mock bow and a smile upon his lips, walks proudly to the door.]

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—Bon soir, Monsieur—(*with unmistakable emphasis.*) Au revoir, Mademoiselle!

(*Exit Lieutenant Osgood*)

[Gabriel makes a move to free himself from Evangeline.]

EVANGELINE—Nay, nay, beloved! Bethink thee; the English fleet is strong.

GABRIEL—O cursed hound! And must we bear these insults without a blow!

EVANGELINE—We must be patient.

GABRIEL—What said he? Said he not that you will be his wife?

EVANGELINE—It matters not! I fear no longer, now you are with me, beloved.

GABRIEL (*inwardly*)—The English fleet is strong!

EVANGELINE (*in a reassuring affirmation*)—Not stronger than our love, my heart.

GABRIEL (*seeming not to have heard*)—The English fleet is strong! (*Suddenly*) Where lies the "Halifax"?

EVANGELINE—A stone's throw off shore, this side of Blomidon.

GABRIEL (*as if revolving something in his mind*)—No! No! It can never—!

EVANGELINE—What is it, love? (*Gabriel again not heeding Evangeline's words goes swiftly to the window, and peers tensely out.*)

GABRIEL—Yes! There it is! Look you how it burns! See, Evangeline! It is eating up the very lights of Heaven.

EVANGELINE—Yes, love. What evil need we fear?

GABRIEL (*to himself*)—Its power is great; but the English fleet is strong!

(*Enter Jeanne*)

JEANNE—The storm is coming. Two large drops fell now upon my face—

EVANGELINE—And did you cover up my lilies, Mignotte?

JEANNE—I put some brush before them, but the wind is high. (*Innocently*) Monsieur said flowers must suffer when they grow so beautiful. What meant he, Evangeline?

EVANGELINE (*with a start*)—Did he say that?

JEANNE—Aye he did and he called me his little sister, and said "that you will be some day."

[Gabriel, who has stood all this time as if in a trance gazing intently out of the window, turns suddenly.]

GABRIEL—Nay, that you will never be! (*He goes toward the door.*)

EVANGELINE—Where go you, love?

GABRIEL (*paying no heed*)—That will never be!

(*Exit Gabriel*)

JEANNE—What means he? I would like to be the sister to Monsieur. Then I might see the beautiful ladies and the lights! Would you not like to see the lights, Evangeline?

EVANGELINE—I have seen the lights, Mignotte!

JEANNE (*eagerly*)—O, when?

EVANGELINE—I have seen the sunlight on the maize, and I have seen the light that danced in the eyes of my beloved when I have come upon him suddenly.

JEANNE—Oh, I mean the lights where the beautiful women dance.

EVANGELINE—Nay, I have no care to see them.

JEANNE—O, I have! Perhaps when the soldiers go to war, the beautiful women give them love-knots as they do in stories. Monsieur has fought with black men. Is he not brave, Evangeline?

EVANGELINE—It is not bravery, *ma petite*, when men kill men in battle, for they kill to protect themselves—Yesterday as I sat knitting in the garden, a shadow fell across the grass, and a hawk dropped suddenly out of the sky. It would have carried off one of White-top's chicks, but the mother darted forward and received the cruel talons in her back. Then Chanticleer came, and together they beat off the wicked bird—That is bravery, dear. When we face death or suffering to shield those we love—. The bravery that God has planted in the hearts of his smallest creatures—and it is love that calls it forth—this supreme bravery—the love that led Our Lady's Blessed Son in meekness to the tree.

JEANNE—Then you do not think Monsieur is brave, sister?

EVANGELINE—I do not know. I hope he is, *ma petite*. Listen! What noise is that—?

(*Both listen attentively.*)

JEANNE—What noise?

EVANGELINE—Hear you nothing?

JEANNE—I hear nothing save the rushing of the wind above the sea.

EVANGELINE—Listen!

JEANNE—Ah, now I hear!—It is the sound of gulls blown from their course by the wind.

EVANGELINE—They will circle above our hill all night. Hark! How their cries are strangled by the wind; it is like young blind creatures crying in the cold—

JEANNE—I do not like it. Poor creatures! Is it not cruel that they are teased about on such a night?

EVANGELINE—And yet, methinks, they may be safer there!

JEANNE—I am always afraid when I hear the waves thundering against the dykes—How loud they roar now! Suppose they should clamber up and cover the Eye of Gluskâp!

EVANGELINE—O, Mignonne!

JEANNE (*she runs quickly to the window and peers out into the night*)—Nay, sister, but they will not! There it is; its pale rays like violet arrows quivering across the darkness—Look how it shines!

EVANGELINE—It burns through the night like a fallen star! Its light seems everywhere.

JEANNE—Yet how black it is where it is not!

EVANGELINE—Its rays are sharp as needles on threads of gold and violet—(*Evangeline turns from the window with a shudder, as with the cold, and goes toward the fire.*)

JEANNE—I cannot see the dykes, but the tide is high upon them—Yes, now I see!—the spray leaps up like sheeted ghosts and sinks again behind them! Again—and again! How it thunders against them—and the Eye of—(*she utters a low, fearful cry, and falls away from the window.*)

EVANGELINE—Jeanne! Jeanne! What is it? O, you have frightened me so!

JEANNE (*pointing out of the window*)—Look! Look!

EVANGELINE—Look? At what?

JEANNE—See you nothing?

EVANGELINE—I see only the Eye burning across the night as if all the light of Heaven was focused in its depths.

JEANNE—I thought—I thought—that as I looked it wavered—and went out—It shone again—then trembled, and was dark—It was terrible!

EVANGELINE (*shrinking*)—Oh!—

JEANNE—Look! Look! It breaks again; it is as black as pitch—Look! It has gone out!

EVANGELINE (*repeating in stupefied horror*)—It has gone out.

[Both stand spellbound as if fascinated by some divine fear, then fall shuddering back from the window. Evangeline runs swiftly, and falls on her knees, lifting imploring hands to the crucifix.]

EVANGELINE—Holy and gentle Mother, pity!—Jesu, help—Have pity! Oh, I am afraid—I am afraid! (*She rises, and looks about as if distracted*). Run, Jeanne, run to le père Chasson—to le bon père Chasson!—No, wait, wait—what can he do? (*She runs swiftly, and looks again into the night, and turns away shuddering*). Yes—go, go! Does not le père Chasson know all things: even the miracles of God—Yet, art thou not afraid, Jeanne?—I will go! It is black and terrible, but the path is sure.

JEANNE—Nay, sister, thou shalt not go (*she catches up a shawl*) I shall hasten back!

(*Exit Jeanne*)

[Evangeline blinds the window, and falls again on her knees before the crucifix.]

EVANGELINE—Gentle Mother, Hear me; Thy intercession!—Jesu, pity! Let not thy good people suffer—the little babe Cordeau—all pink and white—sleeping like the blessed babe of Bethlehem; and the old man Le May with his silver hair—forsake them not this night for they are helpless—and lend me strength to comfort,—and to help—

[As Evangeline kneels praying, Gabriel, disheveled and wild-looking, enters quickly. He closes the door softly, and stands with suspended breath as Evangeline repeats.]

EVANGELINE—O gentle Mother, lend me strength to comfort—

[Evangeline turns, and remains for a moment as if looking in a dream. She runs quickly to Gabriel, who stands as if under the influence of some strong emotion.]

EVANGELINE—Beloved—

GABRIEL (*glancing fearfully about*)—Where is Jeanne?

EVANGELINE—Hence!

GABRIEL—Are you alone?

EVANGELINE—Aye—Aye! How cold you are—you tremble—and your eyes are wild—You frighten me—O love! what is it—?

GABRIEL—I know not how to tell you—yet I must.

EVANGELINE—What is it, love?

GABRIEL (*glancing quickly from right to left*)—You are alone, and the door unbarred—fasten it—fasten it—

EVANGELINE—I will, love. I will—(*Evangeline moves swiftly and puts the bar in the sockets across the door.*) There! (*She turns quickly.*)

GABRIEL—And the window! Is it covered?

EVANGELINE—Aye, aye—Oh, what is it? Tell me, love!

[Gabriel does not answer, but remains still holding with visible effort something concealed under his blouse. Evangeline, thinking he is concealing a wound—suddenly.]

EVANGELINE—Oh, you are hurt—you are hurt! (*She runs to him.*)

GABRIEL—Nay. It is the Eye—the Eye—

EVANGELINE—Yes, love. I know—'t is gone—'t is out—

GABRIEL—'T is here!

EVANGELINE (*thinking that Gabriel is wandering in his mind in sustaining some suffering*)—He is hurt—(*She turns as if to fetch some water.*)

GABRIEL—It is the Eye of Gluskâp—Look!

[He takes from his blouse a great stone that sparkles brilliantly with a purple splendor. Evangeline remains looking intensely at it, and as the truth slowly dawns upon her, totters back with a half-strangled moan, putting her hands before her face.]

GABRIEL—Nothing can take you from me now—!

EVANGELINE (*falling away*)—What do you mean? What have you done?

GABRIEL—It was for you. I took it, for you—

EVANGELINE—Oh, Holy Mother!

[She sinks sobbing to the floor.]

GABRIEL—But, beloved, you do not understand! It was for you; for you—

EVANGELINE (*in a still awful voice*)—You have done this terrible thing for me!

GABRIEL—Nothing can take you from me—nothing!

EVANGELINE—Nothing—nothing would have separated us—but now—now—what has—

GABRIEL—Beloved, listen. I must tell you all. I meant you should not know. Two nights from yesterday eve, I was awakened from my sleep by your voice—

EVANGELINE—My voice? Nay, love, you dreamed!

GABRIEL—Nay, I was not dreaming. I lay wide-eyed—yet every limb seemed held in a vice of iron.

EVANGELINE—What heard you?

GABRIEL—I heard a rushing of a mighty wind, and the heaving of some vast sea. I seemed to be a part of it and it was all about me, and above the noise I heard your voice calling—calling—it called my name: “Gabriel”—it called “Gabriel.”

EVANGELINE—Beloved!

GABRIEL—And in it was a terror and a pain that stabbed me like a dagger.

EVANGELINE—Your mind was distraught. I have suffered such terrors when in fever.

GABRIEL—My eyes strove in the darkness—I could see nothing—only that voice kept calling to me—then I saw you—your lovely eyes were full of fear, and on your face an anguish indescribable—your arm was stretched toward me; I strove to reach you, but I was powerless—then I saw a huge serpent riding through the billows.

EVANGELINE—Oh, beloved!

GABRIEL—I followed it coil on coil—until I saw it wind about your lovely body and at its head was the face—the face of—Lieutenant Osgood!

[Evangeline utters a sharp terrified cry and covers her face with her hands.]

GABRIEL—Then I cried aloud—I rushed into the air; the wind was like ice in my face, and everywhere I heard your voice calling—calling—!

EVANGELINE—Nay. These things were but fancies. Do not believe them, Gabriel.

GABRIEL—That night I told le père Cordeau. He said: “Your dream will come to pass, because it was dreamed on hemlock boughs in the month of May!”

EVANGELINE—Oh!

GABRIEL—Since then there has been but one thought in my mind: The Eye of Gluskâp—the Eye of Gluskâp! It alone can ward off evil.

EVANGELINE—The Eye of Gluskâp!

GABRIEL—At first the thought was fearful to me, then it

became less fearful. Something whispered constantly, "The Eye of Gluskâp, the Eye of Gluskâp!"

EVANGELINE—Gabriel!

GABRIEL—And then tonight that man was here. He threatened you. I knew no more. With the rope I let myself down—down—over the cliff. The wind slashed and cut me, while the waters roared and thundered below. I saw the light quivering in a long purple shaft—down, down, I went. Once I passed it, then I grew afraid, and would have fallen into the sea, but again I heard your voice, and with my single hand I wrenched free the Eye and hid it in my blouse.

EVANGELINE—O, how terrible! You know not what you have done.

GABRIEL—I have thought only of you.

EVANGELINE—May God forgive me that my love should urge you to this great crime—

GABRIEL—Crime!

EVANGELINE—Do you not understand, beloved?—the church—what will le père Abbé Chasson—

[Gabriel shuddering and shrinking with hands before his face.]

GABRIEL—Le père Abbé Chasson!

EVANGELINE—It is too terrible to think of.

GABRIEL—What's to be done?

EVANGELINE—It must be returned.

GABRIEL—It cannot be.

EVANGELINE—It must be! Tonight shall I pray—nor leave my place before Her Divine Son, and perhaps the Great God seeing that our love has blinded us to His great power will stay His hand—seeing us now all penitent!

GABRIEL—And wilt thou keep it safe?

EVANGELINE—It must go back tonight!

GABRIEL—I cannot. The night is dark and the way unknown. Tomorrow shall I mark the spot and return it ere the night has fallen—yet, if we should fail!

EVANGELINE—We shall not fail! Our faith in God—His love is now our shield. Give it to me!

[In passing the stone, Gabriel drops it to the floor and both fall upon their knees with the stone between them.]

GABRIEL—I'm afraid to look on it.

EVANGELINE (*as if fascinated*)—Oh, how wonderful it is! It is as pure as the veins in the ivory feet of the infant Cor-deau! And it glistens like the eyes of my snow-white oxen.

GABRIEL—I'm afraid to look on it!

EVANGELINE—Nay. It is brighter than the stars when they twinkle after snow, and gold lurks there where the purple shadows flee.

[While speaking, Evangeline leans over and picks up the stone in her two hands as if drawn by some magnetic power. Gabriel's eyes follow her in dumb steadfastness.]

EVANGELINE—How beautiful it is!

GABRIEL—How beautiful!

EVANGELINE (*with sudden repulsion of fear*)—Nay, it is not beautiful; take it back! Take it back! (*She casts it from her.*) It poisons me the more I look upon it. (*In sudden realization*) What if le père Abbé should find us here!

GABRIEL—Le père Abbé?

EVANGELINE—Aye—Jeanne has gone to him in terror. The whole village will be aroused.

GABRIEL—They must not find us thus.

EVANGELINE—Nay, nay, beloved! Go!

GABRIEL—You will guard my secret?

EVANGELINE—Even unto death. And you will trust me?

GABRIEL—Even unto death, beloved.

EVANGELINE—Beloved! (*They embrace.*) Go! Go! Nay, stay—

GABRIEL—Pourquoi?

EVANGELINE—If we should be parted—

GABRIEL—Parted? It cannot be!

EVANGELINE—I shall hide it behind the crucifix, and if aught us separate, look thou for it there.

GABRIEL—I will. (*They embrace again and separate.*)

[Evangeline wraps the Eye of Gluskâp in a stout homespun cloth, which she ties securely, and removing the crucifix, hides it in a hole in the wall, replacing the crucifix over it. She then falls on her knees before the crucifix. As she kneels thus, the knob of the door is heard to turn softly. Evangeline hears it. She looks steadfastly at the door as if petrified with fear; the door is then shaken vigorously. Evangeline does not move. A loud rapping as if with a sword-hilt is begun on

the door. Evangeline rises, and, making sure that the crucifix is in place, moves swiftly across the room.]

EVANGELINE—Who is there?

VOICE WITHOUT—Open!

EVANGELINE—Who's without?

VOICE—Open! In the King's name!

EVANGELINE (*she throws herself backward against the door with outstretched arms.*) In the King's name!

VOICE—Open, I command you!

EVANGELINE—But, good sir, there is none within but a lone maid.

VOICE—In the King's name!

EVANGELINE—What do you wish with her?

[A vigorous pounding is begun on the door.]

EVANGELINE—Stay, stay! I open!

[She removes bolt and retreats as a heavily clothed figure advances into the room. The face of the figure is hidden by a military cape.]

EVANGELINE—Who are you?

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD (*removing his cape*)—You need not fear, Evangeline,—I am alone.

EVANGELINE (*retreating*)—Lieutenant Osgood!

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—The same, Mademoiselle. I have frightened you. I am sorry.

EVANGELINE—What want you, Monsieur?

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—Shelter from the storm. You are not hospitable, Evangeline.

EVANGELINE—It is not customary for English men-at-arms to seek shelter in our humble homes, Monsieur.

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—No home is humble that has such wealth as this.

EVANGELINE—I understand you not, Monsieur.

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—That pleases me. I must be brief. To-night I sail for England.

EVANGELINE—Yes, Monsieur.

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—I shall not go alone.

EVANGELINE—Whom go you with, Monsieur?

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—Need you ask, Evangeline? I love you. I shall not leave you. You are too lovely to waste your fragrance here.

EVANGELINE—Oh, you cannot be so wicked and so cruel!

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—Neither wicked nor cruel. What I do you will some day thank me for. I will not let you cast yourself away on this—

EVANGELINE—Nay, he is my lover. You call yourself a man, and you come here knowing I am but a maid, weak and defenseless, to torture me through the only man I love, and ask me to give that love to you! A coward!

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—You know not what you say. I will hear no more. Your anger only fans my love to quicker flame. Come, we have no time to lose.

EVANGELINE—Monsieur, you will not?

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—I will!

EVANGELINE—I cannot come.

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—Then I have that to fetch you. I have been walking on the cliff—Your lover is nimble and strong of arm.

EVANGELINE (*in a fearful voice*)—What mean you?

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD (*goes to window and raises curtain*)—Look, Old Cyclops has been blinded!

EVANGELINE—I do not understand, Monsieur.

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—You shall. The Eye of Gluskâp is gone. I have your secret!

EVANGELINE (*falling on knees before him*)—Pity, Monsieur, pity! You will not betray us.

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—Nay. I will go to any means to bring you to your senses. What force cannot do—strategy must! To seal my lips you must come with me!

EVANGELINE—What if I refuse?

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—Le père Abbé Chasson will know all. What will become of your lover—your *lover* with the curse of the church upon him? The people are already clamoring in the village. In their fury, they will tear him limb from limb!

EVANGELINE—Sweet Jesu!

[She makes a quick move to reach the crucifix. Lieutenant Osgood, catching her eye, intercepts her—stepping before the cross.]

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—Nay—Your Holy Mother has no terrors for me. Quick! The people are coming!

[A loud confusion of frightened voices is heard outside, calling upon

the priest. It grows louder. The door is burst open by L'Abbé Chasson and Jeanne, who are followed by a terrified mob. Jeanne and the priest enter.]

LE CHASSON—Nay, good people—peace—be not afraid!

[As he turns into the room, Evangeline runs and throws herself at his feet.]

EVANGELINE—Père!

LE CHASSON—Sweet daughter! (*He lifts her to her feet.*) (*Turning to door again.*) Good people, stay without. Daughter, be calm! and tell me what you know about this thing.

[As Evangeline makes no answer, the priest looks about and notices Lieutenant Osgood, who has stood unobserved by the window.]

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—I have a word for you, Sir Priest, which is best for your ears alone.

PRIEST—My ears are my people's ears. Let us hear.

LIEUTENANT OSGOOD—'T were well you hear it alone—for their safety.

LE CHASSON (*to girls*)—Leave us, my children, I shall call you presently.

EVANGELINE (*rushes madly forward, arresting the priest with outstretched hands*)—Nay, nay—good people! I will tell you all. Lieutenant Osgood and I have been secretly betrothed. Tonight we sail for England!

(*Exit Osgood and Evangeline.*)

LE CHASSON—God's vengeance is upon us! His daughters go mad!

AN OLD MAN IN THE CROWD—She is a wanton!

JEANNE—She will see the beautiful women and the lights!

CURTAIN.

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OPPORTUNITY.

PERCY ALEXANDER.

This I dreamed—no, by George, I saw it!
 There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
 And underneath the cloud, and in it, sped
 A train—full blast! And men sneezed, and
 Ladies yawned with grimy fingers 'gainst their rouged lips.
 A dainty damsel sighed, then settled

Backward, bored but brave!
A craven hung from out an upper berth,
And said, "Had I the fortunes of the country's blest—
The yellow gold from Rockefeller's vaults—
But this poor thing!" he flung it from his hand,
And stretched full length, like one who had a million!
Then came the grinning Africanus down the line,
All penniless, and spied the glittering quarter where it lay,
And snatched it up, and ran and brought
A whisk-broom, and with battle shout
He brushed the travelers down, and let no dust escape,
And banked ten dollars that heroic day! (Good way!)

A NIGHT ON THE "COEUR DE LION."

PERCY ALEXANDER.

The Island of Campobelle is shaped like an old woman—a dear, patient old lady, who has been content to sit for centuries in the same untiring position, and receive upon her bent and rock-ribbed back the relentless lashings of the Atlantic. Those terrible lashings! How often have I heard them at night resounding like muffled thunder over the tree tops, and have fallen asleep to dream of giants and earthquakes. I loved this dim region, with its great cliffs towering far above the surging mass of waters. I loved the gulls that ruled in wild abandon on the bosom of the incoming gale. But above all, I loved the free sweep of black sand that curved like a drawn bow from the foot of the Glen Severn cliffs to the heights of Bona Vista, fully a mile away. Here Captain Kidd had buried countless treasures; and it was here that I was wont to steal on still Sunday afternoons to watch the white sails far out at sea, and dream of lands that I had never seen. I feared the great loneliness that came upon the place when the sun was set, or when the clouds hung low in the heavens, and the day was darkened, for then the sea sent forth its dead and the land was peopled with a thousand fancies. At such times I would crouch in the cove and listen to the roaring of the sea, and watch the feverish surf, which like the breath from the thun-

dering mouth of a cannon would rise like a ghost and vanish in the twinkling of an eye against the dark cliffs of Glen Severn. At such times, also, I shunned a certain dark object half-buried in the black waters of a deep and narrow ford, above the crest of sand at the wood's edge. It was the ruins of a massive wreck about which had congregated the tales of a simple and imaginative people.

Often during the long winter evenings, when the table had been cleared and Betty had taken her darning, she would draw us about the fire and tell us of the wreck of the *Coeur de Lion*. How, in her grandfather's time, it had set sail from England to bring Rear Admiral Fitz-William Owen and his young bride, Lady Ellen Archer-Shea, to their great estate on the wind-swept heights above Welsh Pool Bay. There had been a mutiny on the high seas, and the unhappy ship, fleeing before the fury of the heavens, was caught and crushed in the iron grip of Glen Severn.

"And did the sailors really kill Lady Ellen?" we would ask with widening eyes. Whereat old Betty would shake her finger. "Ain't I been a-telling you that my Joe seen the very bar what struck the poor lamb down, and the Lord don't catch me out there o' nights with the wind a-howling, for I've seen things. You need n't tell me!" She always concluded this narrative with a wise shake of her head and an awful rolling of her eyes that never failed to strike terror to our hearts; so that we would creep trembling off to bed to snuggle under the warm coverlets and listen to the pounding of the sea. And ever through the web of my dreams passed the stately figure and the sad, pale face of the young bride—Lady Ellen Archer-Shea.

I was still young when I left my island home, and these early terrors were swept away on a flood of new experiences. It was not until the end of my academy life that I stood again, one dull October afternoon, on the cliffs above Glen Severn. It was one of these magical still days when the fondest memories of the past seem to congregate to pour in upon one's soul like a sweet symphony. And as the sweetest things in life are usually tinged with something of mystery, I was car-

ried back at a bound to those early days when every cave and crevice of this desolate spot had been the abode of ghosts and spirits of the dead.

I was overcome by an irresistible loneliness that was emphasized by the vast desolation of waters, which fretted the cliffs below my feet with a mournful and melancholy sound. And when I loosened a stone with my stick, I drew back with a shudder at the dim echoes that were sent vibrating from rock to rock. A couple of ravens, probably nesting on a shelf of the cliff, launched themselves into the abyss of air and melted into the deepening gloom. Darkness comes quickly in these parts; the stars leap to their places while the sun still lingers on the western rim. And even now the sun had gone, leaving an angry scar on the border of the heavens against which the giant cliffs of Grand Manan stood like ebony on a shield of blood.

The village of Welsh Pool lay fully three miles away and the road to the latticed windows, where my mother would now be placing the evening lamp, lay under the towering ranks of dark and solemn pines. Following a narrow sheep path here I found myself in a disheartening predicament. The waters of the ford had swollen and were rushing to meet the ocean in such a sturdy torrent as to shut me off completely from the road communicating with the village. I had either to retrace my steps up the side of the cliff, which the darkness was fast rendering impossible, or to scramble over the boulders that huddled like sheep at the water's edge. This, also, I found impossible because of the incoming tide. It was then that I thought of the wreck of the *Coeur de Lion* and thither I bent my way. I knew that by crossing this melancholy bridge I might gain the opposite shore and reach the village before dark.

But as I stood finally in the shadow of the *Coeur de Lion*, I stood abashed. What was it, I paused to wonder, that brought so vividly to my mind my childish impressions of this ill-favored object? For now, as if rushing to embrace a mind from which they had been all too rudely banished, old Betty's tales came flocking to reclaim their ancient tenure with renewed and startling vividness. I heard her words as clearly as though

they had been uttered yesterday (and she lying in her grave this many a day): "The Lord don't catch me out there alone o' nights, for I've seen things. You need n't tell me!" And I confess that I was filled with that nameless, that inexplicable timidity and dread that a child feels when it finds itself alone amid the scenes of its nightly dreams of fear.

The appearance of the whole place was, indeed, desolate in the extreme. The grim black sides of the ship were sunk deep in the sickening ooze, and along the water's edge spread a stagnant growth of luxuriant mosses resting on the surface like fine silk. The running water carried out the long tendrils in graceful ripples and something in the movement of it suggested to my mind the unbound tresses of a woman's hair, so that I thought of the Lady Ellen Archer-Shea.

So unnerved was I that I trusted myself to look no longer and catching hold of hanging cable I pulled myself lightly over the bulwarks and let myself down on the deck of the *Coeur de Lion*.

At that moment, as if to emphasize my utter loneliness, there struck upon my ear, faintly borne above the wilderness of tree tops, the distant tolling of the chapel bell from the hill above the village of Welsh Pool, calling the worshippers to evening devotion. The notes, half-strangled by a rising wind, were inexpressibly sad and mournful.

And although in any place so forlorn one might gladly have welcomed any sound of human companionship, these tones now filled me with a strange depression of soul, as if they had lent themselves to those subtle phantoms that lurked in the shadow of the *Coeur de Lion*, ready to distort the most familiar sounds into the impressions of dread and terror. They seemed as remote, as far away as those cold stars that were fast taking their places in the deepening vault of heaven.

I was now cut off from any sight of the ocean by the bulwarks that came above my head and which darkened the corners of the deck into impenetrable caverns of gloom. The light was not so obscure, however, but I could distinguish the gaping blackness revealed by the missing door of the hatchway, from whence issued an odor of decaying timbers. A piece

of paper caught by the wind swirled across the deck and I started visibly. As I did so a rotting timber gave away beneath my added weight. I was conscious of a sharp and biting pain. Things seemed strange and far away, and I sank down unconscious upon the deck.

It must have been on the verge of midnight when I came to my senses. It was a mild and serenely beautiful night. The moon was in the heavens, and like the pale face of woman whose mind is dead, it reeled among the swift fleeting bars of blackness, which the rising wind lashed in fury across the sky.

The uncouth shadows rushing madly across the deck vied with the kaleidoscopic fury of the heavens. The wind gathering its force at a vortex would pause suddenly above the *Coeur de Lion*, then descend with such lightning rapidity as to shake her decaying timbers like reeds, so that I feared to be ground forever into dust and buried in the black waters of the lake. The heaving of the sea must have been terrific, for above the screeching of the wind could be heard the thundering roar of the waves against the bosom of Glen Severn. The very coast seemed to rock with the mighty impact; and ever and anon the *Coeur de Lion* was shaken as with some feverish pulsation of the earth. Was it an electrical breath issuing from the region of that pale face in the clouds, or was it but the wind rushing in from the sea with some dark secret for those tall pines that bowed their heads submissively beneath the heavens and swayed their arms with a continual sighing and sobbing? There was no rain, but at intervals a cloud of fog fled like a sheeted ghost before the wind, or rested with wings atilt upon the quivering mast of the *Coeur de Lion*.

I was so awed by the wild grandeur of the night that time and place seemed for the time to have been swept from my mind, and I lay endeavoring to collect my shattered wits. A dull throbbing in my leg caused me great uneasiness, but when I attempted to extract my imprisoned foot the sharp and biting pain caused me to cry aloud. But groaning here was surely out of place, as it served only to recall to my mind my utter loneliness and helplessness, and the terrors of the evening. I thought of the turmoil in the minds of my family with me

abroad on such a night, and instinctively I strained my ears for any sound of human approach. I heard nothing, however, save the voices of the storm, and in a sudden lull of the wind there came from where the "Wolves" reared their hungry maws above the sea, the half-strangled moans of the "Whistling Buoy." I could picture the frenzied foam leaping far over their jagged heads.

God pity the vessel, thought I, that should run into that howling pack on such a night as this. Probably on such a night, too, that grim tragedy was enacted that had played such havoc with my childhood imagination. My mind was keenly alive to every hideous suggestion, and my eyes followed fearfully each uncouth shadow as it swept across the deck.

I cannot say how many minutes, perhaps only seconds, of the terrible night had worn away when I became aware that some living thing was on the wreck near me. I heard nothing, I could see nothing. But every muscle was suddenly arrested, and I knew that I was not alone. I lay tense, straining every nerve; it seemed that my very blood stopped its action to intensify the stillness.

"Who's there?" I called aloud.

There was no answer, and the silence was more frightful than before. I was about to call again, when, with a shock, there smote upon the air a shrill, sharp scream. It came from the cavernous depths of the *Coeur de Lion*, and rose again and again—a very ecstasy of terror—until it seemed to me that it must have pierced the very ears of old Betty in her grave above the village. The pounding of my heart was greater than the beating of the sea against the bosom of Glen Severn. My eyes were fastened upon the hatchway whence had issued those terrifying cries, and before I had the power to move them there glided therefrom, upon the deck of the *Coeur de Lion*, the mantled figure of—could it indeed be so?—and yet it was no other. There before me stood the enveloped figure of Lady Ellen Archer-Shea. I did not move; I had not the power to stir. But I continued to gaze upon the figure before me, and even in this tortured state of my mind I found time to wonder what freak of the imagination had enabled me to picture so

graphically in my childhood a figure upon which I now gazed for the first and only time.

Here, indeed, was the same lady who had been wont to pass nightly before my sleeping cot. Here were the same eyes—never had I seen such large, such softly luminous eyes! And in them now was that ancient and familiar expression, that same tender and haunting appeal. Surely there never were such eyes as those of the Lady Ellen, which now seemed to pierce my very soul, and yet which seemed all unconscious of my being. I noted the whiteness of the mantle which served to envelop her figure, and which, as she came from the hatchway, hung from her outstretched arms and swayed gently in the wind. But the outward appearance of the figure was, indeed, of little moment as my whole attention was absorbed, fascinated, bound by the brilliancy of those singular and beautiful eyes.

Never again should I doubt the wildest dreams that I might hear of this unearthly region. I could not see the moon, but I knew by the whiteness that suffused the deck that its face was uncovered. It was then that there leaped into the eyes of Lady Ellen Archer-Shea a wild look of terror, so that there shone therefrom such a light as was surely never reflected from human eyes. She glanced quickly from right to left and with arms upraised passed, without the least sound, to a gap in that portion of the bulwarks that lay in shadow; so that, but for the whiteness of her dress and the peculiar brilliancy of her eyes, she must have passed forever from my sight.

The light that had burned so steadily into my eyes now wavered and at that moment there rushed through the opening of the hatchway, whence had come the figure of the Lady Ellen Archer-Shea, the figure of a man similarly gowned. I noted the same lustre of the eyes as they swept the deck with an evil and penetrating glare until they rested upon the figure in the shadow of the bulwarks.

What was my surprise at this moment to see the Lady Ellen rush upon her assailant with the rapidity of lightning and there burst from her soft white throat the same shrill, piercing cries as had before raised the terrors of the night.

I watched like one transfixed, my eyes fastened upon the unfortunate woman, who filled the night with the horror of her dying struggles. Her assailant towered above her with upraised arms. And at that moment I swear I saw aloft a great black bar that descended, delivering a terrific blow—not upon Lady Ellen's head, but upon my own upturned face.

When I opened my eyes I was lying upon my own bed with my head in a bandage. The bright streaks of morning light struggled through the curtained window and rested on the patchwork quilt.

I attempted to rise, but a kindly voice requested me to lie still and rest. Soon I learned that I had been found unconscious upon the deck of the *Coeur de Lion*, my broken ankle caught securely between two timbers. A heavy block, dislodged by the wind, probably at the moment of my keenest fear, had inflicted a deep gash across my forehead.

Some days later I learned upon inquiry that as the searching party had approached the ship, a couple of great snowy owls had darted out from the recess of the hatchway with screams of defiance and indignation at thus being robbed of their daily rest.

They had evidently been nesting there for some time, for the deck was strewn with feathers and many were stained with blood, as if a deadly battle for ownership had recently taken place.

TO P. A.

Dear Friend, to whom the summons swiftly called
Thy Youth of blush and promise ere begun;
That thy sweet soul so soon did take its flight
From this young clay with genius touched, we mourn;
We mourn that now thy skilléd hand is still;
The scanty sowing shall a bounty reap:
Thy soul's clear wake to a far and infinite shore,
Thy steady flight, shall mark us on; 't is done,
We mourn no more, 't is just begun,—anon.

—*Burton W. James.*

PRESIDENT SOUTHWICK'S LECTURE BEFORE THE
STUDENT-BODY.

CONSTRUCTION VERSUS DESTRUCTION.

A man's sole value to the world is his influence in what he affirms and does. His contribution is the food he supplies to the physical, mental, aesthetic or spiritual hungers of his fellows. While you or I may care for him merely because he is our relative, or because he excites our pity, the world cares for him only in the measure in which he makes return for what it gives to him. If he does not make return, he is a non-entity, and an expense—merely excess baggage. All the value of one's life is creative, affirmative, productive. If one does not contribute something the world wants he is sterile and obstructive. At the worst he is a social menace, and at the best he occupies space and blocks the highway.

Now, as a man thinketh in his heart so is he, for habitual thinking and habitual acting are interdependent. If his work is affirmative it will be because in his thinking he puts things together, because his attitude is one of constructive thinking and not of destructive criticism. To criticise is easy—it does not even require brains. To achieve is difficult. But achievement becomes progressively easy in the ratio that one trains himself away from destructive criticism and toward constructive thinking.

In a home I once visited, I watched a child congenially employed in smashing up an elaborate mechanical toy. Through the open window I saw his little brother working out a walled town in the wet sand of his sand pile. So far as it went, one was indulging in destructive criticism while the other exemplified constructive thinking. These were children.

I once heard a Massachusetts congressman rejoicing that he had found out that George Washington swore at White Plains, saying he had never felt so near to him before. It was the hummock happy in the discovery that however grand the mountain may be, yet, like itself, it contains mud. But in the feeling that after all it is mud reverence pales and the spiritual lesson and inspiration of that mountain fade and are lost. Even literary criticism is harmful unless it makes for greater

appreciation, and even the critic himself cannot create and criticise at the same time, any more than a man can digest his dinner while analyzing and feeling out how many times it is turning over and over in his stomach. The two attitudes are mutually inhibitive.

I once sat in front of a group of students of Oral Expression in a Boston theatre. We were watching the work of a great actor, but I could not help overhearing the comments of the group. How they did gloat in their ability to point out his faults—how he did this thing that was wrong, and that thing which Professor Yellowcution told them they should never do, and so on *ad nauseum*. And all this was by mere tyros in the art—by those who, were they to study a lifetime, never would even approach the orbit of that man's greatness. The unfortunate part was not that they were proceeding in the confidence of ignorance—this could be dismissed with a smile—but that in their smug assurance they were choking up a fountain of inspiration. Truth is truth, and Art is art—like sunlight they are there. But we can shut our eyes if we will and truth is not truth to *us* until we see it. When one has attained an artist's fame there is a reason. He has risen by his qualities and his art. If we would learn anything from him we must study constructively what he is and has that built for him success and fame, and then we must work to build in ourselves that quality and skill.

One of my friends was present at a lecture by Henry Ward Beecher. After it was over, he turned to a school marm who sat beside him and said to her, "Was not that *great*?" And she answered, "Well, I noticed he mispronounced two words." With that attitude of mind what could she receive from one of America's greatest orators? Clearly hers was a mental "no thoroughfare"?

Before a new idea destructive criticism stands like a batman and strikes at it if it comes within reach. Such a critic prides himself upon being a conservative, which in a majority of cases means an obstructionist. Those who warn are not always useless; but the world progresses only through initiative and constructive enterprise. The destructive critic says

"You will make mistakes." The constructive thinker replies "A man who makes anything makes mistakes, and the man who never makes mistakes never makes anything." The destructive critic is like the would-be musician, who explains why he cannot play upon any instrument that it is because his ear is so delicate he cannot bear to hear himself practise. Mistakes are the price of progress. The destructive critic fears the slightest deviation from tradition and the prescribed way of doing things. If he were a nurse he would say to a slumbering sick man, "Wake up! wake up! it's time the doctor said you must take your sleeping potion."

One of the reasons why many people do so little is because they will not think constructively of themselves and of their work. They have their talents, and expect all things from these talents. But most talents die before they produce anything. It takes constructive brains and a rigid backbone to keep a talent on the track from start to goal. "What have I to do with, and what can I do with it?" are the problems to be thought of and thought through. What I might have, or ought to have, or want to have are beside the question.

That we look into our own hearts to see if our tendency is destructively critical or affirmatively constructive is my thought this day. One road leads to fulfillment and service; the other to failure and unhappiness. Whether we are young or old we need honest self-examination in this thing, for the human spirit has limitless power of recovery. However far we may have gone upon the wrong road there is always a choice of roads, and the right choice leads to recovery.

Destructive criticism even of one's self is a poison. Never spend time in regrets—regret is dyspeptic. Never waste strength in remorse—remorse is consumptive. Suppose I did wrong yesterday. Why waste today in crying about it? Repent of it?—Yes. But constructive thinking asks but one question, "How can I do right now?" Destructive criticism makes one feel it is of no use. Constructive thinking figures the way out and finds it. The old frog who got into the milk pail and could not get out, and who paddled until he floated

safely on a cake of butter of his own churning was a constructive thinker, even if he thought mainly with his hind legs.

The attitude of mind that characterizes genius—even military genius—is constructive. Caesar was an empire builder. Grant said, "Let us have peace," and he gave a helpless enemy terms at once so magnanimous and far-seeing in their healing influence that they helped mightily in fostering a state of feeling in the North and in the South which could make peace real and permanent and bring reconciliation and reconstruction to our war-torn land. Napoleon's military genius was a triumph of constructive thinking. While he foresaw all the things his enemies could attempt against him, he saw also what he could do to them, and he did it first. Nor was his thinking for the purpose of destruction. In his months of freedom from the field of war his was the genius of constructive statesmanship. He gave to old France, and to his enlarged France "The Code Napoleon," the direct and indirect influence of which has been the bulwark of Continental liberty. His enemies might banish him. They did not, and could not banish his great legacy to civic justice and freedom. You may shut up a great man, but you cannot shut up a great idea. The supreme greatness of Lincoln, commander-in-chief of America's army and navy, was that he gave his life to construct and not to destroy.

What is the matter with our own national defense today? It is suffering from too much destructive criticism about militarism, which does not, and never did apply to America's provision for protection. No sane American wants militarism, nor with our modest navy and skeleton army can anything but a diseased imagination discover present danger in that direction. Militarism means an armament that permits aggression if it does not actually invite it. We have no such armament, and aggression and invasion of the great countries across the seas is unthinkable. We would not invade them if we could, and we could not if we would. With far smaller armies than theirs our geographical position gives us a certain amount of insurance. We need no vast military establishment, but we do need reasonable defense. From providing this the destruc-

tive critics would keep us if they could have their way. Constructive thinking recognizes that if over-preparedness sometimes provokes war, unpreparedness does not prevent war. All history, ancient and recent, makes this self-evident. Even the peace-at-any-price fanatic, and the swarm of subsidized advocates of that propaganda might see it, and yet the foolish flood of their destructive criticism flows on undammed. Over insurance may tempt the unscrupulous to start a fire, but every wise man carries a reasonable insurance.

Destructive criticism in the family life leads to endless bickering, disparagements, discouragements, and if carried far enough it disrupts family life and is a high road to the divorce court. Destructive criticism has a system of rewards and punishments for the children—with the rewards left out. Tell your boy he is a fool, and tell him so often enough and very probably by and by he will believe you, and then he is in a poor way indeed. You have made him feel it is of no use to try; self-confidence shrivels; ambition dies. There can be no home atmosphere, no real love of home, no desire to confide and ask counsel where destructive criticism prevails. Nerves frayed, tempers on edge, spirits silent, sullen or broken, homes without homeliness, are its bitter fruits.

Destructive criticism leads to belittlement of others, and to boorishment in our treatment of them. When we think constructively we are considerate and therefore courteous. While the best courtesy is of the heart and not of the head, is the grace and perfume of the knightly soul, yet the man who can think straight through the problem of personal relationships cannot fail to see that life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy, and that courtesy is a business asset, always a gain and never a loss; that it opens more doors than a crowbar, secures and keeps customers, that, like valor, it wins brides, and that like enterprises it wins fortunes. It sees that people will buy at the shops where the gentle art of good manners is practised; will travel by the line where efficiency and courtesy are agreeably mixed; that courtesy helps mightily to add to the size of dividends.

It has been said that three generations ago a courtesy was

acknowledged with, "I thank you"; that two generations ago the people said "Thank you"; that the last generation said "Thanks"; and the present generation says nothing at all. If there is any tendency in this direction it is certainly a grievous fault and a serious loss.

Destructive criticism tends to social and individual paralysis. All the world cares for is that which aids and adds and builds. Destructive criticism stops building; it makes one blade grow where two grew before: it kills initiative. It poisons him who has it, and all who catch it from him, with the feeling that nothing is worth while. It makes one shut his eyes to the splendid possibilities around him and within himself, fancying all the while that his eyes are being opened and he is becoming wise. When most negative, and most useless, and most blind he feels his horizon is the largest, and he swells with importance until he mistakes his waist band for his hat band. Destructive criticism chokes initiative, and without initiative there is no creation. Initiative is imagination in action.

What is the matter with our business today? The matter is largely an over-dose of destructive criticism. Great business is built only by constructive thinking. Nothing is left to chance. The profits of today are largely wrung from the waste and refuse of former days. Great business is governed from tabulated sheets, and its opinions are based upon facts and figures. And it has discovered, moreover, that the success of one man on legitimate lines means the benefit of all.

But the destructive political agitator, who obstructs and destroys, is the enemy to business and to mankind—himself included. Happily this vindictive attitude towards what is, after all, materially speaking, the main concern of the people—its productive business—is beginning to become politically doubtful policy.

In the face of what is going on at the present time in Europe we are in the presence of the greatest business opportunity in the history of the United States. For the first time the world's marts lie at our feet almost uncontested. But to get them needs something more than to pack a sample case and

catch the next boat for Brazil or Argentine. There is a wonderful opportunity, but it is an opportunity and not a legacy. It is a problem that calls for really constructive thinking. Why is it that we have been outsold and have witnessed Europe capturing the big share of the trade of South America and of the far East that seemed so naturally our own? Have we not despised them and used too much destructive criticism and too little constructive thinking about the peoples with whom we had to deal? Have we not failed to find their point of view, their tastes, their habits of thought? Have we not felt superior to their institutions? Do we not too often dismiss them with a wave of the hand and an epithet? I heard a speaker quoting a remark of an American drummer concerning his recent failure in dealing with some Italian business men, "What can you expect from a bunch of dagos?" "Well," said the speaker to him, "Savonarola was a dago, and so was Galileo, and so was Raphael, and so was Leonardo da Vinci, and so was Michael Angelo, and so was Christopher Columbus." "What, do you mean to tell me that these dagos are in the same class with Michael Angelo and Christopher Columbus?" "Well," was the reply, "probably they were quite as much in their class as you are in the class with such Americans as George Washington and Abraham Lincoln."

We need more than push and hustle. We need constructive thinking to master the problem of dealing with peoples whose traditions and habits are so unlike our own, and we illustrate this lack at home as well as abroad. A man wanted to buy an automobile, and he wanted one his wife could start and run. "What are you looking for?" asked the salesman when he entered the wareroom. "A light car with a self-starter," he answered. "Self-starters are lazy men's cars," came the curt reply. The reception was a slap in the face, and the prospective customer walked out without a word—destructive criticism.

Foreigners often say our people are not good salesmen. What is the matter? We seem to think the foreign customer does not know what he wants, and that we know better what shoes he should wear and what tools he should use. We are contemptuous if he wants something a little different from what

we make for the American market. We are smugly indifferent to foreigners' tastes, critical of their ways, and yet we wonder why they do not like to trade with us. Is it not that we are too independent and self-satisfied and over-confident in the article we have to sell, while at the same time superior to or destructively critical of the point of view of the customer? In other words, do we not give relatively too much attention to the article and too little constructive thought to the market that may absorb it?

Again, though having the goods the people want is the foundation of a successful business these goods will not sell themselves as a usual thing. I have spent many summers on Long Island Sound. I am not inordinately fond of candy. I seldom buy it. But when down there I bought salt water taffy every day. Why? Because I saw it advertised? No. Because I saw it temptingly displayed? No, I did not see it at all. But my nose was informed. The candy was made in the open air. The aroma was wafted a hundred yards. It was a delicious fragrance, seductive, compelling, irresistible. It created an appetite. I was made hungry for it. A good salesman thinks constructively. He thinks how to be a builder of appetites. If I run a successful bakeshop I must make people hungry—must devise things to develop latent appetites—must think constructively enough to know what people want if they do not know themselves that they want it, and then put it before them in a way to make them hungry for it. It may be hardware, or shoes, or an education. Wherever a potential market exists I must find those subtle ways to make folks hungry. Successful salesmanship is largely the quality of thinking that builds appetites. And the good teacher is he who thinks out how to awaken mental appetites and all the hungers of the spirit.

We who believe in the improbability, if not the perfectability, of every human soul are often impatient at the slowness of our social progress and wonder why the millenium is so far away. We have a great complex system for human betterment—hospitals for body and for mind, homes for the needy, refuges for the fallen, societies for special objects, organiza-

tions for the unemployed, unions for the employed, prison reforms, settlement work. And still we endow old organizations and we start new ones. And still we rush to legislation for some universal panacea. And all this helps, of course. But it is all so slow, and sometimes it seems so hopeless. But constructive thinking recognizes that a perfect whole must consist of perfect units—that social perfection can be possible only when the human units of which society is made become perfect—that the unit and not the whole ever is and ever must be the first and the final point of attack. Why is mere legislation so imperfect an instrument for accomplishing social betterment? It is because people cannot be made any better than they want to be. Real and abiding improvement comes only through making them want to be better than they are. Here is the vital function of school and church. Here they can do something legislation never can hope to accomplish, and this because the work of school and of church is so largely personal and individual—making people want to be better than they are. And the clergyman who grasps his problem constructively knows that if he merely doles out doctrines, which were fed to him in theological seminary or culled from books, he is going to fail. The only truth that is victorious is the truth that has been personally verified. The Gospel of the Man of Galilee is not effective if it be no more than a mere repetition of what was uttered in old Judea. There must be constructive thinking that can interpret it into the multiform experiences and activities of the man of today.

If constructive thinking helps us to right relations with our fellow-man, what can it do in adjusting our relations to our God and to the great frame of things in which we live and move and have our being? Toleration in religion is the first fruit of constructive thinking, plus human kindness—if it be toleration and not merely indifference. Many a man prides himself upon his toleration when he merely does not think and does not care. But one who is truly tolerant is content neither with the old-fashioned popular classification of religions into two kinds, true and false, of which his own particular sort is wholly true and any and every other necessarily

wholly false. Nor does he put his mind to bed and relegate the whole matter to the realm of useless speculation. Constructive thinking saves us from the fallacy that it does not make any difference what a man believes so long as he lives well. This idea is destructive, not constructive. While it is true that men of divergent faiths can live noble lives it is extremely difficult for a man of no faith to live nobly. The constructive thinker discovers the essentials for good living in many faiths, finds the truths of affirmation which they hold in common, and he becomes tolerant of their differences of interpretation though he himself cannot accept them. But he knows that as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. He knows that conduct and faith are interdependent—that which one believes he is inclined to live, that which he thinks constantly he is inclined to believe. He knows that one without high ideals, and some faith that has power to transform, cannot, certainly does not, live a life of service nor pay even his social and moral debts—that with a merely capricious, material life of selfish appetites he cannot retain any high vision. When one is too busy watching his feet he has no time to watch the sky.

The problem of religious faith, always difficult, has perhaps never been so difficult as in this age of rapid scientific discoveries, undermining so many ancient landmarks, and sweeping aside so many conventions and traditional beliefs. Some give up the problem as unsolvable and perhaps unimportant, and so lose whatever of faith they may have had. Others after years of wandering try hopelessly to get back into a shell they have outgrown. But one finds no firm ground upon which to build the structure of a sane and noble living in either weak surrender or aimless drifting. What can the earnest truth-seeked do? We have not all had the same vision nor are we responsible for following a light we have never seen. But as in moral conduct so in religious faith we are accountable for living to the light revealed to us. We must if we would save our lives from spiritual blindness and sterile negativeness, if not from moral failure itself, live to the light our eyes have seen. We can and should dare to live as if what we hope is true, and in our inmost hearts believe is true, were proved in

terms of sight and sound and touch and smell and taste. And if we be faithful to what we see we shall see more. This is the reward of constructive thinking. "Seek and ye shall find."

There are Columbuses who sail upon the yet uncharted sea, and though, like him, they may not find just what they looked for, yet their voyage will bring them to the confines of another world. Like that mighty seeker of Italy they sail this spiritual ocean not in blindness nor by chance. Their bark is guided by constructive thinking. Columbus gave full value to every token known to him of land beyond the western sea. Others considered the evidence too weak, nor dared let their thoughts adventure beyond all points where they render satisfactory account of themselves. He looked beyond their horizon. In his constructive thought was room for another world, and he pushed his bark beyond the frontier of the definitely known and satisfied himself of the existence of the thing hoped for—by him as yet seen darkly, and by his critics not seen at all. His search was not credulity, fanaticism or inherited predisposition. His was constructive thinking, born of faith, warmed by hope, hospitable to all evidence, hungry for the truth that shall set men free. And without such constructive thinking there could be no discovery for Columbus or for us. To live nobly and bravely we must have vision which lights the course, and faith that strengthens us to steer the course. Our minds must afford space for such transactions as far outreach the small employments of every day living. Only the minds that will think upon the dream of things not yet attained may touch a realm beyond the seas. "A presentiment of the undiscovered is the prelude to discovery."

Doubts will come. But never formulate your doubts lest you get stranded upon a shoal of doubts. Find a faith that may include and surround them, and sail fair seas beyond. It is the spirit that invites, not the spirit that denies, that is the living spirit. From the spirit that denies let us devoutly pray in the words of the Litany, "Good Lord, deliver us."

Would we grow? Then there is no room for this destructive criticism of ourselves, our neighbor, in the family, in business,

in the affairs of our nation, in the realm of the things unseen. Always does it shrivel, sterilize, or stop the wheels. It stifles endeavor, blears the eyes to vision, is the graveyard of loves and hopes. If the tendency be strong within us let us tear it out and fight it out. Sanity, success, service, breathe only in the air of constructive thinking. In that clear air alone can burn the torch that fills the world with light.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.

(A cutting from Jane Austin's "Pride and Prejudice." The characters in the cutting are: Mrs. Bennett, whose aim in life is the successful marriage of each of her five daughters; Mr. Bennett, her husband, a man of few words but much discernment; Miss Elizabeth Bennett, second of the five daughters and her father's favorite because of her quick intelligence and her wholesome sense of humor; and last but not least, Mr. Collins, a cousin of Mr. Bennett's and a young clergyman who has come to spend a week in the bosom of his cousin's family.

(He early centers his affections upon Elizabeth, and with the commencement of his address the cutting begins.)

On finding Mrs. Bennett, Elizabeth and one of the younger girls together soon after breakfast, Mr. Collins addressed the mother in these words,—

"May I hope, madam, for your interest with your fair daughter, Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honor of a private audience with her in the course of this morning?"

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise Mrs. Bennett instantly answered:

"Oh dear! Yes, certainly. I am sure Lizzy will be very happy—I am sure she (glances at Lizzy) can have no objection. Come, Kitty, I want you upstairs," and she was hastening away when Elizabeth called out—

"Dear Mam, I beg you will not go. Mr. Collins must excuse me. I am going away myself."

"No, no, nonsense, Lizzy, I desire you will stay where you are, Lizzy. I insist upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins."

Elizabeth could not oppose such injunctions, and deciding

that it would be wisest to get it over as soon as possible, quietly sat down, and Mr. Collins began.

"Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there not been this little unwillingness, but allow me to assure you that I have your respected mother's permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken; almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying—and, moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the decision and selecting a wife, as I certainly did. My reasons for marrying are, first that I think it a right thing for every clergyman, in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish, secondly, that I am convinced that it will add very greatly to my happiness. Thus much for my general intentions in favor of matrimony. And now nothing remains for me, but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection. To fortune, I am perfectly indifferent and shall make no demands of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent, and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to seize this first chance to interrupt him.

"You are too hasty, sir. You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without further loss of time. I am very sensible of the honor of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favor. I am, therefore, by no

means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long."

"Upon my word, sir, I am perfectly serious in my refusal," and, rising, she would have quitted the room had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her.

"When I do myself the honor of speaking to you next on the subject I shall hope to receive a more favorable answer than you have now given me, though perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

"Really, Mr. Collins, if what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as to convince you of its being one."

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses are merely words of course. My reasons for believing it are, briefly, these. It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. I shall, therefore, choose to attribute your rejection to your wish of increasing my love by suspense according to the usual practice of elegant females."

"Pray do not consider me as an elegant female intending to plague you, but as a rational creature speaking the truth from her heart."

"You are uniformly charming! and I am persuaded my proposals will not fail of being acceptable."

Elizabeth would make no reply to this, but silently left the room. Mrs. Bennett, having dawdled about in the vestibule to watch for the end of the interview, no sooner saw Elizabeth come out, than she entered the breakfast room and received the particulars of the interview from the beaming Mr. Collins. In his belief in bashfulness as the cause of Elizabeth's refusal, however, she could not concur.

"But depend upon it, Mr. Collins, that Lizzy shall be brought to reason. I will speak to her myself directly. She is a very headstrong, foolish girl, and does not know her own interest; but I will make her know it."

"Pardon me for interrupting you, madam," cried Mr. Collins, "but if she is really headstrong and foolish, perhaps it were better not to force her into accepting my proposal, because, if liable to such defects of temper, I know not whether she would altogether be a very desirable wife to a man in my situation."

"Sir, you quite misunderstand me," said Mrs. Bennett, alarmed, "Lizzy is only headstrong in such matters as these. In everything else she is as good natured a girl as ever lived. I shall go directly to Mr. Bennett and we shall very soon settle it with her, I am sure."

She would not give him time to reply, but hurrying instantly to her husband called out as she entered the library,—

"Oh, Mr. Bennett, you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar. You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr. Collins, for she vows she will not have him, and if you do not make haste, he will change his mind and not have her."

"I have not the pleasure of understanding you," said he, when she had finished. "Of what you are talking?"

"Of Mr. Collins and Lizzy! Lizzy declares she will not have Mr. Collins and Mr. Collins begins to say he will not Lizzy."

"And what am I to do on the occasion?"

"Speak to Lizzy about it yourself. Tell her that you insist upon her marrying him."

"Let her be called down. She shall hear my opinion."

When Lizzie entered the library, Mr. Bennett said:

"Come here, child. I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr. Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?" Elizabeth replied that it was. "Very well, and this offer of marriage you have refused?"

"I have, sir."

"Very well, we now come to the point. Your mother insists on your accepting it. Is it not so, Mrs. Bennett?"

"Yes, I will never see her again."

"An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you do."

"What do you mean, Mr. Bennett, by talking in this way? You promised me to insist upon her marrying him."

"My dear," replied her husband. "I have two small favors to request. First that you will allow me the free use of my understanding in the present occasion and secondly of my room. I shall be glad to have the library to myself as soon as may be."

Elizabeth and Mrs. Bennett withdrew. Mr. Collins was forced to seek conjugal felicity in other fields.



MR. HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK

Announces His Sixteenth Annual Course of

INTERPRETATIVE RECITALS

Huntington Chambers Hall, on Six Friday Evenings

Beginning October Fifteenth, at Eight o'clock

PROGRAM

- October 15. "King Richard III" *Shakespeare*
Henry Lawrence Southwick
- October 22. "The Tempest" (with music) . . . *Shakespeare*
Walter Bradley Tripp
- October 29. A Theme Program, "The Drama and Human Life"
Jessie Eldridge Southwick
- November 5. "The Prince Chap" *Peple*
Elvie Burnett Willard
- November 12. An Evening with Hugo and Dickens
Charles T. Grilley
(Piano and harp accompaniment by Virginia Allen Grilley)
- November 19. "Much Ado About Nothing" . . *Shakespeare*
Maud Gatchell Hicks

FACULTY NOTES.

President Southwick is again on his annual Canadian tour.
Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp has returned from his annual western trip.

Mrs. Maud Gatchell Hicks had a delightful stay during the summer at Belgrade Lake, Maine.

Miss Gertrude McQuesten visited the Pacific Coast this summer, taking in the two expositions. She gave an interesting account of her trip before the Emerson College Club of Boston on the evening of November 2nd.

Mr. William Howard Kenney spent part of the summer at Lake Placid.

Mrs. Priscilla C. Puffer spent the summer at her cottage, "Green Gables," in the White Mountains. Many of the faculty enjoyed her hospitality at different times during the summer.

Miss Harriet C. Sleight had a delightful trip to the Pacific Coast this summer.

Mrs. Willard spent the summer at Sargent Camp at Peterboro, N. H.

CLASS ROOM.

There is a difference between the mood or color of a thought and that thought as given in character.—*Mr. Tripp.*

The character of Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream* is masculine in quality. It is most often played feminine in quality and made harmlessly mischievous, when, in reality, he is malicious.—*Mrs. Hicks.*

If your matter is great enough, your audience will assimilate the character. If they are shocked by the manner or words of the character, it is because your mind was too small to give it big.—*Mrs. Willard.*

What usually disgusts people with the reading of poetry is that we let a sickening sentimentality creep in. Say such things with such depth, no one can smile in the face of it.—*Mrs. Black.*

Get all you can from the central force. It will do away with many smaller defects.—*Mrs. Southwick.*

Never be so artistic you become inadequate.—*Mr. Kenney.*

In impersonating any character, for your drill work, take it first in the most literal form—act it out, just as an actor would do. Then you can determine the degree of literal impersona-

tion to be finally given. It is easier to reduce than to enlarge.—*Mr. Tripp.*

There is no monotony in true art.—*Mrs. Black.*

In rendering metrical forms be sure the meter serves the thought. Do not let the meter swamp us. Learn to *think* in song.—*Mrs. Hicks.*

In voice work, when you make a thing vanish, make it vanish strongly. Do not drop by relaxation.—*Mrs. Southwick.*

You never get anywhere by doing just the things you can do.—*Mr. Kenney.*

In oratory you have only one chance to make good, the moment you are speaking.—*Mr. Tripp.*

Action is *born* in spontaneity, not *finished*.—*Mrs. Hicks.*

Don't go spoiling God's Universe because of something you will forget tomorrow.—*Mrs. Southwick.*

You must believe what you say in order to carry permanent conviction.—*Mr. Tripp.*

Where a selection does not call for much objective physical response, do not let the body sink into impassivity.—*Mrs. Hicks.*

People will live by fiction if they imagine it strongly enough.—*Mrs. Southwick.*



The Poets



THE RAPTURE OF THE YEAR.

While skies glint bright with bluest light
Through clouds that race o'er field and town,
And leaves go dancing left and right,
And orchard apples tumble down;
While school-girls sweet, in lane or street,
Lean 'gainst the wind and feel and hear
Its glad heart like a lover's beat,—
So reigns the rapture of the year.

Then ho! and hey! and whoop-hooray!
Though winter clouds be looming,
Remember a November day
Is merrier than mildest May
With all her blossoms blooming.

While birds in scattered flight are blown
Aloft and lost in dusky mist,
And truant boys scud home alone
'Neath skies of gold and amethyst;
While twilight falls, and Echo calls
Across the haunted atmosphere,
With low, sweet laughs at intervals,—
So reigns the rapture of the year.

Then ho! and hey! and whoop-hooray!
Though winter clouds be looming,
Remember a November day
Is merrier than mildest May
With all her blossoms blooming.

—Riley.

JAFFAR.

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust,
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death—
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer, he, proud to show
How far, for love, a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief)
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house; and there
Harangued the tremblers at the cirmatar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man!" the caliph cried. The man
Was brought—was gazed upon, the mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brace cords!" cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears,
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me—put me as a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still;
Go: and since gifts thus move thee take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."
"Gifts?" cried the friend. He took; and holding it
High towards the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

—*L. Hunt.*

IN THE WORKSHOP.

Once in the Workshop, ages ago,
The clay was wet and the fire was low.

And He Who was bent on fashioning man
Moulded a shape from a clod,
And put the loyal heart therein;
While another stood watching by.

"What's that?" said Beelzebub.
"A lover," said God.
And Beelzebub frowned, for he knew that kind.

And then God fashioned a fellow shape
As lithe as a willow rod,
And gave it the merry roving eye
And the range of the open road.

"What's that?" said Beelzebub.
"A vagrant," said God.
And Beelzebub smiled, for he knew that kind.

And last of all God fashioned a form,
And gave it, what was odd,
The loyal heart and the roving eye;
And he whistled, light of care.

"What's that?" said Beelzebub.
"A poet," said God.
And Beelzebub frowned, for he did not know.

"Vagabondia."

VOYAGERS.

There is no frigate like a boat,
To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.
Thus travels may the poorest take
Without oppress of toil;
How frugal is the chariot which bears a human soul!

Emily Dickenson.

TRANSLATIONS FROM AUGUSTE ANGELLIER.

Ocean, O sad unbounded ocean, under
The tremulous watch of the infinite starhost
Rolling thy long lament of surge and thunder
When in thy heavenward reaches thou art lost;

O sky, O sad unbounded sky, that over
The lamentation of the myriad tide
Dost of thy tear-bright eyes the gaze uncover,
Save where long veils of mists the ocean hide:

Oh ye! who for thousands upon thousands of years
Through spaces never empty of affright
Yearn each to yield your souls up, by the doom
Of love so vast time cannot find it room—

I think my poor scant human heart this night
Holds in it all your mournings, all your tears.

—*John Erskine.*

The Emerson College Magazine.

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EDWARD PERCY The significance of a dedication number in memory of one of our students, Edward Percy Byron Alexander, is more than a personal one. For the student body at large, those who knew his work and those who did not know it, it should have a broader meaning.

We are wont to do honor to the great masters and to forget the lesser masters who went before and made the Master possible. Each great artist as he stands in history today represents the ideal so many were willing to work towards in the self-sacrifice of obscurity, and many others died with it just lighted in their souls. Thus, while greatness may not be a product of present circumstances, it is always a result of circumstances past. At the point where his own life joins on, the artist's greatness or lack of greatness determines what shall be done with what is *already* there.

Because we do not become great, we are not to think we have no share in greatness, nor any obligation to be our greatest—to live at the outermost edge of our possibilities, "the growing good of the world is largely dependent upon unhistoric acts." What a thing to be coveted, to have been the unknown originator of a great movement! But so often we are not willing to

undergo the darkness of beginnings and wait for the light of some culmination which never comes.

Edward Percy Byron Alexander started by his creative work in Emerson College last year a movement which in coming years may mean the chance, the starting point, of some great artist. If such a thing never comes to pass, it would be impossible to calculate the good which will be done by the play writing class. The idea of a play writing class at Emerson is not a new one, but the work of Mr. Alexander made it seem at last possible and worth while. And besides this great result there is the bigger result of the inspiration of his work for the whole student body.

What shall this mean for us? It should mean effort—not vague and well intentioned, but definite and concrete. Let us not merely pass through Emerson taking, taking, and leaving nothing behind.

NEW STUDENTS. We don't wish to frighten you, but the life of a new student in Emerson is limited to one day only. After the first day, you are obliged to give up the ghost and become one of us. The sooner you make up your mind to it and speak to everybody you don't know, as if you did, the better for you. A safe plan is to call everybody "You" for three weeks and even then you are apt to get it wrong and call Mary, Susie. But never mind, both Susie and Mary are glad to have you here. So, "come in, the water's fine."

In most communities you are met half-way. Often you have to go all the way. But here you are met more than half-way. There is no place where good things seem to hunt you up as they do here. But just how much you will get, as you have heard many times, depends on you. Be an Emerson Student heart and soul. If you cannot be an enthusiastic student here, do not imagine that you would be one in some other college, for it is always true that if we have not gotten what there was of life in one place, a change of locality will help us but little. Another thing, do not be afraid to be enthusiastic. While enthusiasm is a sign of youth it is a kind of youth men strive to keep alive in

their souls until they die, and an affected superiority to enthusiasm is always a sign of *extreme youngness*. Only the grown up in spirit know what a rare thing true enthusiasm is. So enter into the college life with your whole soul—and then see what happens! They will have to take the prizes to you when it comes time to leave!

THE There has been formed at Emerson this year,
DRAMATIC “The Emerson Dramatic Club.” This club is
CLUB. composed of ten members from the Post Graduate, Senior, Junior, Sophomore classes respectively, with ten novitiate members from the Freshman class. These members have been chosen by members of the faculty according to their grades in dramatic work. It is the object of the club to give its members the benefit of professional coaching and staging and to gain for the dramatic work of the college the public recognition it deserves. Two plays will be put on in theatres here in the city and from these it is believed that other engagements will come. It is impossible to prophesy exactly the scope of the work. We feel sure it will increase from year to year and be of untold benefit to the college and to the members composing it. It is a movement that has long been contemplated by the college authorities and those who have the privilege of entering it this year are indeed fortunate in that it came to pass in their day. The organization of such a club is something to be proud of, and it is hoped that the work of the club will be an inspiration to the whole student body.

PRAYER.

Give us peace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Give us courage and gaiety and a quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies, bless us if it may be in all our innocent endeavors, if it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath. And in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving to one another.—STEVENSON.



STUDENT



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."
Matthew 9:37.

The "Quiet Hour" at Emerson brings a feeling of rest and helpfulness to all who come to Room 10 each Thursday. On account of the president and vice-president not returning this year, the Association has been somewhat unsettled, but it is now fully organized and every student is urged to attend the meetings.

- Oct. 7. Mr. Locke and Mrs. Papazean spoke to us about the work of the Civic Service House.
- Oct. 14. Miss George brought us greetings from the different students' associations and expressed her hope for a successful year.
- Oct. 27. A business meeting was held when Miss Rasmussen was elected president, and Miss Goodfellow vice-president. We voted to send a note of greeting to the newly-organized Y. W. C. A. at the Conservatory of Music.
- Oct. 28. Miss Shute gave us a talk on how to become bigger and finer women.

SOUTHERN CLUB.

On Friday afternoon, October the twenty-second, the members of the Southern Club met for the purpose of organization.

Lucille Barrow of Virginia was elected President.

Josephine Penick of Tennessee, Vice-President and Secretary.

Mr. I. D. Smith of West Virginia, Treasurer and Cheer Leader.

The magnolia is the club flower, gray and green the club colors and watermelon the club fruit. (Even so!)

We most heartily welcome our dozen new members: Hannah Beard of Kentucky, Alma Brown of Arkansas, Blanche Crenshaw of Arkansas, Anna Marie Dishman of Texas, Mrs. Clarence I. Groover of Georgia, Frederica Magnus of Tennessee, Dorothy Mathews of Texas, Josephine Penick of Tennessee, Anna Belle Reid of Mississippi, Mr. I. D. Smith of West Virginia, Harriet Stille of Texas.

Miss Judith Lyndon, who came so nobly to our assistance last year during stunt-time, served to introduce us that Thursday morning, long to be remembered, when she made us all laugh and weep with her "nigger" songs and sketches. So enthusiastic grew we that we simply had to yell. Our new cheer leader fortunately was there and saw that we did it in order. We cheered with beautiful abandon for Miss Lyndon and Emerson, and lastly for ourselves. We hope the school to echo it next time. But more of this anon.

If you want to pass unnoticed in a crowd just throw your chest out and your head up with a "I can do what I will to do" expression and *say nothing*. If you talk you are lost.

No matter how carefully you attack the "ings" and grunch down on the "r's" they can tell you. How? By your "attitude of mind" toward work and play and life in general. Funny, is n't it?

Why are beans?

Because hominy is n't. (That is not a joke. It is a sad truth.)

POST GRADUATE.

On October 5th Georgette Jetté gave an interesting entertainment before the Wilder Lodge, Masons, in Leominster.

Sadie O'Connell gave a reading in Natick, Mass., recently.

On October 13th Georgette Jetté, Mr. James and Mr. Lovejoy gave an entertainment before the Brunswick Lodge of Odd Fellows.

Josephine Penick read at a social function in Somerville recently.

Mr. Flanders has been playing in "The Victory," at the Toy Theatre.

Evelyn Benjamin read in the Everett Baptist Church on November 3rd.

May Miller gave several readings in Mattapan recently.

Verda A. Snyder read at a social given at Union Congregational Church on October 25th.

SENIOR.

The Class of 1915-16 held its first meeting on September the thirtieth. The class is thirteen in number, and the officers of the class are: Miss Jessie Smith, President; Miss Florence Fransioli, Vice-President; Miss Ruth White, Secretary, and Miss Alice Sigworth, Treasurer.

The class welcomes three new members into its circle, Miss Marie Dishman, from Texas, Miss Lois Teal, from Indiana, and Miss Lucile Barrow, from Virginia.

The class surprised the college, and especially the Freshies, by inviting the latter to a "County Fair" on October 23rd at 3 P. M. This was given by the class so the Freshies might meet each other, become not only better acquainted with the members of their own class, but with those of the upper classes, which we feel they succeeded in doing. The "Country Fair" was held in Room 510 of our College, and as you have already imagined, was a farce from beginning to end. Peanuts and ice cream were sold—for nothing—on the grounds, while numerous side shows were open for the amusement of the guests until all were called to the main part of the hall and were entertained by bits of "light opera," vaudeville, etc. The entertainment reached its height when "Cook's orchestra" broke into the strains of "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie," and with a great show of feeling and appreciation of music struck up last, but not least, "The Star Spangled Banner." The fair ended with modern dancing and a general good time.

Miss Margaret Akin gave a delightful programme for the Red Cross Society at the New Brunswick on June 5th.

Miss Florence Fransioli gave several readings during the vacation in her own home state, Tennessee.

Miss Mary Ella Perry conducted a class in Expression during the summer at her home in Gainsville, Georgia.

On a late train, bound for Emerson, arrived three more Seniors, Louise Vann, Mary Winn and Byrdie Townley.

One of our class has gone from our midst, we miss him sorely, but we can say with Phillips Brooks, "You surrender a dear friend at the call of death, and out of his grave the real power of friendship rises stronger and more eternal in your life." This we say of our beloved President of '14-'15, Percy Alexander.

JUNIOR.

<i>Vice-President</i>	Mollie Sayer.
<i>Secretary</i>	Dorothy Hopkins.
<i>Treasurer</i>	Fred W. Hubbard.

The Class of 1917 welcomes all new Juniors to its class.

There are fifty-seven members of the class, of which about twenty are specials.

The Juniors miss the many members of their class who were unable to return to college this year, especially their President, Dorothy Canaga.

During the summer Laurence J. Smith gave several recitals at Rocky Grove and Franklin, Pennsylvania, and also acted as lay-reader for the Protestant Episcopal Church. Mr. Smith is Director of the George Prescott Boys' Club of Boston.

Faye Eaton, Astrid Nygren, Edna Schmidt, and Jessie Hazard are doing social work at the Civic Service House.

Freda Walker was the guest of Marguerite Hyde for several months at her summer home in Minnesota, returning to Winnipeg, Canada, with Miss Hyde's family before leaving for Boston.

Bess Ellis gave a Southern program in Wellesley on November the third.

Vivian King is visiting Leoda McAleer at her home in Hammond, Indiana.

Fred W. Hubbard was on the faculty of the local Y. M. C. A. board in the English department this summer.

Faye Eaton coached the Commencement exercises at the Livermore Falls High School.

Freda Walker read recently at the Colonial House on Newbury Street.

SOPHOMORE.

Here's to all the new students, to whom the Sophomore Class extends a hearty welcome:

"The best of luck, and the best of health;
The finest of friends, and plenty of wealth;
Lots of joy, and little sorrow;
A big success for each tomorrow."

President Mary Catherine Green.

Vice-President Christine Punnett.

Secretary Marguerite Fox.

Treasurer Elvira Rasmussen.

Helen Guild has read several times recently at Norwood, Mass.

Izer Whiting, and Marguerite Ruggles are taking weekly classes at the Frances Willard Settlement House.

Marguerite Hyde spent last week-end with Freda Walker, at her home in Woburn.

Elvira Rasmussen entertained the Sophomore girls and the new students at her rooms on Monday, November 1st. A very pleasant time was enjoyed.

Ruth Levin has taken up her teaching again, and has a most promising class.

Jean Sheppard has returned to her home in Canada, where she will remain for the rest of the year. Another year may see her back again at Emerson.

Catherine Green was recently the guest of Florence Cutting over the week-end.

Marguerite Brodeur and Fay Goodfellow have read recently at Revere.

FRESHMAN.

One morning, late in September, we awakened with the knowledge of a great event about to occur. What was it? Why yes, we were to be enrolled as "Students" in Emerson College.

Was n't it great, the welcome we received from the happy Sophomores, the jolly Juniors and the dignified Seniors? Surely there was never a more hospitable reception committee than that which greeted us, and there never will be again—until next year, when we will try to make life worth living for some other homesick, frightened Freshies.

The second day, after nine-thirty, work was in full swing, and then, indeed, did we begin to know a few of the ideals for which Emerson stands. Each class in succession proves more interesting than the preceding one, and we do not need to tell you that we're glad we're here.

One eventful day in October the President of the "Students' Association" called us together for official formation. Before we emerged from Room 510, we had elected the following officers:

<i>President</i>	Miss Sara Lewis.
<i>Vice-President</i>	Mr. William Downs.
<i>Secretary</i>	Miss Sylvia Folsom.
<i>Treasurer</i>	Miss Ramora Gwin.

Who is going to forget that wonderful "Fair," which was one of the ways the upperclassmen had of making us feel at home? Ice cream, lemonade, peanuts, even pumpkin pie, tempted the grateful Freshman, who responded to the call, "Come one, come all!" To be sure the best part of it was that some one cared about making us happy and those who missed the event have much to regret.

SORORITIES.

ZETA PHI ETA.

We welcome back this year, Dorothy Hopkins, Alice White, Hazel Call, Marguerite Seibel, Helen Bartel, Margaret Longstreet, Astrid Nygren, and Jean McDonald.

The following have secured teaching positions: Miss Marion John in San Antonio, Texas; Miss Virginia Beraud in San Antonio, Texas; Miss Laura Curtis in Canada, and Miss Zinita Graf in Yankton, South Dakota.

We regret very much that Eleanor Jack is not with us this year, because of serious eye trouble, and we hope for her speedy recovery.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

The members of Kappa Gamma Chi extend a hearty welcome to all new Emersonians.

The old members who have returned to the college are: Georgette Jetté, Fern Stevenson, Ann Minahan, Lois Teal, Mae Miller, Elizabeth Sturdivant, Phyllis Jenkins, Marion Wells and Nettie Hutchins.

We have the honor and pleasure of announcing Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick as an honorary member of Gamma Chapter of Kappa Gamma Chi.

Miss Jessie Mabel Hall was married in June to Mr. George Ernest Hesse.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Dealsy Ione Brooks to Glen LeRoy Johnson on Thursday, November fourth.

Elizabeth Sturdivant read "Peg o' My Heart" for the Boston Canadian Club October fifteenth.

Ruth Adams, from Hartford, Conn., visited the chapter house recently.

The sorority welcomes as pledges, Edna Schmitt, Dorothy Mitchell, Jessie Smith, Grace Thorson, Leah Kendall, and Jessie MacAloney.

PHI MU GAMMA.

Iota Chapter extends a most hearty welcome to all new Emersonians and will be very glad to see any of them at their chapter house, 70 St. Stephens Street.

Phi Mu Gamma welcomes this year as its new members: Lucille Barrow, Ethel Cain, Helen Carter, Beatrice Coates, Elizabeth Ellis, Florence Fransioli, Mildred Galloway, Ellen Lombard, Marguerite Thompson and Mary Winn.

Marion Vincent is giving numerous readings in and about Rochester with her usual success. She expects to spend the greater part of the winter in Denver, Colorado.

Carolyn Jones was not able to return to the college this year, because of ill health, but she hopes to be with us again next year.

Beatrice Perry has just finished coaching the play, "The Same Man." The play was very successful. She is also giving readings in the various suburbs of Boston.

Gladys Hunt entertained her friends with a tea at her home in Everett, soon after their return to college in September.

Harriet Brown has been playing the rôle of Queen in the play "Victory," which has been running at the Toy Theatre, Boston.

Theodate Sprague directed and also took part in a dramatic festival in Sioux Falls, S. D., this summer. The festival was given in three parts, on the evening of August 25th, 26th and 27th, and was most successful.

Emily Brown is giving readings in Virginia. She and her sister have opened a studio in Richmond, and are teaching Expression, Piano and Art. They report promising pupils.

Sue Riddick, Class '14, attended the Sargent Summer School in Cambridge and their summer camp at Peterboro, N. H. At the camp she took part in their dramatic work, playing the rôle of Touchstone in "As You Like It."

The chapter recently entertained in the Tea Garden of the Copley Plaza Hotel.

The chapter also gave a dance at Riverbank Court on the 19th of October.

PHI ALPHA TAU.

We extend a most cordial welcome to all.

The officers for the coming year are:

President E. D. Flanders, Jr.

Vice-President Dr. Ward.

Treasurer Walter Bradley Tripp.

Secretary Fred Willson Hubbard.

Laurence J. Smith and Burton W. James are new members.

Professor Tripp's play-writing course is proving to be very popular with its ten budding playwrights.

We are very glad to have Dr. Ward with us again, much improved in health.

Albert R. Lovejoy is under the management of the White Bureau this season, with local bookings in Boston and vicinity.

Albert F. Smith, '15, is assisting in the department of Public Speaking and Debate at Brown University.

Fred Willson Hubbard is again associated with the Harvard 47 Workshop, filling the part of Sir George Suttcliff in "The Purple Dream," the first play of the season.

E. D. Flanders, Jr., recently made his professional debut behind the footlights at the Toy Theatre in Ruth Helen Davis' play, "Victory."

Mr. James is chairman of the committee to perfect plans for the improvement of the setting and lighting of the stage in Huntington Chambers Hall.

The fraternity is represented in the new Emerson Dramatic Club by Messrs. Lovejoy, Hubbard, Flanders and James.

The chapter was visited recently by Stanley S. Gillman of Epsilon Chapter.



EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF HARTFORD.

The annual meeting of the Emerson College Club of Hartford, Connecticut, was held on October 2nd, at the home of Miss Martha Spencer. A most pleasant afternoon was enjoyed by all. Election of officers took place, and the following were appointed:

President Ruth Viola Adams.

Vice-President . Mrs. Clara Plummer Dresser.

Secretary Mrs. Jean Clement Butts.

Executive Committee

Mrs. Marion Blake Campbell. Mrs. Golda Lillapaugh Curtiss.

We are pleased to announce that our numbers are increasing, having admitted three new members at this meeting, Mrs. Ina Price, Miss Dorothea Deming and Mrs. Florida E. Strachan.

EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The New York Emerson Alumni Club held its first meeting of the season at the Twelfth Night Club Rooms, 47 West 44th Street, Saturday, November 13th.

Miss Julia Pauline Leavens gave a most interesting talk on "Modern Poets on Their Message." Miss Leavens has a most attractive manner that wins confidence with her audiences.

The speaker is ex-president of the New York Browning Society, also author and editor of the charming book, "Pilgrimage to Asolo."

Mrs. John D. Sherman, Jr., gave several songs from "American Authors" in a most delightful manner. Mr. Charles Wibrakke favored us with selections upon the violin, and it was indeed a treat to listen to the excellent rendering of the difficult pieces.

The hostesses of the evening were: Mrs. Albert Brown, Mrs. Daniel B. Nally, Mrs. H. R. Hansen, Miss Florence Lewis, Miss Dora Watt.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'98. Notices have been received of the course in public speaking recently started in the New Haven High School under the direction of George Henry Galpin, teacher, author and lecturer. Mr. Galpin is leader of the Shakespeare Club of New Haven, giving each month illustrated lectures on Shakespearian subjects, the course being entitled "A Pilgrimage to Shakespeare's Lands."

In discussing the public speaking course, Mr. Galpin says:

"The course which we are using in the department of public speaking is that used in the Emerson College of Oratory, adapted for high school pupils. I believe that the most important part of our work is the training of our boys and girls that they may read accurately and intelligently the every day matter, such as the newspapers, the books and the literature which is read aloud in the home. The course includes in the order of their importance the following: (1) individual training in reading; (2) debate; (3) prize speaking; (4) dramatic work. You will notice that I place the dramatic work last. That is because I have noticed in many schools the tendency to allow the dramatic work to become more theatrical than a high school course should allow, and the students, as a result, are neglectful of other studies, in the interest and amusement derived from producing and acting in the performances. We also have one period a week devoted to practical salesmanship, which is of benefit to many of our young men. Our work not only trains the student in the evolution of expression, but also aims at leading and directing his attention to the best in literature

and so creating a higher plane for him. My work is a pleasure here in the New Haven High School, and the manly, student-like atmosphere of each and every one of my twenty-eight classes is very helpful and gratifying to me."

'02. Mary G. Kellett will continue her work this winter at the Holt School of Expression in Minneapolis, Minn. She will also conduct classes at the Young Women's Christian Association in that city. In November, Miss Kellett will take a western trip, including the states of Utah, Montana and Washington. She will read "The Message of Mars," "Lohen-grin," "Taming of the Shrew" and "The Man of the Hour."

'05, '06. Nellie Parker Spalding is at present a member of Thanhouser Stock Co., which is engaged in film productions at New Rochelle, N. Y.

'07, '08. On June 30th, at the home of her parents in Hampton, Conn., Helen S. Hammond was united in marriage to Mr. Leslie R. Matthews. They left July 29th on their long wedding trip to Wailuki, Hawaii.

'09. Announcements have been received of the marriage of Lillian Righter to Dr. William S. Coleman, September eighth, at Carthage, Indiana. At home after November first, Rushville, Indiana.

'09. Mrs. Blanche Boyd Hutchinson will continue her studio work this year in Fargo, N. D., where she has been very successful in teaching, entertaining and directing dramatic presentations.

'09. Excerpt has been received from a Minneapolis journal of recent date as follows:

"In honor of its first pupil, who died several months ago, Miss Marion Johnson's class for the deaf at the Washington school will be named the Melbourne Gilbert School for the Deaf. . . . At the school, stone deaf children learn to talk, to dance by music and to do things as nearly as possible like more fortunate children. The education of the

parent in handling the deaf child is, in Miss Johnson's opinion, vital to the education of the child."

Miss Johnson is engaged here in her fourth year of work with Victoria Cameron, '11, as her assistant.

'10. Harriet Eeles is beginning her fourth year in the high school at Oshkosh, Michigan.

'10. Ina Wright Price is teaching expression, physical work and folk dancing in the North East School of Hartford, Conn.

'10, '12. Vashti Cecillea Bitler was married September twenty-second to Mr. George E. Pierce at Eureka, Kansas. Mrs. Pierce will reside at 23 Wellington Road, Medford, Mass.

'11, '12. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beil announce the marriage of their daughter, Lois Beil, to Mr. Robert F. Sandall at Tacoma, Washington.

'12. On June 29th, at her home in Detroit, Michigan, Ione V. Stevens was united in marriage to Mr. Claude Denny Overman. They are now residing in Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

'11. Esther Burch has received considerable praise for her work as teacher of expression in the city schools of Stanford, Ky. Her work includes the coaching of plays and directing of speaking contests.

'11, '12. Madeline Randall gives the following list of plays and entertainments which she has arranged and coached for graded school production:

(1). "Hansel and Gretel," adapted from stories of the opera and introducing songs and folk dances.

(2). "Merchant of Venice" in four scenes.

(3). "The Spanish Student," arranged in six scenes and introducing Spanish and Gipsy songs and dances.

(4). A scene from "Julius Caesar."

- (5). A scene from Cooper's "Spy," the dramatized form of.
- (6). A scene from "William Tell," the dramatized form of.
- (7). "Editha's Burglar," adapted from the story.
- (8). "Little Women," adapted from the story.
- (9). "Songs of the Nations," an operetta, with the addition of ten folk dances.

(10). "Jean of Arc," arranged from the dramatized form of, and introducing parts of the opera.

(11). "The Courtship of Miles Standish," arranged in five scenes from the dramatized form.

'13. Abbie May Fowler was married September the seventh to Eugene W. Carson, at Rome, N. Y.

'13. Dorothy Elderdyce will continue her work this year in Westminster, Maryland.

'13. Sad news was received during the summer of the death of Allie Kanarr at Homer City, Pa.

'14. Pearl Fischel has charge of the departments of piano and expression in the Lomar County High School, Vernon, Alabama.

'14. Maude Relyea has charge this year of the Department of Expression in the Dover Court College of Music, Toronto, Canada.

'14. Hazel Cole was married on September fifteenth to Mr. Morrison Everhard.

'13, '14. Docia Dodd is teaching at Lincoln High School, Tacoma, Washington.

'14, '15. Ethel Bailey has been appointed teacher of expression and physical culture in Virginia College, Roanoke, Virginia.

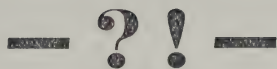
- '14, '15. Frieda Michel is teaching at Sayre College, Lexington, Kentucky.
- '14, '15. Hilda Harris is supervisor of the new department of expression in Jordan High School, Lewiston, Me. She has in addition, private classes.
- '15. Helena Gertrude Keister was married during the summer to Mr. John Boeling Purcell in Graham, Virginia.
- '14, '15. Helen George is teaching expression in the Martha Washington School, Washington, D. C.
- '14, '15. Mary Morgan Brown has a very fine position teaching in the West Texas Normal College, Canyon, Texas. She has recently given recitals there.

TO MY MOTHER.

O Mother, thou whose fine impetuous heart
Was ever called to turn another way
From that which talent and thy keen desire
Would lead; thou still hast wrought with strong resolve
To see thy child achieve what was put by,
But yet was not relinquished, for thy life
Of aspiration still is full; thou nerv'st
Thy spirit for me, thy daughter who would fain
Express while thou art my comrade on
The great highway, the meaning of my life
That may show forth our mutual love and truth,
Our aspiration toward the beautiful!
Thou hast through suffering still been stout of heart;
May God reward thee with the vision of faith
That all thy love and longing shall bear fruit!

—JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK.

Mrs. Martha Ganse Eldridge died on the thirteenth of May, nineteen hundred and fifteen.



The Senior Class is a very sanitary one. On certain days in the week the members are seen carrying *paper* cups around with them and looking very wise.

In recital class—

One young woman announces from the stage, "Killed at the Ford." Miss McQuesten (from the back of the room): "How was that?"

"Killed by a Ford," comes from the young swain at her elbow.

Senior—"Well, the 'Anties' won this morning, I see."

Sophomore (of all people)—"Is that so, whom did they play?"

Professor Kidder in Soph. "Hamlet"—"Next please read." Fay Goodfellow, who has lost the place, reads frantically—"Sir, I lack advancement."

L. Handy in Soph. Versification—"I have forgotten the roll. Those who are absent, please hand me their names after class."

Soph. Rhetoric, Mrs. Toll—"How do you pronounce the second day of the week Tuesday, (dy)?"

Dean Ross—"I got caught on that myself. No, I pronounce it Monday."

Dean Ross in Soph. Rhetoric—"Can anyone tell me other words applied as names to people, and derived from names of food, aside from macaroni? These must be in usage that is correct."

Answers—"Lobster, shrimp, prune, peach and cabbage head."

Class in Physical Culture. Miss Smith (great perplexity in voice)—"Dr. Alden, should we bend from the waist or from the end of the wishbone?"

"Hamlet," Act I, Sc. ii.

Mr. Kern (reading with intense feeling)—"We'll teach you to drink ere you depart."

Mrs. Southwick—"Oh! No! No! No!

Acoustics Class.

Prof. Kidder (explaining the symbols of articulative organs by blackboard drawings)—"There are other positions but they look too cold-blooded in chalk."

(Appreciative laughter from class.)

Prof. Kidder—"Well, now we must get back to work or you will think I am Kidder by nature as well as by name."

Excited Student—"Oh, my dear, I am late for Mrs. Brown's Blacking class!"

Two years ago the Drama League of Boston published a selected list of plays for amateurs, but the edition was so soon exhausted, because of the constant demand for it from teachers and schools, that the present secretary of the League has brought forth a new selected list of more comprehension.

A portion of the new list puts special emphasis on Shakespeare productions and attendant pageantry, 1916 being the ter-centenary observation of the birth of the greatest English dramatist. Also lighter and less difficult French and German plays are listed for those interested in such productions as are allied with language courses in the schools.

Owing to the difficulty of securing suitable plays for school performance and amateur production, teachers will find the new list very useful from which to select plays for this work. It is comprehensive of this line of dramatic effort, and includes plays especially adapted for colleges, high schools, settlements, intermediate and primary grades, and the kindergarten.

Teachers of expression and professional coaches will also find it helpful, as is testified by the approval and recommendation to Emerson College of Oratory graduates by Dean Ross, of that college, and Professor E. Charlton Black of Boston University.

Copies of this new list may be obtained, 25c postpaid, by addressing Richard J. Davis, Secretary, 86 St. Stephen St., Boston, Mass.



December

20TH. This has been a delightful rainy day—a day of dreams and quiet happiness, with no annoying desire to be where one is not, or see what one sees not; just gladness to be anywhere under shelter. I knew it was to be so this morning, for when I looked out the window, I found the sky was full of soft, patient gray clouds—so soft I should love to have stroked them with my hands. And the rain that slipped from them made a sort of purring sound. As I stood listening to it, a quiet gladness took possession of me, and a million momentous little trifles ceased to matter, and a thousand foolish desires slipped away. Such an end as rain puts to things sometimes. All little plans and schemes drop, and the present looms large and wonderful to us.

It has been so all day. I stood at the window a long time watching the big, jolly drops of rain. The dash of them on the roof was like a million tiny, joyous people dancing up and down. I saw the little magical streams, and cool, dropped-down-from-Heaven little pools the rain makes. There is one at the back steps that has been there every rain for years—such a dear, innocent, little thing that doesn't seem to quite know how it got there itself. At a neighbor's window a child stood watching with glad wonder in its eyes. In the yard an old duck dabbled about with its big splashy feet. On the trees, and the shingles of the woodshed the moss was a shadowy green, so restful to look upon. But all else was black and gray in infinite combination.

Now it is night, and I have made a fire. Outside, the rain comes knocking with its thousand hands upon the unresponsive panes. Within, the queer, long-legged jumping-jack sort of shadows the fire makes, slip and tumble lazily along the walls, and make the pictures appear to open and shut like so many blinking eyes. And as I sit looking on and on into the red distances of this fire, nothing seems so truly good to me as peace and quietness, and all the comings and goings and running hither and thither seem a sort of ludicrous insanity—all important plans and intentions, queer and incorrigible.



MRS. ELVIE BURNETT WILLARD

Teacher of Story-telling.

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No. 2



MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

BY MRS. LOUISE HOGAN.

"If you follow the dusky track of the twilight as it tiptoes around the world, in land after land, you and the twilight together will steal upon a little circle of children gathered together about the knees of a story-teller." Thus beautifully and truly Nora Archibald Smith, in "The Children of the Future," pictures for us the story-hunger of children the world over. "It may be where the stars are lighting their tapers in the deep sky above the desert sands," she continues; "it may be by the flickering blubber lamp in the ice hut; by the firefly's torch in the green gloom of the tropic forest, where the feathery bamboos wave and the tea-plant blossoms are white; or by the wigwam blaze on the lonely prairie.

"Earth is encircled with this vast company of story-tellers, nightly surrounded by their little ones, black, and white, and red, and brown, and yellow; their eager, upturned faces and eloquent voices all uttering the same plea, 'Tell us a story! Oh, tell us a story!'"

So it is, so it has been, so shall it always be, for the love of stories is inherent in the race. What is the secret of this charm in the story? Does it captivate because it is addressed to the

imagination, because it interprets life, because it satisfies a thirst for knowledge, a love for novelty, a healthy curiosity; or because, as Froebel says, it arouses the inner life of the listener, and the flow of the story carries him out of himself, whereby he learns to measure himself more truly? Nora Smith says it is first, perhaps, the fact that the story interprets life, wonderful, mysterious, fascinating life, and places in the child's hand a sort of telescope, through which he eagerly peers into the world across the threshold of his nursery. From the earliest days mothers have instinctively told stories to their children, but as they have learned the reasons for the use of the story in education they have, more and more, experienced the value in their difficult work of so delightful a handmaiden. Every child, whether normal or abnormal, will listen to a story. Every child who listens will carry with him a seed of thought from the telling of that story. Thus one sees the necessity of selecting wisely, of seeing that the child hears what he can incorporate in his own experience, that his originality is stimulated, that his self-activity is developed, that his imagination is cultivated, and, above all, that his social sense is kept normal, so that he will not go heedlessly along trusting only to his own way of acting, clinging to his own way of thinking, regardless of the world experience by which all children must eventually be governed. This can be done easily through telling stories of the right kind. We can not teach a child by precepts, but the same truth can be molded into an interesting story which will have a wonderful effect upon the mind. Such a story must seem true, whether the facts really occurred or not; it must not be too long; it must be clothed in good language, well-chosen, fitting words, and must, above all, hold matter that will seize the child's interest. Through these narratives the child is confronted with situations quite new to him, but upon which he must unconsciously pass judgment while he listens or thinks them over afterward. Thus, he strengthens his ideals and shows, as Hamilton Mabie says, that he is learning the lessons which universal life has learned, and pieces out his limited experience with the experience of humanity. You may spend hours trying to influence your child to see the moral influence of a good action, when a simple

story, well-told, containing the fundamental truth of your homily, would do it in a few minutes; for it is a pleasant thing for children to wander through story-land.

A mother who knows her child can well adapt the stories available and make them fit the hearer, shortening here, lengthening there, inserting from time to time the facts she wants to impress. Indeed, she needs few suggestions and will readily see the value of using this method to train her child informally and without taxing his health and happiness. To the mother who does not know her child, and who "sees darkly" through the maze of educational advice offered everywhere, I can say only: still tell the stories, keep on trying this plan, and in time you will know your child more intimately and become better able to "live with him," as Froebel asks us to do. Get a good story-book to help you, seek out the stories that combine a lesson with action and interest; find a book that tells the child how children do in other lands, how they scrub their wooden shoes in some countries, how they ride to school in a chair or on the back of a donkey, in others, how they carve their own wooden toys, eat with chop-sticks, and play at clown and fairy on carnival days. Think of the stories of field life that give the little ones so much pleasure. All mothers and teachers hear the cry for "just one more," when telling these. How bewitching are tales of animals and of fairies, of the tiny creatures of field and garden! Clara Pierson's story of "The Grasshopper Who Wouldn't Be Scared" is a favorite; and narratives of pupils who have befriended stray crickets, wounded birds, exhausted butterflies, hairy caterpillars, which in time became butterflies, together with thousands of other stories equally attractive and instructive, may be used to develop fancy, observation, and numberless childlike traits that are the foundation of strong manhood and womanhood. It is not worth while? Watch the children seek Mother Nature, the most wonderful and tireless of story-tellers, and learn from their questions and speculations if you do not already know, just how to tell a story and in what way to catch and hold your children's interest. Froebel says. "Wouldst thou know how to teach the child? Observe him, and he will show you what to do."

The test of a really good story is the children's interest in hearing it again and again. New stories will not make them forget the charm of their old favorites. Thus we have a tool for repeating our efforts to teach a lesson in this gentle way. Hans Andersen has no rival in power to charm and yet elevate the tastes and sympathies of childhood. Both in language and spirit the stories are models. Selfishness and cruelty appear in them as they do in life, with no gloss to make them attractive. His stories meet Ruskin's requirements for a child's story: they are sweet and sad. Modern psychology recognizes in such stories the earliest, the simplest, and, so far as moral influence is concerned, the most universally effectual means of impressing upon a new generation the lessons that have been learned by those who have gone before, thus shaping human conduct and character. Dr. Edward Porter St. John says it is almost the only method to use with very young children, that story-telling has had its fixed place in the education of the race; that, long before teachers or text-books appeared, instruction was given in story form to the children who grouped about the mother's knee; that youths, gathered about their elders before the evening camp-fire, thrilled to the story of old deeds of valor and braced their souls to vie with the heroes who had won the admiration of their fathers' fathers. Modern mothers, not knowing why they do it, use the same magic to gain the same ends.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall says:

"Stories are the natural soul-food of children, their native air and vital breath; but our children are too often either story-starved or charged with ill-chosen or ill-adapted twaddle tales. . . . Let me tell the stories," he continues, "and I care not who writes the text-books."

Professor Sully, the eminent English psychologist, says that a child who does not want to play and cares nothing for the marvels of story-land would surely be regarded as queer and not just what a child ought to be. A new world is opened up to children by the stories read and told to them, a world which is all strange and far away from the nursery, where they sit and listen, but in which they manage in a sense to live and

make a new home. Our words have a way of calling up in children's minds very vivid and very real images of things, images quite unlike those which are called up in the minds of most older people. This magic power of a word to summon the corresponding image has a good deal to do with a child's intense way of realizing his stories, but the passionate interest in stories means more than this. It means that the little brain is wondrously deft at disentangling our rather hard language and reducing the underlying ideas to an intelligible simplicity. A mother, when reading a poem to her boy of six, ventured to remark, "I'm afraid you can't understand it, dear." For which she got this reply, "Oh, yes, I can very well if only you would not explain." He resented the explaining because it interrupted his own secret art of "making something" out of our words.

Sara Wiltse tells us that there is no bad habit, no wrong tendency, or weak point, that may not be attacked or mastered by a right use of the story; that there is no fact in nature, or principle of right, which may not be treated in the form of a story.

The prerequisite of all education is the interest of the student. It is the business of the educator to give something that will interest as well as instruct. When we find out what the child's natural interest is, we may utilize it for teaching him without his knowing that he is being taught. We should make use of every scrap of his interest rather than waste time trying by less effective means to influence and train the child. Such educational engineering is not easy, but it is very profitable. When interest inspires them, children learn much more quickly what we think they should know than when we try to teach them these things directly. They will find out things for themselves, and develop naturally, if given as complete a freedom as is possible. Meanwhile the good teacher or mother will study their activities and prepare the environment required for self-education.

A concrete instance of this can be found in the record of a child studied some years ago, who was found to be able to read and write before any one supposed that he had acquired even

the beginnings of these arts. How had he done it? He had been allowed the free use of pencils, paper, blunt scissors, blocks, forms, and so on, and had a story book of "A Frog He Would A-Wooing Go," which he carried about daily, repeating to himself from memory the entire story, until, no doubt, he became so thoroughly familiar with the appearance of the letters that he recognized them everywhere he saw them. By dint of questions asked, which were always answered, he probably found out the name of each letter. By use of pencil and paper he copied them often enough to remember them. And thus, step by step, he worked it out himself, beginning with his pet story-book.

We should put into more thorough practice Plato's beautiful philosophy for the natural development of our children, trusting nature to do the work we so often try to usurp, and contenting ourselves to become the unobserved observers and guides of these little groping feet and fingers, which are intent to study out for themselves as well as they can the pleasantest paths in life. Thus must our little ones learn, through individual experience, that happiness comes only by living in harmony with the laws that govern all nature and mankind.

One of the best books on telling stories is by Sara Cone Bryant. It is called "How to Tell Stories to Children." She has also written a book called, "Stories to Tell to Children." "Stories and Story-Telling," by Edward Porter St. John, is a valuable guide for mothers. A volume called "The Children's Reading," by Frances Jenkins Olcott, gives many suggestions, also a long list of books with the names of publishers and prices. Miss Olcott's work with the Children's Library in Pittsburg is well known and she speaks with authority. "The Jataka Tales," retold by Ellen C. Babbitt, is a great favorite with children. Clara Dillingham Pierson's "Among the Meadow People" is fascinating. Then there are "Kindergarten Stories and Morning Talks," by Sara E. Wiltse; "True Bird Stories," by Olive Thorne Miller; "Telling Bible Stories," by Louis Seymour Houghton; "Nature Myths and Stories for Little Children," by Flora J. Cooke; "The Story Hour," by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith, and "In the Child's

World," by Emilie Poulsson. These books will make a very good foundation for a mother's story-telling library.

The following example of a simple story that will interest any little child of kindergarten or primary-school age, will help to show the mother who is interested in this phase of education just how she may make use of any pretty fancy that comes to her mind to carry her message.

There was once a little girl who liked to play all day in the garden among the flowers and birds. She said they talked to her.

One day her mother said, "You are old enough now, Amy, to do a little work, and you must begin early to be industrious."

"Oh, mamma! I do not like to work; may I not go in the woods and play before I begin to work?"

"As I have nothing ready for you to do just now, you may go for a little while," said her mother.

So Amy ran out of doors. A pretty gray squirrel ran across her path, and she called to him, saying, "Dear Squirrel, you have nothing to do but play and eat nuts, have you?"

"Yes," said the Squirrel, "I have a large family to support, and I am busy laying up nuts for the winter, so I can not stop to play with you."

Then a bee came buzzing by. Amy said, "Little Bee, do you have any work to do?"

"It seems to me I have no time for anything but work, getting honey, and making the honeycomb."

Amy then saw an ant carrying a crumb of bread. "Is not that crumb too heavy for you? I wish you would drop it and play with me."

"It is heavy, but I am too glad to get it to be unwilling to carry it; but I will stop long enough to tell you about a lazy day we once had. Our house was destroyed and I was too lazy to help rebuild it; and I said to my brothers, 'Let us go and travel; perhaps we shall find a house ready-made; perhaps the butterflies will play with us.' We traveled a long way, but we found no ready-made house, and at last we were obliged to build one for ourselves. Since then we have been contented to do all the work that we find necessary." The ant then picked up the crumb of bread and hurried away.

Amy sat down on a stone and thought, "It seems to me all creatures have some work to do, and they seem to like it; but I do not believe flowers have anything to do."

So she walked up to a red poppy, and said, "Beautiful red poppy, do flowers work?"

"Of course we do," said the poppy. "I have to take great care to gather all the red rays the good sun sends down to me, and I must keep them in my silken petals for you to use, and the green rays must be untangled and held by my glossy leaves, and my roots must drink water, my flowers must watch the days not to let the seed-time pass by. Ah, my child, I assure you we are a busy family, and that is why we are so happy."

Amy walked slowly homeward and said to her mother: "The squirrels, bees, ants, and even the flowers have something to do. I am the only idle one; please give me some work to do." Then her mother brought her a towel to hem, which she had begun so long before that she had quite forgotten it. She worked very faithfully and grew to be an industrious woman, never forgetting that work makes us happier than idleness.

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The "minders," at their little unsteady pace, came across the floor hand in hand, as if they were traversing an extremely difficult road intersected by brooks!—They returned, hand in hand, across country, seeming to find the brooks rather swollen by late rains!—Dickens.

He cometh unto you with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearsay of little children tends toward the formation of character.—Hosea Ballou.

PROMETHEUS.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

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In the early days of the universe, there was a great struggle for empire between Zeus and the Titans. The Titans, giant powers of heaven and earth, were for seizing whatever they wanted, with no more ado than a whirlwind. Prometheus, the wisest of all their race, long tried to persuade them that good counsel would avail more than violence; but they refused to listen. Then, seeing that such rulers would soon turn heaven and earth into chaos again, Prometheus left them to their own devices, and went over to Zeus, whom he aided so well that the Titans were utterly overthrown. Down into Tartarus they went to live among the hidden fires of the earth; and there they spent a long term of bondage, muttering like storm, and shaking the roots of mountains. One of them was Enceladus, who lay bound under Aetna; and one, Atlas, was made to stand and bear up the weight of the sky on his giant shoulders.

Zeus was left King of gods and men. Like any young ruler, he was eager to work great changes with his new power. Among other plans, he proposed to destroy the race of men then living, and to replace it with some new order of creatures. Prometheus alone heard this scheme with indignation. Not only did he plead for the life of man and save it, but ever after he spent his giant efforts to civilize the race, and to endow it with a wit near to that of gods.

In the Golden Age, men had lived free of care. They took no heed of daily wants, since Zeus gave them all things needful, and the earth brought forth fruitage and harvest without asking the toil of husbandmen. If mortals were light of heart, however, their minds were empty of great enterprise. They did not know how to build or plant or weave; their thoughts never flew far, and they had no wish to cross the sea.

But Prometheus loved earthly folk, and thought that they had been children long enough. He was a mighty workman,

with the whole world for a workshop; and little by little he taught men knowledge that is wonderful to know, so that they grew out of their childhood, and began to take thought for themselves. Some people even say that he knew how to make men,—as we make shapes out of clay—and set their five wits going. However that may be, he was certainly a cunning workman. He taught men first to build huts out of clay, and to thatch roofs with straw. He showed them how to make bricks and hew marble. He taught them numbers and letters, the signs of the seasons and the coming and going of the stars, He showed them how to use for their healing the simple herbs that once had no care, save to grow and be fragrant. He taught them how to till the fields; how to tame the beasts, and set them also to work; how to build ships that ride the water, and to put wings upon them that they may go faster, like birds.

With every new gift, men desired more and more. They set out to see unknown lands, and their ambitions grew with their knowledge. They were like a race of poor gods, gifted with dreams of great glory and the power to fashion marvelous things; and, though they had no endless youth to spend, the gods were troubled.

Last of all, Prometheus went up secretly to heaven after the treasure of the immortals. He lighted a reed at the flame of the sun, and brought down the holy fire which is dearest to the gods. For with the aid of fire all things are possible, all arts are perfected.

This was his greatest gift to man, but it was a theft from the immortal gods, but Zeus would endure no more. He could not take back the secret of fire; but he had Prometheus chained to a lofty crag in the Caucasus, where every day a vulture came to prey upon his body, and at night the wound would heal, so that it was ever to suffer again. It was a bitter penalty for so noble-hearted a rebel, and as time went by, and Zeus remembered his bygone services, he would have made peace once more. He only waited till Prometheus should bow his stubborn spirit, but this the son of Titans would not do. Haughty as rock beneath his daily torment, believing that he suffered for the good of mankind, he endured for years.

One secret hardened his spirit. He was sure that the empire of Zeus must fall some day, since he knew of a danger that threatened it. For there was a certain beautiful sea-nymph, Thetis, whom Zeus desired for his wife. (This was before his marriage to Queen Juno.) Prometheus alone knew that Thetis was destined to have a son who should be far greater than his father. If she married some mortal, then, the prophecy was not so wonderful; but if she were to marry the King of gods and men, and her son should be greater than he, there could be no safety for the kingdom. This knowledge Prometheus kept securely hidden; but he ever defied Zeus, and vexed him with dark sayings about a danger that threatened his sovereignty. No torment could wring the secret from him. Year after year, lashed by the storms and scorched by the heat of the sun, he hung in chains and the vulture tore his vitals, while the young Oceanides wept at his feet, and men sorrowed over the doom of their protector.

At last that earlier enmity between the gods and the Titans came to an end. The banished rebels were set free from Tartarus, and they themselves came and besought their brother Prometheus to hear the terms of Zeus. For the King of gods and men had promised to pardon his enemy, if he would only reveal this one troublous secret.

In all heaven and earth there was but one thing that marred the new harmony,—this long struggle between Zeus and Prometheus; and the Titan relented. He spoke the prophecy, warned Zeus not to marry Thetis, and the two were reconciled. The hero Heracles (himself an earthly son of Zeus) slew the vulture and set Prometheus free.

But it was still needful that a life should be given to expiate that ancient sin,—the theft of fire. It happened that Chiron, noblest of all the Centaurs (who are half horses and half men), was wandering the world in agony from a wound that he had received by a strange mischance. For, at a certain wedding-feast among the Lapitae of Thessaly, one of the turbulent Centaurs had attempted to steal away the bride. A fierce struggle followed, and in the general confusion, Chiron, blameless as he was, had been wounded by a poisoned arrow.

Ever tormented with the hurt and never to be healed, the immortal Centaur longed for death, and begged that he might be accepted as an atonement for Prometheus. The gods heard his prayer and took away his pain and his immortality. He died like any wearied man, and Zeus set him as a shining archer among the stars.

So ended a long feud. From the day of Prometheus, men spent their lives in ceaseless enterprise, forced to take heed for food and raiment, since they knew how, and to ply their tasks of art and handicraft. They had taken unresting toil upon them, but they had a wondrous servant at their beck and call,—the bright-eyed fire that is the treasure of the gods.

It is surely beyond a doubt that people should be a good deal idle in youth. Most boys pay so dear for their medals that they never afterwards have a shot in their locker.

Whatever we are to expect at the hands of children, it should not be any peddling exactitude about matters of fact.—Stevenson.

When God gives us a child, it is not that we may teach him, but that he may teach us. The wise mother seeks to develop her child's personality; the foolish mother to change it. The wise mother is good for her child's sake, the foolish mother wants her child to be good for her sake.—Frank Crane.

NEGRO FOLK SONGS.

By JUDITH HAMPTON LYNDON OF WASHINGTON, GEORGIA.

Because they are unknown to many people, and because there is the danger of confusing the songs sung about him with the original songs in the dialect, sung by the negro himself, I am glad of an opportunity to write of this fascinating subject. I could wish to arouse interest in this almost unknown, but valuable field of folk lore.

While "Suanee River," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground" and "The Old Folks at Home" are generally included under the heading of Negro Songs—this is true only in the sense that they bear the imprint of his speech and tell of things most familiar to him. The negro songs of which I speak are those songs which owe their existence to the negro himself, originating with him. They are the expression in song of the characteristics of the race that are the outgrowth of environment.

In writing of the folk songs of any race, one would naturally speak of the possible origin, of the technique, and of the value of these songs. I feel myself woefully lacking in a knowledge of the first two, and can only hope to make up for that lack by my keen appreciation of the third, the value of these songs—of the South. They are folk songs, worthy of preservation, difficult as that task now seems to be. With no written music, no collection of the words, with the younger generation of this race feeling no love for, or interest in the expression of an uneducated forefather, and growing rapidly away from the thoughts and feelings that created the songs—the task of preserving these songs is no small or easy one. They can only be learned by hearing them sung, and with the passing of the old order will go also the singing of these songs.

It has been said to me that I was fitted to write of these negro songs because I know them so well and use them effectively. Just herein lies my greatest difficulty. There is danger of too much familiarity with one's subject. These songs are so close to us, so much a part of an everyday existence, that it is an effort to step out of the commonplace and view them from

the plane of the unusual. It is only when realizing their newness to other people and the lack of appreciation of their value in a great many of those to whom they are most familiar, that the desire comes to stimulate interest in both classes. And it is easier to win interest and understanding by effective interpretation than by a carefully analyzed explanation of the subject.

There is little known of the origin of these songs. It is easy to see that they have been handed down by word of mouth for generations, and that the singers have not hesitated to change the song to suit the artistic demand of the individual. This, while putting the characteristic stamp of the race upon the songs, and keeping the original and unusual flavor in them, has also added to the difficulty of making a complete collection of the words. Because as a people they were uneducated, and their minds untrained, we find the songs vividly imaginative, with the note of religious fervor and superstition grown large with use, and always a most original way of expressing rather unusual thoughts. There is a similarity in the movement of all their songs—a monotonous chantlike movement with a very decided rhythm. I would call it a pulsation, and it is expressive to me of wild, unrestrained impulses—the uncultivated natural song of a race, once untouched by civilization. It is the voice of the race, which is still so strong in the children of those past generations, that today, when we hear them sing, we are transported back to days that we have never consciously known. It is the voice of past centuries, speaking to that trace of the primal that is still within us all. This is my explanation of why people listen intently and with more than passing interest to these songs.

Of the technique of the songs, I know little. I have been so interested in collecting them and making them my own, that I might give them to others, that this phase of the subject has gone unnoticed. How can one explain by rule that which is sung with no regard for rules? No two negroes ever sing the same song in the same way. Nor does one ever sing a song twice in the same manner. It is sung just as he happens to feel at that moment. There are some few characteristics that occur with sufficient frequency to be worthy of mention.

A song is made up of an unlimited number of verses. These verses generally consist of several lines with a refrain occurring between each line and closing the verse. In most instances the line consists of the same words all through the verse, until the end, where its companion line is used to finish. To illustrate I will take the first verse of "Sugar Babe."

"See dem farmers comin' ter town,
 Sugar Babe,
See dem farmers comin' ter town,
 Sugar Babe,
See dem farmers comin' ter town,
De ole gray hoss is mos' broke down,
 Sugar Babe."

One explanation of this repetition of the line is that by reiteration the words are more quickly learned and they had no other way of learning a song, and the refrain permits even the dullest a chance to join in the singing. This same song illustrates the fact that they sing of the things they are most familiar with. The next verse continues the story,

"Late in de evenin' go jugglin' back,
 Sugar Babe,
Late in de evenin' go jugglin' back,
 Sugar Babe,
Late in de evenin' go jugglin' back,
Er lil' piece er meat in er paper sack,
 Sugar Babe."

There is in my mind a ready explanation of how these verses came to be. Sam, picking cotton near the road, early one morning sees some "one hoss" farmer on his way to town "jugglin'" all the way in to spend the day swapping talk with other farmers, and, late in the evening, turning the old "gray hoss'" head homeward, his sole excuse for the day's jaunt being "Er lil' piece er meat in er paper sack." Sam knows all these points and as he works, his tuneful soul and original brain co-ordinating, he readily evolves the two verses quoted above. How simple it is!

The time is an essentially important thing about negro

music. In his being there is as natural an appreciation for rhythm as there is for harmony. And not only does he sing with his voice—it is his whole body that sings—swaying in time to the syncopation of his song. Truly they sing as one possessed of the spirit of song. Modern rag-time is an outgrowth of the syncopated music of these people, whether or not a step in advance, I can not say.

I have given little thought to causes of the beauty of their voices. That the voice is as a rule mellow, throaty and full of resonance I know, and I think it is because their bodies are strong from out-of-door work, the muscles supporting the voice, unhindered by the demands of this or that fashion. The throat is large, there is great breadth through the cheek bones and the nostrils are large and wide open. Their humming tones are powerful, and there is no nasality in the unpleasant sense of the word in their singing.

I divide the negro songs into three groups, the religious songs, the working songs and the mammy songs or lullabys.

It is in the religious songs that we find the music most typical and unlike other music. The minor key, the unusual harmonies, the queer, unexpected turns and quavers, and the inevitable upward swing at the end of a line, all unite to form a music fascinating and elusive. These songs bear the strongest imprint of savage influences, possibly because in the singing of them all restraints of time and place are thrown aside. There is to be felt in the singing of the religious songs the open air and limitless spaces, and the full beauty of many negro voices singing in natural and unerring harmony is unrivaled. There is something poignant in the insistently glorious throb of the music that holds one almost breathless, all surroundings, all thoughts, lost in the one elemental emotion that possesses one. Of all the religious songs I have heard, "The Ship of Zion" is my favorite. This is not the well-known "What Ship is Dat er-Sailin'?" Hallelu—," but

"Git on boa'd de ship of Zion,
Be in haste ter make yo' mine,
Ship am waitin' at de landin',
Ef you doan mine you be lef' behind;"

finishing with a long-drawn-out "A—h," into which the singers put all the unexpressible feelings that religion awakes in their hearts. One does not laugh. There is nothing mirth-provoking in the abandon of these people to the feeling that possesses them. Rather, one sighs that conventional training has enabled us to drift so far away from the natural, the true and unalloyed emotions of which they are capable.

The working song, full of melody, sly humor and unexpected intervals, compels interest. The strumming of an instrument as an accompaniment, the long and frequent interludes, the sudden beginning and ending of the singing, all add to the enjoyment not only of the listener, but of the singer as well. They are all happy-go-lucky songs, depending upon no set arrangement of verses or accompaniment. One can begin to sing at any verse that strikes his fancy, use them in any order and, as the negroes say, "come out even." In these songs we find a great amount of originality. There are two verses of "I'm on de Road Somewhere" that illustrate the little twist of humor that is typical.

"Dey put me in jail,
Dey put me in jail,
I tried ev'y way I could,
But I couldn't git bail;
Dey gimme coffee and tea,
Dey gimme coffee and tea,
Dey gimme ev'ything I want
But de jail house key."

I will give one other verse of this song:

"I'm on de road somewhere,
I'm on de road somewhere,
I doan know whar I'm gwine,
I'll go ter Burnin'ham."

If there is in all the Southland a verse more expressive of the character of the Southern negro, I do not know of it. He is generally on the road somewhere, and he rarely knows where he's "gwine"—but he worries not a whit so long as he has plenty to eat, sufficient to clothe him and is permitted to exist unmolested.

There is a very distinct memory of my childhood which will serve to illustrate the originality and sly humor of these songs. The negroes had begun the work of laying the water pipes and mains on Alexander Avenue, and as they gradually worked their way down the street they made up verses to sing before the different homes, setting forth this wonder or that magnificence of the owner of the home. We sat in the big swing in the front yard and listened with growing interest as they neared our home. We were rewarded by the following verses, made up on the spur of the moment and sung of my father, Dr. Lyndon:

“Go ter de doctor whin trouble gits rank,
He got money in de Washin’ton bank.
Babe, oh Babe, oh love me, Babe!
Ef de sheriff git you and won’ turn you loose,
De Doctor’ll buy you out of de calaboose.
Babe, oh Babe, oh love me, Babe!
He’ll give you money whin you ain’t got a dime,
En let you work hit out frum time ter time.
Babe, oh Babe, oh love me, Babe!
Go ter de Doctor whin trouble gits rank,
He got money in de Washin’ton Bank.
Babe, oh Babe, oh love me, Babe!”

I can appreciate the truth of the song now more than I could then. My father is what they would term an “easy man.”

The last group consists of the songs of the dusky guardians of the child-life of the old South. The lullabies, so full of the humming, crooning, soothing tones. These songs, always in the minor key, the often senseless refrains with foolish little verses made up of allusions to the birds and beasts familiar to the child of the plantation, will always live in the memory of those so fortunate as to be lulled to sleep by them. The monotonous repetitions often hypnotized the singer as well as the child into slumber.

These songs are all full of pictures to me. Some bring to mind the fields of corn or cotton, the negroes, working up one row and down the other, singing in spite of the heat that made the landscape wavery, and brought the sweat to their

black brows, then the gathering under the shady trees for an hour or two, where, refreshed by the cooling breezes, they sang on. There is a saying in the South, "A singing negro is a working negro." At night there is the little weather-boarded church, filled with swaying negroes, working themselves into a frenzy of religious ecstasy while they try to sing some sinner into repentance and "hep him come thu."

But it is the lullaby that has the most distinct picture for me. The nursery, dark but for the flickering firelight, the big roomy rocking-chair, the seemingly ceaseless swinging back and forth of the comfortable figure of the old negro with the child in her loving arms, the swaying shadow on the wall, with the pointed ends of the head handkerchief distinctly outlined, are all accompaniments for the drowsy lullabies of my childhood.

With every visit to my home I can see more plainly the danger there is that these songs will eventually be lost to coming generations. The change, though gradual, is sure. It is not so perceptible to those who are daily brought in touch with the negro. In the little church in the negro village I notice that it is only the older negroes, the weatherbeaten relics of a bygone institution, that love to sing the old songs. There is a tendency towards ridicule among the younger negroes of the queer old songs, and the shouting and the swaying that accompanies the singing.

It is natural that these products of a new order should be unable to appreciate what their children will probably be taught to value. No doubt the American Indian does not know the real value of his race songs. It is only when somewhat removed from accustomed things that one learns to appreciate them, and I think that this will prove true in this case. I sincerely hope that these negro songs, the only real folk songs the South can boast of, may in some way be preserved until that good day when they will be appreciated for their real value and merit.

“WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.”

TOLD BY MISS HYDE IN THE STORY-TELLING CLASS.

This is a story about my Daddy and me. It happened when I was a little girl, about eight years old, just learning to read and write. My daddy was going away on a long, long trip and so mother took down a great big trunk from the attic, and when I came home from school one day, there it was right in the middle of the floor, and mother was packing it full of clothes.

There were clothes on all the chairs, on the bed, even on the floor; little piles of handkerchiefs, and big piles of underwear, big stacks of books and great bunches of stockings—all ready to go into the trunk.

Mother was so busy packing that she didn't have time to even let me help, and for a while I just watched her. Then I grew tired of that,—just watching, and wanted to know what I could do, but she was too busy to even answer me. I waited as long as I possibly could, and then I said again:

“Mamma, what can I do?”

She stopped work a minute to think, and then she said, “I know!”

She told me to get some white paper and tear it all up into little tiny white strips, and so I did. I tore the white paper into just hundreds of little pieces, about *so* long and *so* wide. Then I said, “Now, what next!” And she said, “I'll write something on one of the slips of paper and you write the same thing on all the other pieces.” So she wrote on her piece of paper, “I-love-you.”

Then I sat down with my pencil and I wrote hundreds and hundreds of “I-love-you's,” and when they were all done, what do you suppose she did with them?

She tucked them away in the trunk with daddy's things. Some in with the books, some under the handkies, some here, some there, until all the hundreds of little “I-love-you's” were hidden away. Then the trunk was shut, and I didn't tell what we had done, and then daddy went away.

After a long while he wrote back and said that he had found all the "I-love-you's"; and each one was nicer than the last.

And don't you think that that would be something nice for you to do some day when your daddy is going away on a long, long trip?

MARGUERITE HYDE.

SHADOW-CHILDREN.

"Surely they've just gone," I whispered. In the failing light a door creaked cautiously. I heard the rustle of a frock and the patter of feet—quick feet through a room beyond. We hurried on from room to oak-floored room; up a step here, down three steps there; among a maze of passages; always mocked by our quarry. They had the twilight for a helper in our game. I had caught one or two joyous chuckles of evasion, and once or twice had seen the silhouette of a child's frock against some darkening window at the end of a passage, but we returned empty-handed to the gallery. I looked down into the hall whose only light was the dulled fire, and deep in the shadow I saw them at last. They lay dozing, a little huddle behind an old gilt screen, no more than shadows except when a quick flare betrayed an outline.—I took my chair in the direction of the screen, ready to surprise or be surprised as the game should go—I felt my relaxed hand taken and turned softly between the soft palms of a child. So at last I had triumphed. In a moment I would turn and acquaint myself with those quick-footed wanderers. A little brushing kiss fell in the center of my palm—as a gift on which the fingers were, once, expected to close: as the all-faithful, half-reproachful signal of a waiting child not used to neglect even when grown-ups were busiest—a fragment of the mute code devised very long ago.

Then I knew—the shadows and the shadows within the shadow.—Kipling's "They."

TED—A MOTHER SONG.

(This adorable little sketch of a child by LOUISE DUNHAM GOLDSBERRY, we find in *The Independent*. Reprinted by permission.)

"Dear," said Ted.

I was very busy; sometimes $2 + 2$ will equal anything; and my expense book would drive a mathematical body into idiocy.

"Dear," said Ted.

"Lovely Dear," said Ted.

"Sir?"

"Fen I'm a man I'm going to marry you. Will you like for me to be your stephusband?"

"It would be beautiful," I make fervent answer.

Ted gives me a kiss; quite sticky with butterscotch and redolent of sweetness, and tells me the things I shall have to wear.

I do not like silks, but Ted says I shall not be compelled to wear them, only just have them; and two pairs of shoes—all at one time; and two pairs of gloves and sixteen white dresses an' most a dozen hats.

Ted is devoted to "my's dod Bon," a gay little doggie that he bought with money-bank pennies, who aswers to the name of Bonnie.

And the dance the two of them dance o' bedtimes!

Never a dance so daringly danced; never a dance so tilted and toed and teetered on the twanging, stretched strings of a woman's heart.

The two heads on a laddie level; crown of young gold and the gay doggie's brown fringe. And the gay doggie's little lolling red tongue is quite eloquent of his enjoyment.

And up and down Ted bobs and bobbles, Bonnie's front paws in tight grip, to a classic ditty that runs somewhat so:

"Darby, Darby,
Jig, jig, jig."

in drony, many iterations; and

“Darby, Darby,
Jid, jid, jid, Bon,
Jid, jid, jid.”

the little jiggling voice croons after, and bubbles of laughter float all along the fun.

It is just up and down, up and down, two little panting, jolly dears; almost as soundless as a leaf comes down, the feet do twinkle and swirl; but oh, my soul! How two of those feet do tread the wine-press of one woman's heart.

Ted has his first pockets; one at each side; two in apron; one in blouse. *Five!* Queer, isn't it, how men do take to pockets?

Ted collects keys. Keys make such a nice companionable noise when one runs and shakes one's pockets. Door keys, closet keys, drawer keys, desk keys. I've taken thirteen keys out of his pockets at one fell confiscation.

“Fy of course,” says Ted, “course I'll borrow my keys to you, Dear.”

Then he begins his collection anew, with unchastened ardor; and indoors I always know just where to find him, upstairs or down, by the jingle that accompanies his busy self.

Once, tho', I remonstrated.

My neighbor was neighboring. She said good night. But the bedroom door was locked and Ted asleep and not a key to be found; not even a clock key. We hunted for fifteen minutes, after trying hairpins and scissors.

Then I wakened Ted.

“Ted, what did you do with the key?”

He sat up.

“I love you so, dear,” he said, in slow, sweet dribbles of speech.

“Ted, where is the key?”

“Yight down zere,” he lilted, pointing to the door hinge; “it's yight down zere.”

Hung on the hinge!

“Oh, Ted, Ted,” I said, “what did make you put it there?”

One eye blarneyed up out of his nest, and then the long lashes went down.

"Cos," said Ted.

Next morning, over his breakfast, he explained. It was Bluebeard's key, and he hid it where Misses Bluebeard would be sure to look first thing soon's he left the castle.

"I fot course you knew that," said he.

Ted lost a tooth lately. It was a delectable scrap of his favorite butterscotch that did it. "I'm comin' to pieces," he wailed; "I'm comin' all to pieces," and made many efforts to fit the tooth back to its place. I offered to buy it, but Ted was scandalized. "It belongs to me, Precious," he gravely explained; "it was borned in my mouf. I need it in my mouf." But the raisins were fat and the tooth would not stay stuck when he fitted it in, so he reluctantly allowed me to put it away.

But his confidence in his physical accoutrements was shaken, and quite often he would "try" fingers and toes to see if they, too, might not possibly be on the eve of deserting him; and visibly was happier when each trial found them still fast. And Bonnie and Nixie, poor beasties! He "tried" their tails and toes and claws till Bonnie yapped loudly in face of all assurances that it was for his good, and Nixie took refuge on the very top of the woodshed. And Ted's skies were stormy; for Nixie, purring, singing, wheedlesome, adoring Nixie left an oozy red scratch on his hand as she fled.

But he told God all about it that night. Suggesting that it might be best if God could just as well's not let Nixie's claws come off. "Right away, please, sir."

Ted's bed-going is always a serious business. I, a mother, harken with God to the prayers. Mothers may, you know.

Dixie and Nell and Bonnie and Nixie. Canaries and gay doggie and tiger kitten. If they have been naughty their several sins are duly laid before God, with extenuating circumstances.

"Good Man," begins the awed, dulcet, sleepy voice; "Bless Precious an' me an' me an' Precious an' my dear friends Bonnie an' Nixie an' Dixie an' Nell. Nixie needs a heap o' blessin'.

please, sir, Good Man; she eated a little sparrow baby bird this mornin'. But she's just a poor little kitty an' I fink she'll be good. Amen."

Maybe he had forgotten one of his "dear friends." Maybe we have been crooning full five minutes the song of the "Pussy and the Owl," Ted's hand palm-clung against my cheek, Ted's lover eyes kissing my eyes with their gaze.

"Oh, I forgot Nell," he startles, and back to knees at my knee. And blesses Nell with fervid blessing.

Then—Ted is asleep.

And the songs of the night, the dark-shining songs of the night, go through the starry atmospheres like fine, crystal lances. The crickets cry; so piercingly thin and sweet and faint that crying out in the shining dusks. From the stilling earth is that vague illusory feel of sound, as if it breathed and all the little grasses trembled for ecstasy. And once a catbird sang. The aerial poignancy of all song, trickling in silver runnels ineffably soft along the windy mere of the atmospheres.

It made my heart swell with its unbearable sweetness, that sun-song sung in the dark of night, till I found myself kneeling at Ted's bed, cheek against his palm, praying prayers. To God? I do not know. Just my heart breaking on God's feet.

The little house sometimes seems so awfully big and empty when Ted's asleep; and so lonely. And so astir with footsteps of The Dead.

Up and down the stairs; in and out the room where Ted dreams and laughs and babbles in his dreaming. To and fro, to and fro, out on the back, grape-vined porch. Sometimes I go out under the vines and walk with them; till He bends to kiss me—then I flee to Ted. I think I could never face another daybreak with one least kiss kissed on my mouth. I could not bear it! Oh, I could not bear it!

The delicate cobwebs glisten on the grass, moon-jeweled. The locustpods at the curb clapper and clink and the winds tread the dark very softly and blow the moon-flowers open to the powdered moth.

But no tears. Ah, no; no tears.

No tears, while Ted laughs out in his dreaming and loves me and lovers me.

MR. RAT AND MR. RATTÈ.

(ÆSOP REVISED.)

Once there was a rat who lived, with all his family, 'way out in the country where there is so much yard to one house that you can't see across it to the neighbor's at all. To tell you the truth, the house where this particular rat lived was so far away from any other house, that Mr. Rat and all his family had just about come to think there wasn't any other house in the world.

Now the house where Mr. Rat lived was a farmer's house, and Mr. Rat and his family and all his country kin lived in and around the kitchen and the pantry, and the dining-room, which, of course, was the thing to do, for no sensible rat is going to go and live in a parlor, where all he'd have to eat would be pudgy sofa-cushions and sad-looking pictures. And Mr. Rat had the best place to live of any of his kinfolks. He picked out a nice, dark corner between the pantry and dining-room walls and built his house there. You see that was a fine place, because he could eat in the kitchen or pantry or dining-room, just in whichever place he heard the least noise, because, you know, rats don't like music with their meals—or any other noise. Then, another thing, his house always had such a nice smell in it—ham, and cheese and even cake at times. One funny thing about Mr. Rat's house was that it didn't have but one front door, and it was the tiniest little hole not to be just a plain crack you ever saw. Why, it was so small, Mr. Rat nor any of his family could ever wear but one thickness of clothes at a time and get through. However, they had a good-sized back-door. Well, it was really more what you would call a bottom door, because it opened right in the middle of the floor, and every time one of the rat family went out to get a little air, he had to stand on his head and dive!

Well, Mr. Rat and his family were living along very comfortable-like and thinking they had the best house, and the best things to eat and the best clothes to wear and the best everything, in fact, they were all very happy and fat, when one day the least rat, little Pinkey Rat, came climbing up the

bottom door with a piece of brown leaf in his mouth. You should have seen all the rat family come running so fast to see what it was, that they got all tangled up in each others' tails! Pinkey Rat gave the piece of leaf to Mr. Rat and Mr. Rat said it was a letter and, as he couldn't read, never having gone to a night-school even, because he had to do most of his work at night, he gave the letter to his oldest son, Whiskers Rat, to read. Then Whiskers Rat, with a great many airs, read the letter, while all the rat family stood around with their eyes almost spilling out of their heads with surprise, because—what do you think it was?

It was a letter from Mr. Rat's cousin, who lived in the city and called himself Mr. Rattè! And Mr. Rattè said that he had had a breakdown from the strenuous life he led in the city and he was coming to visit his dear cousin in the peaceful country, where there were no electric bells ringing every minute and no twisted wires and speaking tubes in the walls. Moreover, he said he was coming the very next day on the mail hack. Mr. Rattè said he hated to ride on a slow, local train like the mail hack, but that none of the automobiles stopped at the farmer's house.

My goodness me!—you ought to have seen that Rat family. They had never received but one letter before, and never, in all their lives, had they had city-company. Mrs. Rat made the little rats go in and out the squeezey front door till they shone, and she planned for Whiskers to sleep in an old empty run in the kitchen so Mr. Rattè could have a bed all to himself.

The next day, about sundown, Mr. Rattè came, and Mr. Rat ran a great risk and brought him in at the front door. I tell you, he was a swell-looking rat, was Mr. Rattè. He had on the latest thing in hats for rats, which was a ginger-ale stopper, and he had on a tailor-made suit of pink crepe paper, stolen from a lamp shade. But most marvelous of all was his suit-case. It was a neat little stuffed olive, with the stuffing left out. Mr. Rat nor any of his family had ever seen the like, and they just sat around and looked at him and admired his clothes till supper time.

While Mr. Rattè sat up with his fingers in his buttonholes,

like this, and told them what crowded, dark houses they lived in, and how they were really quite, oh, quite, behind the times, don't you know, till they all began to feel very stupid and discontented. Mr. Rat scratched his head and Mrs. Rat sighed, and all the little rats' ears went flop.

However, at last supper time came, for all the people in the house had gone to bed and the old cat was sound asleep under the stove, and the Rat family took their company in to supper, though Mr. Rattè would call it "dinner." Now Mrs. Rat and Mr. Rat, and especially the little rats, never remembered having had so much for supper as they had that night. The cook had gone off in a hurry because there was to be a big baptizing that night, and she left nearly the whole supper on the table. Why, there was bacon, nice fat bacon, too, and loads of cheese and cold beans, and enough bread and butter to feed a pig, and then there were even some preserves and jelly.

But bless your life! Mr. Rattè didn't seem to think it was anything extra fine. He sat down, very carefully on a china salt-cellar, remarking that it should be silver, and was impolite with his nose, snuffing at everything before he tasted it. He wouldn't eat cheese at all, and very gingerly picked out the lean part of the meat, and ate the northeast corner of one bean. Besides all this, he sat there and told them that they had very bad manners and that it was very bad form to eat a whole bean at a mouthful, (which I think, was very ill-mannered of him!)

Finally, when they had all finished and were sitting around on napkin-rings and lounging on plate-ledges talking, Mr. Rattè said he thought he'd have to go back to the city in the morning; that it was really dreadful not to have an electric massage on the bell-wires every morning. And he told Mr. Rat if he wanted to see real living and eat some real food, he had better come with him to the city next morning.

When Mr. Rattè said that, the whole Rat family sat and looked at each other, and then Mr. Rat's eyes began to get bigger and brighter, the more he thought about it, till he said he believed he'd go.

My! my! the excitement! The whole Rat family sat up all

night getting him ready to go. Whiskers was sent out to the hickory-nut tree to get a nut shell for his suit-case (which wasn't stylish at all) and little Sallie Rat ran into the parlor and got a green geranium leaf for his hat (which was certainly not stylish!) And Mrs. Rat made him a suit of clothes out of a potato peeling (which was the most un-stylish of all). When he was all dressed and Mrs. Rat had powdered his nose with some corn-meal, Mr. Rat and Mr. Rattè set off for the city.

They missed the mail hack and had to walk, so they didn't reach Mr. Rattè's house till midnight, but when they got inside all the lights were on and it was so bright that Mr. Rat thought for a minute that the sun must have turned himself wrongside out in the middle of it.

Mr. Rattè led Mr. Rat into the dining-room the first thing. Whew! Mr. Rat had never even dreamed the like! (not even when he'd had jelly for supper). Not only were there lights, but all the silver and the glass and even the doorknobs, shone like they were on fire. But he finally got used to the brightness enough to climb up on the polished table (which was no easy job!) and sat himself on a silver thing-a-muh-bob, which was a very chilly seat, indeed, while Mr. Rattè sat opposite and presided over the dinner.

Mr. Rattè had a shiny rat butler to pass the food to Mr. Rat, and the butler put on so many airs while he did it that poor Mr. Rat couldn't enjoy his sup—! Oh, I mean, his dinner! First, the butler passed him something intended for soup, but it really tasted more like,—oh, like disappointed water, than anything else! After that, that butler had the nerve to give him just a piece of plain lettuce-leaf that had gotten in the vinegar, with as many airs as if it was a slice of juicy ham. Then Mr. Rat saw something coming which looked like it was going to be something sure enough—well, after he had scratched away a stack of paper lace and parsley, he found—well, he didn't know what, but a mere taste of something weak. And what do you think the dessert was? A candy violet-leaf!

Poor Mr. Rat! before he had taken more than one nibble of the violet, all the bells in creation seemed to begin to ring at the same time, and Mr. Rattè and Mr. Rattè's butler both

scooted off in such a rush without a word to Mr. Rat, that if he hadn't just happened to have seen the shiny tip-end of Mr. Rattè's butler's tail slipping into a silver jardiniere, so he knew where to run, he'd have been a dead rat sure, for a big dog had come into the room.

Well, Mr. Rat, he was in a bad fix certain. In the first place the jardiniere was a hard bed to sleep on, even if it was silver, and in the second place, he was too scared to go to sleep, because the lights never did go out, and there were bells ringing every minute or two. But worst of all, Mr. Rat was hungry. He got to thinking so hard about a piece of stray cheese that had been lying on the pantry shelf at home for a month and that he hadn't even bothered to taste, he had so much else, that he just couldn't stand it. So, when Mr. Rattè went to sleep, and Mr. Rattè's butler went to sleep, Mr. Rat took up his hickory-nut suit-case (which he had never opened), very carefully climbed out of the silver jardiniere, scooted out of the house, and struck out down the road in the moonlight for home.

He went so fast, he got home next morning for breakfast. Of course, the Rat family were surprised to see him back so soon. They really couldn't imagine what the trouble was, and he looked so pale Mrs. Rat thought surely he was ill.

But they couldn't get a word out of him until he'd had a good square breakfast. Then he got all his family round him, and told them every single thing that had happened to him. When he got through, they all thought as he did and as they thought before Mr. Rattè ever came into their midst with his ginger-ale stopper hat. They thought that they had the best place to live, the best things to eat, and the best ways in all the world!



The Poets

A DAY.

I'll tell you how the sun rose,—
A ribbon at a time,
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun—
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun!"

But how he set I know not,
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while.

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray,
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

—EMILY DICKENSON.

THE SNOW STORM.

I.

Old Mother, Goose Mother!
Living in the sky,
When she shakes her feather bed
Makes the feathers fly.

II.

Old Mother, Goose Mother!

What will she sleep on

When her beds are flat and hard,

All the feathers gone?

—KATHARINE PYLE.

THE SORROWS.

If this is all it will be like,

I wish to die—I don't care how,

While I am very, very young,

As young almost as now.

They never felt what Sorrow was;

They never learned their Golden Rule;

They say, "These are your happiest days!"

With School, School, School.

When Saturdays all are out of breath

With all the livelong week in sight,

And Monday coming after you

Spoils every Sunday night.

And nothing done but Yesterdays,

And nothing coming but Tomorrows!

Don't cheer me up—please let me be—

I have the Sorrows.

—JOSEPHINE PEABODY MARKS.

LULLABY.

Rest, little Son of my heart!

Rest, little Love my day!

Quiet, my wood-pigeon, shut thy eyes;

Hush, my willful one, still thy cries.

Ah, little Son, thou must sleep, must sleep!

Ah, little son, do not stay.

Dream, little Joy, on my breast.

Dream, little Prince, of thy play.

Loud are the voices that summon and cry,
Soon comes the flight of thy eagle-heart nigh;
Then, Little Son, thou must wake, must wake,
Dream, little Son, whilst thou may.

—KATHALEEN MORRIS.

THE MOON.

Playthings my Betsy hath; the snail's cast shell,
Pebbles and small unripened pears; she dotes
On gentle things with furred or feathered coats,
A bunch of keys, a little brazen bell;
But none of these enticements please so well,
Nor pouring tea nor sailing paper boats,
As the rare moon that of an evening floats
In anchorages inaccessible.
On frost-bound nights a portly yellow moon
She kissed her hand to him before she slept,
The thin white stripling of an afternoon
In summer, still she longed for him and wept
Seeking to coax him down an elder wand
For once, that she might hold him in her hand.

—HELEN PARRY EDEN.

THE SANDMAN.

When the lights are lit,
And the table's set,
And the maid brings in the buns,
Tommy Tinker's eyes
Get as big and wise,
For that's when the Sandman comes!

From his great high chair
He tries to stare,
And pretend he's wide awake,

But his hand falls down
And he drops his spoon,
And the Sandman gets his cake.

And his buttered bun
With the jelly on—
Rosy red as jell could be—
And the last sweet sup
From his silver cup
Of drowsy cambric tea!

Ah, beauteous boy,
I am sad with joy,
I am glad with a pain that fears!
In my mother breast
I would keep your nest
For the Sandman of the years.

—MARY WHITE SLATER.

WHO WOULD BE A YOUNG LADY?

1830.

Sister walks past the garden wall,
In monstrous hop and slippers small,
And polanaise and sash and all,
To join the Dorcas Circle.

She'll sit indoors and stitch and moon,
And sip her tea and clink her spoon
This whole blue breezy afternoon.
For so do all Young Ladies.

Come Poll, come Bet, escaped from school,
We'll wade across the shallows cool
Of Roaring Tom and Silver Pool,
And climb the pines of Randal.

Far up the mountain path we'll go
And leave the Raven Rocks below,
And creep inside the caves of snow,
To hear their echoes thunder!

Let briars scratch, let brambles tear
Our oft-patched frocks—we shall not care;
Green are the woods and fresh the air;
Then who would be a Young Lady?

—SARAH CLEGHORN.

SLEEPY TIME.

Good night, little baby;
I've counted your toes,
I've kissed all your fingers,
And rumpled your nose.

Good night, little baby;
The day's gone away;
The big, tired darkness
Doesn't know how to play.

Good night, little baby;
My arms are the bed,
My heart is the pillow,
My love is the spread.

—ANITA FITCH.

FAIRIES.

Up the Airy Mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little Men.
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap
And White Owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their homes;
They live on crispy pan cakes
Of yellow tide foam;
Some in the reeds of the black Mountain Lake
With frogs for their watch dogs, all night awake.

High on the hilltop,
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.

They took her lightly back
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since,
Deep within the lakes
On a bed of flag leaves
Watching till she wakes.

Up by the craggy hill top
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there,
Is any man so daring
As to dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up in the Airy Mountain,
Down the rushy glen
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little Men.
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap
And White Owl's feather!

WINKY-MAN, BLINKY-MAN.

Winky-man, blinky-man, little drowsy head,
Blinky-man, winky-man, better go to bed.
Winky-man, blinky-man, eyes are shutting tight,
Blinky-man, winky-man, kiss his daddy night.
Winky-man, blinky-man, climbs the bedroom stairs,
Blinky-man, winky-man, says his little prayers,
Winky-man, blinky-man, lets his eyelids drop,
Blinky-man, winky-man, sleeping like a top.

—CLARENCE HAWKES.

LOSTED.

I feel so far from anywheres!
Perhaps my family
Has got so many other cares
They've all forgotten me,
I s'pose I'll starve to skin an' bone
If I stay losted here alone.

My little dog, he founded me,
An' wagged his tail an' whined,
But he can't lead me home, for he
Is taught to walk behind.
And so I'm crying yet, becuz
I'm just as losted as I was.

—BURGES JOHNSON.

ALONE IN THE KITCHEN.

Tick-tock! tick-tock! says the kitchen clock.
The old cat flicks her ear.
The wind in the chimney roars about
Like something big that can't get out,
And nobody else is here.

The kitchen smells of baking bread.
Sometimes the embers fall.
And in the silence around the clock
Cries louder and louder, tick-tock! tick-tock!
But I'm not afraid at all.

—KATHARINE PYLE.

CLOVERS.

The clovers have not time to play.
They feed the cows and make the hay
And trim the lawns and help the bees,
Until the sun sinks through the trees.

And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands to say their prayers.
And drop their tired little heads
And go to sleep in clover beds.

Then when the day dawns clear and blue
They wake, and wash their hands in dew;
And as the sun climbs up the sky
They hold them up to let them dry.
Then to work the whole long day,
For clovers have no time to play.

—HELENA LEEMING JELLIFFE.

THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

No, taint no use for me to go—
She don't teach nothing that I know,
She talks about the birds and trees,
Nor never mentions A. B. C.'s.
Sings 'bout fishes in the brooks
An' says we needn't bring no books.
An' when I told my name was Ted,
What d' you think she went and said?
"Your really name is Theodore
An' we won't call you Ted no more."
So when she marched us out to play,
I 'cided I'd come home to stay,
For taint no use for me to go—
She don't teach me nothin' that I know.

—MARY WHITE SLATER.

LINES.

"Bunches of grapes," says Timothy;
"Pomegranates pink," says Elaine;
"A junket of cream and a cranberry tart
For me," says Jane.

"Love in a mist," says Timothy;
"Primroses pale," says Elaine;
"A nosegay pinks and mignonette
For me," says Jane.

"Chariots of gold," says Timothy;
"Silver wings," says Elaine;
"A bumpity ride in a wagon of hay
For me," says Jane.

—WALTER RAMAL.

From what have I not fallen, if the child I remember was indeed myself!—Charles Lamb.

Any wise man can realize his dreams. It takes something much higher to enjoy the realization—the heart of a child.—William Locke.

If youth is a season of hope, it is often so only in the sense that our elders are hopeful about us, for no age is so apt as youth to think its emotions, partings, and resolves are the last of their kind. Each crisis seems final because it is new.—George Eliot.

To travel deliberately through one's ages, is to get the heart out of a liberal education.—Stevenson.

Wherever a child fancies himself unjustly judged, he gives up finally and forever all effort to speak truth.—Stevenson.



Founder's Day was held at the College, 30 Huntington Avenue, Boston, on Thursday, December 2nd, 1915, at 9 A. M.

The program consisted of Physical Culture Drill, Singing by the College Glee Club, Address, "Dr. Emerson's Philosophy and Modern Psychology," Jessie Eldridge Southwick; a presentation of "The Man of Destiny," Shaw, by members of the Fourth Year Class.

EDEN TATEM.

Eden Tatem, '96, our former friend and co-worker, passed from this life on the 11th of November. She was a member of the Faculty of Emerson College, and the many who knew her as friend and teacher will tenderly remember her always.

NOTES.

Mr. Kenney has been giving the student body valuable help in the leading of mass singing.

President Southwick will be at home Christmas after an extended tour of the South and West.

President and Mrs. Southwick have extended a most cordial invitation to the students remaining in Boston during the holidays to enjoy the hospitality of their home on Xmas night.

Mrs. Willard gave "Prince Chap" for the Medford Teachers' Association.

CLASSROOM.

Character building is culminative.—Mrs. Hicks.

In comedy, instead of drawing out, quicken tempo.—Miss McQuesten.

The scene is the thing, not the actors. Do not make it a series of impersonations.—Mr. Tripp.

Do not give the results of the thought, give the thinking. It is an experience.—Mrs. Southwick.

Whatever is true is greater than what we can possibly believe.—Mrs. Southwick.

An audience always expects you to be at your best. They do not know the details of your life.—Mrs. Willard.

Concentration is nerve-tonic.—Mrs. Southwick.

There are two causes for a tremolo in the voice—one is caused by unsteady breath control, the other is caused by the muscles of the throat.—Mr. Kenney.

Always remember that the production of tone is a phenomenon.—Mr. Kenney.

LIST OF BOOKS FOR STORY-TELLERS.

MRS. WILLARD.

"How to Tell Stories to Children," Sarah Cole Bryant.

"True Bird Stories," Oliver Miller.

"Telling Bible Stories," Louise Houghton.

"The Story Hour," Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"Fables and Folk-stories," Scudder.

Andersen's Fairy Tales.

Grimm's Fairy Tales.

"Old Greek Folk Tales, Retold," Josephine Peabody Marks.

"First Book of Stories," F. E. Coe.

"A Book of Nature Myths," Florence Holbrook.

"The Golden Windows," Laura E. Richards.

"English, Celtic, Indian Fairy Tales," Joseph Jacobs.

Arabian Nights.

Mother Goose (of course!)

"Animal Story Book," Andrew Lang.

"Just So Stories," R. Kipling.

The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

EDITORIAL STAFF

MARY ELLA PERRY	Editor-in-Chief
NETTIE M. HUTCHINS	Associate Editor
BURTON W. JAMES	Business Manager

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ONE WAY I once found myself in the same room with forty-five perfectly healthy children, ranging in age from nine to thirteen, and in activity from one hundred per cent. up, and as I stood facing them and realized that I should do so every day for nine months, the problem of just how we should all manage to live in reasonable peace together became an acutely concrete one. In case any of you should ever find yourself in like straits, I will tell you, as near as I can remember, the way it occurred to me then and the way I put it to them. I said to them something like this:

"Now, you know, here you are, and here I am, and here we all are, and we've got to live together for most of the day in the same room for the rest of the year, whether we like it or not. We are either going to have an unusually jolly time or then we are just going to have the very mischief of a time! I can't do it by myself and you can't do it by yourself. In fact, things stand between us something like this, and if you listen carefully I think I can make it clear to you just how matters are.

"Suppose any one of you, and myself, were going to a star—(you know they say the stars are worlds, just like this), and suppose you had never been to this star before and didn't know

anything about it, so when you got there everything was strange. Say the people wore buckets on their heads instead of hats! (and they might as well, you know, there's just as much sense in wearing a bucket as a hat, only people just happen to wear hats). So when you went walking around with a nice new Easter hat on, up in this star, all the star folks giggled at you and wouldn't have anything to do with you. Or say these people ate with their fingers instead of knives and forks—(and fingers get the food to your mouth just as well, you know, only people here don't do it). And when you brought out your nice silver knife and fork and began to use your company manners, they all left the table and wouldn't eat with you. And suppose I had been to this star before and knew all about it, and I didn't tell you how to do at all, but just let you go on and let people laugh at you and finally not have anything to do with you at all—while I went about doing like everybody else and having a big time—you wouldn't think that was very kind of me, would you?

“Well, it is just like that about this world. People wear certain things and eat in certain ways, walk, talk and treat each other in certain ways. There's not so awfully much sense to lots of it, but that's the way it is. Now children have never been here before and they don't know a blessed thing about it, and so their parents and teachers have to keep telling them and telling them and they have to keep trying and trying until they are grown—and I'll tell you a secret, when you get grown you have to keep trying and trying, tho' it don't show and nobody knows it. So you see, don't you, how unkind it would be of your parents and me to just let you go on any old way so when you grew up people wouldn't have anything to do with you.

Sometimes you get tired of being told and told and think that you know how to get along by yourself and sometimes we get tired of telling and telling and forget you haven't been here as long as we have and get all out of patience when we shouldn't. So you've got a job and I've got a job. You have got to remember that I have been here longer than you and ought to know better about some things and am always trying

to make life plain to you. And I have got to keep remembering that you haven't been here very long and don't know lots of things I do and how things that are simple to me must puzzle you crazy, so I have to keep trying and trying, too; so it's up to both of us."

MORAL: Use your story-telling in teaching.

JUST FOR FUN Stevenson has said, "All fables have their moral, but the innocent enjoy the story." I know of no better reference or text for story-tellers than this. It is so easy to be too moral with children—you might almost say there is such a thing as being unmorally moral. Many parents and teachers drive children into the very vices they would save them from, by over insistence, in season and out, of their avoidance. Always they are driving home a lesson and serving morals with every meal, until the child is so oppressed by the moral atmosphere, he naturally and sanely revolts. And the parent or teacher has defeated his own purpose and really done the child a moral wrong.

Stories are peculiarly under this bane of the didactic. First, in the method of telling the moral story itself. The moral of a story should always appear of itself and never be forced. Its power is belittled when put on a personal basis either by the assumed moral superiority of the story-teller, or the implied moral inferiority of the child-listener. In fact, I know of nothing meaner than to deliberately entice a child with the promise of telling him a wonderful story in order, after you have gotten him, to make a personal attack on his morals at the end; also, unless a story has a distinct moral, it is glanced at askance because "it does not teach a lesson." After all, is there no moral value to the things that are "just for fun"? A nonsense story that makes a child laugh, that wakes his consciousness to the humor of the out-of-proportion, what daily salvations might arise for him out of it! The story of sheer fancy and beauty—is there not a distinct moral value in the consciousness they create of the unreal forever lurking just beyond the real? Does not graciousness always transcend necessity, and is there no moral value in graciousness because of that?



STUDENT



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The meetings of this organization on every Thursday at 2.15, where we can meet on common ground, as it were, dropping many and varied interests, is restful and helpful. We earnestly hope for a large membership this year.

On account of the absence of the former president and vice-president at the beginning of the year, election of new officers was necessary, and organization was, of course, later on that account.

The conference of the students of the Northeast, at the Milton Country Club, on November 6th, was an inspiration to the ten members who attended. The various officers from the different colleges met together and talked of the problems and many ideas there gained, to make the meetings interesting and of benefit to the student body. This conference was held through the courtesy of Mrs. A. W. Tedcastle. Mrs. Jessie Sayre, daughter of President Wilson, gave an interesting address about the importance of the Y. W. C. A. meetings, and how we were brought, through these, to the human side of life, into the world of actualities, as distinguished from our book world, where we are apt to dwell for four years.

On December 3rd, Miss K. Boyd George led the meeting in a most inspiring and helpful way. Miss George explained in detail, regarding Silver Bay. So enthusiastic was she and so entertaining that all, without doubt, will want to be representatives from Emerson this coming June. Miss Carter made the meeting an enjoyable one with her singing.

We much appreciate the message brought to us by Dean Ross. To many of us, far from home, it was a "talk around the fire."

Miss Annie Fowler gave a splendidly strong talk on the "Good and the Best."

Printed programs will be passed among the students giving

a list of the speakers for January and February, and of such interest are these that we hope for large attendances.

Come one—Come all!

OFFICERS.

Elvira Rasmussen	President
Fay Goodfellow	Vice-President
Edna Fisher	Secretary
Verda Snyder	Treasurer

SOUTHERN CLUB.

The Southern Club has been playing a silent part in the little drama of school life. Perhaps its members are waiting until they have improved their diction; perhaps they are thinking of something very nice to say. Who knows?

Lucille Barrow read at the Roxbury Neighborhood House, Wednesday evening, November 24th.

Dorothy Matthews and Harriett Stille gave a program at the Sailors' Haven during the month of November.

Mrs. Charles Groover has been invited to give a Southern program at the Army and Navy Club of New York City during the Christmas holidays.

Hannah Beard visited friends in New Haven Thanksgiving week.

POST GRADUATE NOTES.

Marguerite Siebel, Mr. Lovejoy and Mr. Flanders took part in Bernard Shaw's play, "The Man of Destiny," on Founder's Day.

Verda Snyder read a scene from the "School for Scandal" and Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" at the Christian Endeavor banquet of the Union Congregational Church on November 25th; she also read at the Mount Hope Home recently.

Vera Bradford read in Fitchburg on November 27th.

May Miller read in Roxbury at the Brookline Club reunion recently.

Eight of the Post Graduate girls took part in the Physical Culture exercises on Founder's Day, December 2nd.

Edna Fisher read "The Worst of Being a Fairy" at the Civic Service House recently.

Sadie O'Connel gave an entertainment in Natick, where she is conducting a private studio.

Ruth Southwick has joined a concert company as reader, and will begin engagements by January 1st.

SENIOR.

Now that the Thanksgiving holidays are over, all Seniors are looking forward to the Xmas vacation.

Ruth White attended a house-party in Providence, R. I., during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mary Winn read several selections at the College Club of Boston this past month.

Margaret Akin spent a very pleasant Thanksgiving in New York.

Mary Ella Perry has recently given readings in Dudley, Roxbury and Dorchester, Mass.

Lois Teal and Ruth White have taken charge of a class at the Civic Service House, and report splendid results.

"Midsummer Night's Dream" was put on by members of the Odd Fellows Lodge, and Lucille Barrow rendered selections from Mendelssohn, "Midsummer Night's Dream" during the play, and also between the acts.

Jessie G. Smith read at the Girls' Club in Marblehead, on the evening of December 2nd, and rendered some violin selections at the initial performance of the Boston Playwriters' Club, December 1st.

Committees appointed: Photograph Committee, Mary Ella Perry, Mary Winn; Ring Committee, Charlotte Butler, Ora Dishman.

JUNIOR.

THE DRAUGHT OF THE BLUE

Translated from the Hindu by

F. W. BAIN

A Posteresque Pantomime presented by the Junior Class of Emerson College under the direction of Mr. Burton James.

*"Earth, the Root, and Heaven, the Hue;
Marsh of Mire, and Flower of Blue."*

Cast of Characters.

Prince	Captain of the Guard
Princess	Merchants
Seller of Dreams	Dancer
Chamberlain	Soldiers
Chaplain	Attendant

Players.

Astrid Nygren	Mary Lancto
Freda Walker	Dorothy Hopkins
Edna Schmitt	Burton W. James
Harriet Stille	Anne Minnehan
Faye Eaton	Nettie Hutchins
Mildred Southwick	Mildred Little
Hazel Call	Carolyn Walker

Costumes designed and executed by Miss Lucy Upson

Dances directed by Miss Elsie Riddell

Scene I. The Dead Lotus

And over his face there never passed the whiteness of a smile, for his dead wife's shadow lay across.

Scene II. The Seller of Dreams

And the Merchant said: "O King, I am a Seller of Dreams."

Scene III. Love's Looking-Glass

Thou hast found me like an empty shell, and filled me with color and emotion and the salt of beauty and the sound of laughter.

Scene IV. The Break of a Heart

At that instant his wife vanished, and he felt himself falling, falling, like a heavy stone through empty space.

ARGUMENT.

There lived a thousand years ago, a King who counted all the world as grass at the death of his wife. Beside the dead body of the Princess

his heart broke, and his kingdom and its glory became as dust and ashes and all his days and nights resolved themselves into darkness and despair. He lay in a stupor, for grief had placed her mantle on him.

On a day, the King lay in his hall, listening to the songs of his musicians and watching his most beautiful dancer. Suddenly the musicians fell upon an air which pierced his ear, for it was the favorite of his vanished Queen. Tears came rushing to his eyes and the blackness of despair, and the musicians fled from his wrath affrighted. Then came certain merchants, jewelers, to exhibit their store. The King passed from one to the other, taking from them and decking himself as if in irony. "For what are jewels to me now that she is no more?" Suddenly he came on an old merchant with nothing visible to sell, and the King said, "Of what art thou a seller?" and the merchant answered: "O King, I am a seller of dreams. And my dreams are no common ones, for I can make the past present, and make to echo in living ears the music of lips that have long been dead. Wilt thou buy from me a dream?" He drew from his breast a flask and the liquor in that flask laughed and was exactly the color of the dead Queen's eyes. The perfume of the liquor was exactly the odor of the dead Queen's hair. At a single gulp the King drank, and sank to his cushions buried in a magic sleep.

Once again, as before, the King hunted in the forest. And once again bewilderment swept his senses, for he knew himself to be lost. Then raising his eyes he beheld, on the edge of a pool, a maiden so beautiful that it would seem all the Gods of Heaven had set their seal upon her. And Love fished for the King's soul with the maiden's beauty and caught it in its snare. But into the soul of the maiden flashed the memory of another betrothal—her Heaven-decreed betrothal to an unknown Prince of High Renown. To the amazed pleasure of the King, he discovers that the maiden's Heaven-decreed husband is himself. Suddenly his followers, who separated from the King, rush upon them from the maze of the wood, and the identity of the King is revealed. Love is triumphant. The King bears to his palace the maiden.

Hours pass as minutes. The court watch the leaden sleep of the King. Suddenly a spasm of pain passes over the King's face and he leaps from his couch in agony. Anguish bewilders his senses; suddenly he glimpses the old merchant, still as a painted picture. And the King laughs, laughter that is divided from sobbing by a hair. He turns and is gone.

The King's guards rush forward and the body of the old merchant collapses. Body and soul have vanished into airy nothingness. And after a while the chaplain speaks, "It may be that the Deity punished the King by means of a dream for the sins of a former birth."

The Class Stunt was presented at Boston University on December 9th.

Helen Reed and Carolyn Walker are teaching a class at the East End Mission in Cambridge.

Mary Lancto spent the Thanksgiving holidays at Woburn and Charlestown.

Burton James read at the Baptist Church in West Acton on December 9th.

Faye Eaton spent Thanksgiving in North Abington.

Mae Elliot, a former member of the class, is teaching in a Grammar School in Pikesville, Kentucky.

Mildred Galloway was the guest of Gladys Hunt during the vacation at her home in Everett.

SOPHOMORE.

Many of the Sophomores had the pleasure of searching mothers' or friends' pantries over the holidays. Among those who were able to eat Sir Turkey at their homes were: Helen Guild, Ellen Lombard, Grace O'Leary, Marguerite Ruggles and Annie Fowler.

Christine Punnett spent the recess with relatives in Glens Falls, N. Y.

Beatrice Smith and Margaret Case were the guests of Rena Gates over the Thanksgiving holidays.

Marguerite Ruggles entertained Izer Whiting at her home in Hardwick, Mass., during the intermission.

Effie Marrison gave a program at the St. John's Episcopal Church at East Boston on December 2nd, and also read in South Weymouth on November 9th.

Ruby Walker is warmly welcomed back to school after her absence, caused by illness.

Catherine Green entertained Helen Guild and Annie Fowler at her home in Chelmsford, Mass., a short time ago.

A very enjoyable house party was held at the home of Ruth Van Buren in Stoneham, at which Dorothy Mitchell, Helen

Carter, Beatrice Coates and Florence Cutting were guests. All four girls contributed to a program at the Baptist Church, Miss Carter and Miss Coates rendering vocal solos, and Miss Mitchell and Miss Cutting giving several readings.

"The Selfish Giant" and Maurice Materlinck's play, "The Blue-bird," were read by Fay Goodfellow before a mothers' club in Dorchester on December 2nd.

Grace Zerweck spent a week-end with Ruby Walter, and during the time read "The King of Boyville."

Marguerite Brodeur entertained Fay Goodfellow at her home on Thanksgiving Day.

"Chocolate, chocolate, is our cry,

V - I - C - T - O - R - Y.

Can we? Have we?—well, I guess,

Sold our chocolate—yes, yes, yes."

There has been an ideal entertainment, by an ideal class, presented of late at E. C. O. Idealists always like ideal entertainments, hence it is that the students of ideal Emerson have found the little comedy called (and aptly, too) "For Sale, Ideal Chocolate," most amusing and interesting in more ways than one.

The Sophomore stunt, which was to have been put on before Christmas, has been changed to a later date, because of the large number of dramatic productions which are being given now.

FRESHMAN.

At the regular class meeting, held the third Tuesday in November, the temporary class officers were unanimously re-elected for the remainder of the College year. It was but a slight expression of the high regard in which we hold Miss Lewis, Mr. Downs, Miss Folsam and Miss Gwin—our governors and representatives.

During the same meeting, having seriously considered the various color and flower combinations, brought us by the appointed committee, we decided that "Brown and Gold" as a

background for "Black-Eyed Susan," would please even the critically artistic.

The only students, except those who go home every night, who dined with their "own folk" Thanksgiving Day, were: Miss Field of Brockton, Mass., and Miss Arline Crocker, who journeyed to Maine.

We are more than glad to note the return of Ruth Hubbs from the "Land of Illness," where she sojourned for a few days.

Three of the "Nineteen Hundred Nineteens" are having their work recognized in even more exalted circles than our classrooms. Joseph Gifford and William Byer are to appear in the play "Rosemary." Therefore, we await the thirteenth of the month with high expectations, and we will not be disappointed.

Joseph Connor acquitted himself with distinction in the play, "Markelton's Gorge," given under the direction of the author and lecturer of the Boston Playwriters' Club. He is also to appear in one of the leading roles of the musical comedy, "The Girl from Monterey." In the latter he will have an opportunity to make use of his excellent voice.

SORORITIES.

ZETA PHI ETA.

Zeta Phi Eta extends a hearty welcome to its new members: Mary Ella Perry, Marguerite Brodeur, Edna Fisher, Fay Goodfellow, Rena Gates, Alice Sigworth, Barbara Wellington, Christine Punnett, Catherine Green and Helen Guild.

We are all glad to hear that Etta Gore has almost recovered from her recent illness and hopes to be back with us next year.

Margaret Longstreet spent her Thanksgiving vacation at her home in Brooklyn, New York.

Alice White also went to her home in New York City for Thanksgiving holidays.

Helen Bartel very delightfully entertained Fay Goodfellow,

Alice Sigworth, Dorothy Hopkins and Astrid Nygren at her home in Waltham, Mass., on the Sunday evening during Thanksgiving vacation.

Fay Goodfellow recently read at a banquet in South Boston.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Fern Stevenson visited in Jamaica Plain over the holidays.

Leah Kendall spent the Thanksgiving vacation with relatives in Littleton, Mass.

Ann Minahan spent Thanksgiving at her home in Pittsfield, Mass.

Nettie Hutchins passed the week-end of December 5th with Wellesley friends.

Grace Thorson sang in Boston Opera House, Sunday, December 5th, in chorus of trained voices conducted by John O'Shea.

Phyllis Jenkins is coaching an original Christmas pantomime for the Congregational Sunday School in Waltham, Mass.

Kappa extends to all Emersonians wishes for a very happy Christmas.

PHI MU GAMMA.

Estelle Van Hoesen spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Weathersfield, Connecticut, as the guest of Dorothea Demming, '14.

Helen Carter and Beatrice Coates gave a program in Stoneham on the evening of December 1st.

Marguerite Thompson read at a Thanksgiving tea in Dorchester.

We regret to announce the departure of Harriet Brown for California, where she will spend the remainder of the winter.

Mary Winn read for the St. Cecelia's College Club on December 1st.

Ann Vail, Elizabeth Ellis and Marguerite Thompson spent several days at "The Cabin" as the guests of Mrs. James Hitchcock.

Lucille Barrow read in Roxbury recently.

Ethel Cain read in North Weymouth on the evening of November 17th.

PHI ALPHA TAU.

Alpha Chapter was represented in "Rosemary" by Messrs. James, Lovejoy, Flanders and Smith.

Mr. Lovejoy gave recitals recently in Danvers, Mass., Reed's Ferry, N. H., Magnolia, Mass., Holyoke, Mass., and Greenfield, N. H.

Mr. Hubbard gave two readings and took the part of Sir Peter in the Teasing Scenes from "The School for Scandal" at the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Dorchester, on December 9th and 10th; also readings in South Boston, and coached "A Man's Voice" for the Queen Esthers of Newton.

The national convention of Phi Alpha Tau will be held in Chicago December 28th and 29th. Alpha Chapter will be represented by Professor Tripp, the National Secretary, and Mr. Lovejoy, the chapter delegate.

The fraternity enjoyed a dinner at Hotel Napoli, followed by attendance at the performance of William Gillette in "Secret Service," on Thursday evening, December 16th.

Mr. James gave readings in Lowell and Greenwood, Mass.

The Junior Pantomime, under the direction of Mr. James, was presented at Boston University Thursday, December 16th.

Messrs. Hubbard and Smith appeared in "The Bridge at Markleton's" at the Bungalow Theatre, Cambridge, December 1st. Mr. Hubbard is the producer of the plays given by the Boston Playwriters' Club.

Mr. Flanders recently went home for the municipal election.



EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF HARTFORD.

The November meeting of the Emerson College Club of Hartford, Conn., was held at the home of Mrs. Jean Clement Butts, on Saturday afternoon, November sixth.

Twelve members were present. After the usual business meeting, Mrs. Caroline Grimley Reid entertained the club by reading "Realization in Action," by Tagore. Her reading was full of simplicity and sincerity. It was a slight diversion from the usual program and was certainly an inspiration.

EMERSON ALUMNI CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The December meeting will be held on Saturday evening, December eleventh, nineteen fifteen, at quarter-past eight, at the Twelfth Night Club rooms, Forty-seven West Forty-fourth Street. Guest cards may be obtained at the door.

Program: Dickens' "Christmas Carol" by Rev. Raymond L. Forman; Songs by Mr. Gwilym Miles, basso, Church of the Heavenly Rest; Mrs. Frank E. Sincere, accompanist.

The Rev. Mr. Forman was known as the silver-tongued orator of Wesleyan College. On account of the length of the reading, it will be necessary to open the meeting promptly.

Hostesses: Mrs. W. Palmer Smith, Mrs. S. A. McClintock, Mrs. W. E. Wilson, Miss F. B. Chinnoek, Miss Flora Trendwell.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'91. Edna Carleton Little (Mrs. George C. Wilton, Dorchester), has lately recovered from her long illness, and visited the college on Founder's Day.

'92. Jenny B. Stanton is teaching in the High School of Westerly, R. I., and meeting with great success in her work.

'93. Mrs. Carolyn N. Payson has been representing Emerson College in an unique way as exponent of our original oratory course. Following is a clipping from the *Boston Post*:

Although not admitted to the bar, Mrs. Carolyn N. Payson of 143 Kilsyth Road, Brighton, argued before Judge Wait in equity merit session of the superior court yesterday, in defense of the suit brought against her by a tenant, to enjoin her from interfering with his gas meter and electric circuit.

Lawyers and laymen gathered to hear her rhetoric, and especially her quotations from the Merchant of Venice and her application thereof to the plaintiff's wanting, as she alleged, a pound of flesh from her, and another from her husband.

Mrs. Payson has conducted her case from the beginning, examining all the witnesses, including her husband, and herself.

'96, '97. Ida Page McKoy, who has been traveling in the East with her husband and little one, visited the College December first. Mr. and Mrs. McKoy left Boston for Fairmont, W. Va., where they will remain two months and return to San Francisco in the spring to take up their residence there.

'96, '97. Annie Morse, who has been traveling in many of the European countries and in Japan, has returned to the United States, and is now acting as private secretary to Colonel Moore of Wolfboro, N. H.

'98. Dr. Walter B. Swift has lately published the following articles:

The Hygiene of the Voice before Debates.

Quarterly of Pub. Sp., July, 1915.

The Form of the Reflexes in Chorea.

Albany Med. Annals, September, 1915.

Studies in Neurological Technique No. 4.

The Form of the Reflexes in Chorea—Technique of Elicitation.

Albany Med. Annals, October, 1915.

The Voice Sign in Tabes—Technique of Elicitation.

Studies in Neurological Technique No. 5.

Review N. & P., October, 1915.

The Mentally Constructive Nurse.

The Trained Nurse & Hosp. Review, October, 1915.

'02. Laura M. Belden was obliged to give up her position in Boston on account of ill-health, and is at present in the Rutland Sanatorium, Rutland, Mass.

'04. Olive R. Rusk is teaching expression in Ouchita College, Arkadelphia, Arkansas.

'08. Eva Griffith (Mrs. William Harrington) was present at the exercises on Founder's Day.

'08. Katherine Reagan is acting as head of the department of expression at Mansfield State Normal School, Mansfield, Pa. In addition to this Miss Reagan coaches plays in the high schools of surrounding towns.

'08, '09. Grace S. Reed recently addressed the Hempstead (L. I.) High School on Emerson and its work. Miss Reed was one of the many Emersonians who visited the Pacific Coast last summer and the San Francisco Exposition.

'09. It is with regret that we announce the death of M. Louise Malony, who has been teaching in the high school at Rome, N. Y.

'11. Josephine Lyon gave an address on "The Use of the Short Story or the Miscellaneous Program," illustrated by se-

lections, at the seventeenth annual convention of the New York State Association of Elocutionists at Rochester, N. Y., November twenty-second.

'11. Esther Burch has lately very successfully produced a Ladies' Minstrel Show at Stanford, Ky., under the auspices of the Woman's Club.

'11, '12. Lucille Barry is filling engagements as reader and entertainer under the direction of various lyceum bureaus.

'11, '12. Madeline I. Randall successfully produced an original masque or symbolic pantomime for the class day exercises of St. Johnsbury Academy last spring. She also arranged and directed the dances for a festival, coming the same week as a part of the graduation exercises.

For the graduation exercises of four graded schools, which she coached, she used her own dramatizations or arrangements.

"Esmeralda" she produced for the benefit of the Teachers' Retirement Fund, and recently David Belasco's "May Blossom" for the benefit of the District Nurse Fund.

One of her summer engagements was at "Speedwell," where she and several of her pupils danced on the grounds at the birthday party of Mr. Theodore N. Vail.

"May Blossom" was produced at the Colonial, St. Johnsbury, Vt., on November 12th, under Miss Randall's direction.

'11, '12. Dr. William Smiley announces the marriage of his daughter, Faye, to Mr. Thomas Charles Stowell, on November eighteenth, at Albany, New York.

'13. Announcements have been received of the marriage of Lillian Porter to Mr. Henry Earl Butler, Dallas, Texas.

'13. The following clippings have been received from Williamsport, Pa.:

A large audience, easily the largest that has been crowded into the Dickinson Seminary chapel in a number of years, heard the expression recital of Helena Bradford Churchill last night. She gave a dramatic reading of Dickens' "Christmas Carol." It is not enough to say that her hearers were all greatly pleased; every person was perfectly delighted and her many friends seemingly could not find words with which to express their appreciation of her work. Mrs. Churchill, who sustains an enviable reputation both as a thoroughly competent and remarkably successful teacher and as a reader and exponent of the art of expression, handled the well-known and much-loved story of Dickens in a manner that was immensely pleasing, portraying each of the many characters in such a way that left no doubt in the minds of the audience as to the true human nature of each. She graces the stage with a presence extremely pleasing, and her voice is of wonderful sweetness, sympathetic and fully adequate for every test placed upon it. She won the hearts of the people who heard her last night in what was at once a literary treat and an artistic triumph. Her work will certainly be long remembered.

So many persons were turned away from the Dickinson Seminary chapel last night without hearing Helena Bradford Churchill in her recital of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" that upon request she has decided to repeat her program this evening at 8 o'clock. This will afford an opportunity of hearing her to those who were unable to do so last night.

The recital last night was heard by an audience that overflowed the chapel. Mrs. Churchill's delineation of characters was remarkable. She presented each of the twenty-odd speaking characters in a way that made each one distinct, and at the same time wonderfully human and real. Scrooge, at first the close-fisted, clutching, hard-hearted, showed the gradual change in nature and heart under the effect of the visions which were shown to him until he became Scrooge the happy, generous, and sympathetic. Mr. Fezziwig was a rotund little man, so happy and jolly, that when he laughed he just laughed all over. The Cratchit family were real living persons, especially Tiny Tim, who elicited the sympathy of the audience. The four ghosts or spirits were well handled, each one different, and yet all were real visitants from the supernatural world.

All the characters were so well portrayed and were given with such

a life-like touch that they will live with the audience. None but an artist and master can present such beautiful character work as Mrs. Churchill presented last night. Her stage presence is so graceful and so extremely pleasing as to win her audiences the moment she appears before them. Her work always possesses the artistic beauty and literary finish which commands the praise of all who hear her. Williamsport audiences always delight in hearing her.

'13, '14. Myrtie Hutchinson is conducting a private school of twenty-eight pupils of kindergarten age in Melrose, Mass., teaching in addition to the regular kindergarten work, reading, expression and the Emerson system of physical culture. Miss Hutchinson has charge, also, of a story-telling class of 150 pupils at the Melrose Public Library, and has recently filled numerous local reading engagements.

'13, '14. Florence Hinckley has a very fine position teaching in the Montpelier Seminary in Montpelier, Vermont.

'13, '14. Lenella McKown is acting as preceptress in the E. M. C. Seminary, Bucksport, Maine.

'14. Judith Lyndon and Elsie Gordon will begin soon their entertainment tours with the White and Coit Lyceum Bureaus, to continue for the remainder of the year.

'14, '15. Zinita Graf is teaching this year at Yankton College, Yankton, South Dakota.

'14, '15. Margaret Strickland has gone to fill a temporary position as teacher of expression and English in the high school at Rome, N. Y.

(Tommy and Shovel, "Sentimental Tommy," Barrie.) It might be said of these two boys that Shovel knew everything, but Tommy knew other things.

TO PERCY ALEXANDER.

BY MRS. AMY TOLL.

Thou wast among us,
And we saw thee not.
We heard thy voice,
Voice now immortal, ne'er to be forgot.
Were its last strains
Not with the spirit fraught?
The dying cadence of that slumbering tone
Bore it not strange suspension
Of one beyond—apart—alone?
The echo that now haunts us seems to say
Thy voice was of the spirit,—not of clay.

But our deaf ears could not define
The passing chord, the heavenly resolution.
We gave our audience to the shrieking herd,
The din of earthly prattle sadly blurred,
The modulation of the finer spirit word.
We offered thee no timely retribution.

Thou art beyond the need of meagre praise,
Beyond the realms where look or word or deed
Could ease thy burden or make glad thy speed.
Yet with our sighs we offer thee reward,
Call thee our brother, and extend the hand,
With all the fervor that was ours to give
While we stood face to face upon the strand.

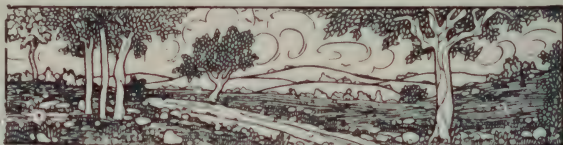
Forgive the slight that thoughtlessness imposed,
Give thou the blessing that is thine to give,
And let us in memoriam say
The things we should have said—
While thou didst live.

The heart of a boy is the timidest thing in creation.—Lloyd Osbourne.

Teach children to make of their lives a sort of divine play.—Claxton.

When boys are very happy they think they must be doing wrong.—Barrie.

These bitter sorrows of childhood! When sorrow is all new and strange, when hope has not yet got wings to fly beyond the days and weeks and the space from summer to summer seems measureless.—George Eliot.



January

10th A wistful day—the great silent clouds have come trooping over us till the whole earth has seemed thrown into a hypnotic trance from their grayness. Everything has had a sad, lost feeling, far away and unfamiliar. A certain aloofness of sorrow in the air as though nothing mattered, save that it be left alone with its grieving. And all day there has been an uncertain blowing of the wind. How all the hopelessness of the world seems to sorrow in the wind at such times. What an oppressive sense of the lonely immensity our little globe is lost within, it brings.

I walked around on the porch to shake off the weight of it—the haunting sense of a fatality just pronounced, of lost dreams and unattained desires. I found the cat there with a strange, alien look in its eyes. It seemed to have withdrawn into another world from which it gazed with a steady, dreamy aloofness, save for an occasional blink of idle curiosity. When I passed it gave me a swift, inquiring, unfamiliar glance as though it knew me no longer. The spell was upon it, and upon me and all the changed, inscrutable face of the world. I sat looking and listening until I seemed something strange and without myself—a part of all the grayness and hush and sadness.

To-night all is cold and lonesome. The fire will not burn cheerfully, but smokes and smolders fearfully, till it is nothing but a black charred mass. Outside the winds surge and plunge in gulping agony past, and I think of a certain long, white beach I know, where even now the waves are dying by the millionfold. Within silence prevails. Speech is useless, a mere sound and hollowness—dreams fall asunder like ill-fit toys. And nothing availeth.

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THE BEAU OF THE BATH.

CHARACTERS { Beau Nash
Jepson, his servant.
The Lady of the Portrait.

PLACE: Bath.

TIME: Christmas Eve, 1750.

SCENE: A room in the Beau's apartment.

Furniture and hangings of faded splendor. Candles gleam in silver sconces. Christmas holly hangs here and there. At the left a fire burns on the hearth, first with small blue dancing flames, then deepening to a rosy glow.

At the right there is an inlaid desk with candles burning on it. Toward background a door opening into another room of the apartment.

In the center background hangs the life-sized portrait of a lady dressed in the fashion of the early eighteenth century. Her dress is a shimmer of rose-colored satin. Beneath her faintly powdered hair her face is young, down-tinted, starry-eyed. There are no other portraits in the room.

At the rise of the Curtain Beau Nash is discovered seated at a round, lacquered table, center foreground. He is an old man, still very erect and stately, very much the great dandy. The soft light of the room hides whatever ravages of time there may be in his face. It also hides the fact that the seams of the black velvet suit he is wearing are growing gray, and that the creamy lace ruffles that grace his sleeves and jabot have been very often mended. Near him stands his servant, an old man, slightly stooped, wearing a shabby brown cloth suit with

a buff vest and tarnished gold buttons. He looks at his master adoringly.

JEPSON

And is that all, sir?

BEAU NASH

Bring my snuffbox. So!

Where are the cards?

JEPSON

(Bringing a pack of cards on a silver tray.)

Here, sir.

BEAU NASH

Now you may go.

(Jepson pauses.)

You hesitate?

JEPSON

(With feeling.)

Why, sir, I'm loath to see

You sitting here alone.

BEAU NASH

This room, for me,

Is filled with memories.

JEPSON

Aye, sir, I know.

I've served you thirty years and seen the flow

And ebb of fortune, and I cannot bear

Night after night to—

BEAU NASH

Jepson, all that's fair

Passes and fades. Even the eagle's wings

Grow slow with age. Content with little things

Is wisest.

(Jepson fetches a score pad and pencil from the desk and stands waiting with them at his master's table.)

JEPSON

Yes, sir.

BEAU NASH
(*Watching fire.*)

See how strangely blue
The little flames are. If it should be true—

JEPSON
(*Puzzled.*)

Sir?

BEAU NASH
That a spell is wrought by candle light
And gleaming flame when it shines faintly bright.
When hours grow small and embers lower burn
On Christmas night they say old loves return.
'Tis merely folly, Jepson. Ne'er again
Shall I behold that brilliant courtly train
Of wits and beauties, fops and gamesters gay—
All that made life in Bath when I held sway.
Time was, my nod would stop the Prince's dance:
A belle was made by my admiring glance:
'Twas I who set the fashions in brocade,
But laurels wither and the roses fade,
And now I sit alone. My reign is done.
The wits and fops have vanished one by one.

JEPSON
(*Moved.*)

You were the King of all, sir. High and low
Admired you.

BEAU NASH
Thank you, Jepson.
(*Takes score pad and pencil.*)

You may go.
(*Exit Jepson, left, quietly and reluctantly, with a backward glance at his master, who still dreams at fire.*)

Everything passes. Naught remains of all
Except that portrait smiling from the wall.

(*He crosses to the portrait, candlestick in hand.*)
Disdainful Rosamond, you still look down
As when you were the toast of all the town.

Lips red as holly, eyes so archly bright—
Nay, but your beauty dims the candle's light!

(He puts down the candlestick.)

'Tis vain to wish for things that may not be;
Yet could you for one hour come back to me
Would I not say all that I left unsaid
In days gone by? But you are long since dead,
While I, grown old, above the embers cower,

(He goes back to his chair.)

Or play a game to help me pass the hour
When shadows flicker—and the candles blink
Until I drowse—and—

(He nods and dozes in his chair. The Lady of the Portrait moves, smiles, slowly and gracefully steps down from the portrait, silently crosses to the table, her eyes on the Beau. She catches up a handful of cards.)

THE LADY

'Tis my play, I think

If I see rightly by the candle's gleam.

BEAU NASH

(In a whisper.)

Rosamond!

THE LADY

(Lightly.)

Well, sir, do you always dream
When you play cards with ladies? If 'tis so
I think 'twere best to call my chair and go.

BEAU NASH

(Bewildered, passing a hand across his eyes.)

I thought—that you were dead—and I was old!

THE LADY

(Still lightly.)

Fie, sir, to think that hearts like ours grow cold!
And when I hear you call upon my name
Shall I not step down from that gilded frame
To spend an hour of Christmas night with you?

Come! Let us gossip of the folk we knew!
Lord Foppington, whose wit I did adore—

BEAU NASH

I thought Lord Foppingham a monstrous bore!
But Kitty Cavendish—'Faith, one mad night
We drank her health from out her slipper white.

THE LADY

(With spirit.)

I vow then you were tipsy, one and all,
For Kitty's slipper was by no means small.

BEAU NASH

Nay, let's have done with thrust and counter thrust!
Ah, Rosamond, in days gone by you must
Have known I loved you, yet you were so cold.

THE LADY

(Very low.)

I had been warmer, sir, had you been bold!

BEAU NASH

Bold! At your feet dukes laid their coronets,
I could but offer you some gambling debts.
These, and the worship of a world-worn heart
Would scarce pass coinage in Dame Fashion's mart.
So I fought down my love for you, and yet
Your slightest gesture in the minuet
Would stir my pulses. With a covert glance
I watched you through the mazes of the dance,
So fair, so radiant—But what need for me
To tell you of my heart's poor comedy.
Is that a tear which falls for it, my sweet?

THE LADY

(Very sweetly and gently.)

A tear is naught, sir.

(She turns to him.)

Ah, must I repeat

My love in words before you will believe
That I too loved in vain?

(As their eyes meet her meaning grows clear to him.)

Now, I must leave,
For 'tis not long until the clock strikes one.

BEAU NASH

And you loved me!

THE LADY

Our hour is almost done,
I leave you to your firelight and your chair,
And to your game that's always—solitaire!
(With delicate tread, moving silently as a ghost, the Lady steps back into the portrait. The Beau dozes again. The rosy glow of the fire dies, leaving the room in utter twilight. Jepson enters.)

JEPSON

'Tis bedtime, sir. The clock struck long ago.
The embers on the hearth are burning low.
Even the wav'ring candle feebly gleams.

BEAU NASH

(With a startled glance about the shadowy room.)
So late!—So dim!—I have been dreaming—

Dreams!

(The curtain slowly falls.)

A LANDSCAPIST'S DAY.

A landscapist's day is divine. You are jealous of the moments, and so are up at three o'clock—long before the sun sets you the example.

You go out into the silence and sit under a tree, and watch and watch and wait and wait.

It is very dark—the nightingales have gone to bed, all the mysterious noises of night's forenoon have ceased—the crickets are asleep, the tree-toad has found a nest—even the stars have slunk away.

You wait.

There is scarcely anything to be seen at first—only dark, spectral shapes that stand out against the blue-black of the sky.

Nature is behind a veil, upon which some masses of form are vaguely sketched. The damp, sweet smell of the incense of spring is in the air—you breathe deeply—a sense of religious emotion sweeps over you—you close your eyes an instant in a prayer of thankfulness that you are alive.

You do not keep your eyes closed long though—something is about to happen—you grow expectant, you wait, you listen, you hold your breath—everything trembles with a delight that is half pain, under the invigorating caress of the coming day.

You breathe fast, and then you hold your breath and listen.

You wait.

You peer.

You listen.

Bing! A ray of pale yellow light shoots from horizon to zenith. The dawn does not come all at once, it steals upon you by leaps and subtle strides like deploying pickets.

Bing! Another ray, and the first one is suffusing itself across an arc of the purple sky.

Bing! Bing! The east is all aglow.

The little flowers at your feet are waking in joyful mood.

The chirrup of birds is heard. How they do sing! When did they begin? You forgot them in watching the rays of light.

The flowers are each one drinking its drop of quivering dew.

The leaves feel the cool breath of the morning, and are moving to and fro in the invigorating air.

The flowers are saying their morning prayers, accompanied by the matin song of the birds.

Amoretti, with gauzy wings, are perching on the tall blades of grass that spring from the meadows, and the tall stems of the poppies and field lilies are swaying, swaying, swaying a minuet motion, fanned by the kiss of the gentle breeze. Oh, how beautiful it all is! How good God is to send it! How beautiful! how beautiful! But merciful easel! I am forgetting to paint—this exhibition is for me, and I'm failing to improve it. My palette—the brushes—there! there!

We can see nothing—but you feel the landscape is there—quick now, a cottage away over yonder is pushing out of the white mist. To thine easel—go!

Oh! It's all there behind the translucent gauze—I know it—I know it—I know it!

Now the white mist lifts like a curtain—it rises and rises and rises.

Bam! the sun is risen.

I see the river, like a stretch of silver ribbon; it weaves in and out and stretches away, away, away.

The masses of the trees, of the meads, the meadows—the poplars, the leaning willows, are all revealed by the mist that is reeling and rolling up the hillside.

I paint and I paint and I paint, and I sing and I sing and I paint!

We can see now all we guessed before. Bam, bam!

The sun is just above the horizon—a great golden ball held in place by spider threads.

I can see the lace made by the spiders—it sparkles with the drops of dew.

I paint and I paint and I sing and I paint.

Oh, would I were Joshua—I would command the sun to stand still.

And if it should, I would be sorry, for nothing ever did stand still, except a bad picture. A good picture is full of motion. Clouds that stand still are not clouds—motion, activity, life, yes, life is what we want—life!

Bam! A peasant comes out of the cottage and is coming to the meadow.

Ding, ding, ding! There comes a flock of sheep led by a bell wether. Wait there a minute, please, sheepy—sheepy, and a great man will paint you.

All right then, don't wait. I didn't want to paint you, anyway.

Bam! All things break into glistening—ten thousand diamonds strew the grasses, the lilies and the tall stalks of swaying poppies. Diamonds on the cobwebs—diamonds everywhere. Glistening, dancing, glittering light—floods of light—pale, wistful, loving light: caressing, blushing, touching, beseeching, grateful light.

Oh, adorable light! The light of morning that comes to show you things—and I paint and I paint and I paint.

Oh, the beautiful red cow that plunges into the wet grass up to her dew-laps! I will paint her. There she is—there!

Here is Simon, my peasant friend, looking over my shoulder.

"Oho, Simon, what do you think of that?"

"Very fine," says Simon, "very fine!"

"You see what it is meant for, Simon?"

"Me? Yes, I should say I do—it is a big red rock."

"No, no, Simon, that is a cow."

"Well, how should I know unless you tell me?" answers Simon.

I paint and I paint and I paint.

Boom! Boom! The sun is getting clear above the treetops. It is growing hot.

The flowers droop.

The birds are silent.

We can see too much now—there is nothing in it. Art is a matter of soul. Things you see and know all about are not worth painting—only the intangible is splendid.

Let's go home. We will dine, and sleep, and dream.

That's it—I'll dream of the morning that would not tarry—I'll dream my picture out, and then I'll get up and smoke, and complete it, possibly—who knows!

Let's go home.

Bam! Bam! It is evening now—the sun is setting.

I didn't know the close of the day could be so beautiful—I thought the morning was the time.

But it is not just right—the sun is setting in an explosion of yellow, of orange, or rouge-feu, of cherry, of purple.

Ah! It is pretentious, vulgar. Nature wants me to admire her—I will not. I'll wait—the sylphs of the evening will soon come and sprinkle the thirsty flowers with their vapors of dew.

I like sylphs—I'll wait.

Boom! The sun sinks out of sight, and leaves behind a tinge of purple, of modest gray touched with topaz—ah! that is better.

I paint and I paint and I paint.

Oh, Good Lord, how beautiful it is—how beautiful!

The sun has disappeared and left behind a soft, luminous,

gauzy tint of lemon—lemons half ripe. The light melts and blends into the blue of the night.

How beautiful! I must catch that—even now it fades—but I have it: tones of deepening green, pallid turquoise, infinitely fine, delicate, fluid and ethereal.

Night draws on. The dark waters reflect the mysteries of the sky—the landscape fades, vanishes, disappears—we cannot see it now, we only feel it is there.

But that is enough for one day—Nature is going to sleep, and so will we, soon. Let us just sit silent a space and enjoy the stillness.

The rising breezes are sighing through the foliage, and the birds, choristers of the flowers, are singing their vespers songs—calling, some of them, plaintively for their lost mates.

Bing! A star pricks its portrait in the pond.

All around now is darkness and gloom—the crickets have taken up the song where the birds left off.

The little lake is sparkling, a regular ant-heap of twinkling stars.

Reflected things are best—the waters are only to reflect the sky—Nature's looking-glass. The sun has gone to rest; the day is done. But the Sun of Art has arisen, and my picture is complete. Let us go home.

BUNGLERS.

DR. F. CRANE.

We educate everything except our souls. We have fingers trained to work, brains to think, imagination to create, tastes to discriminate, and emotions to enjoy; but our souls remain wretched, ignorant bunglers.

The child is taught to parse and multiply, the apprentice to saw and plane and lathe, the young lady to play the piano and speak French; yet their untutored souls are a prey to passions that bewilder them, egotisms that mar them, irritations that disfigure them, impulses that tear them asunder.

Nine-tenths of the heartaches are useless. People do not want to be unhappy or make others unhappy. They simply are ignorant of the greatest of all arts—the art of adjustment.

Married couples become estranged, all the while meaning well and loving hotly. It is because they drift. They cannot steer their souls. They are helpless children, the playthings of forces they cannot control.

There are clever families who live day after day in contention and bitterness; experts in all but the one thing needful—how to get along.

How few of us there are that do the finer spiritual deeds skillfully! We give a deal of heroic self-sacrifice and spoil it all by boasting or complaint. We are kind enough, but our acts of kindness are ruined by the way we perform them.

Our charities irritate us. Our service irks us. Our love torments us. Our patience, loyalty, and nobleness taste bitter.

Come, let us by persistent self-discipline and careful practice learn to raise spiritual flowers that are not sickly, wormy and sad. For of what use is our goodness if it is not beautiful and refreshing? Let us cease bungling the greatest things we do. Among my acquaintances is a great woman. All around her are fuming little people. They are irritable; they reek with self-pity; they indulge in the cheap luxury of decrying themselves; they are bored, world-weary; they are small boats distressed upon the choppy seas of circumstance.

In the midst of them my friend is a smiling island, a restful oasis, a fountain of cheer, a flagon of the sweet wine of courage. I asked her, "How do you do it? What is your secret?"

"It is nothing," she laughed. "It is only a trick. I have learned how to do the unwelcome gracefully."

Look you! Is it not worth while? To master the technique of failure, to turn disappointment to amusement, to rouse crabbed natures so that they show their sweetness, to make soured souls conscious of their bit of nobleness, to be an expert in hearts and a virtuoso in human nature, it is not the art of all arts?

Why Bungle?

Respect the "naturlangsamkeit," which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows.—*Emerson*.

A POEM IN PROSE.

Justice Walter Loyd Smith, who presides over the third department of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, brought with him to the recent dinner of the New York University Law School Alumni Association what he said was the most remarkable document that ever came into his possession. Others who read the document, the last will and testament of Charles Lounsbury, who died at the Cooke County Asylum at Dunning, Ill., were disposed to agree with him. Here it is:

In the name of God, Amen. I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do now make and publish, this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly as I may, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

And first, that part of my business which is known in the law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no account of it in this, my will.

My right to live, it being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item.—And first, I give to good fathers and mothers, but in trust for their children, nevertheless, all good little words of praise and all quaint pet names, and I charge said parents to use them justly but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

Item.—I leave to children exclusively, but only for the life of their childhood, all and every, the dandelions of the fields and the daisies thereof, with the right to play among them freely, according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles. And I devise to children the yellow shores of creeks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, with the dragon-flies that skim the surface of said waters and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the milky-way to wonder at, but subject to the rights herein given to lovers, and I give to each child the right to choose a star that shall be his, and I direct that the child's father shall tell him the name of it in order that the child shall al-

ways remember the name of that star after he has learned and forgotten astronomy.

Item.—I devise to boys jointly all the useless idle fields and commons where ball may be played, and all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover blooms and butterflies thereof; and all woods with their appurtenances of squirrels and whirring birds and strange noises; and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found, I do give to said boys to be theirs, and I give to said boys each his own place and the fire-side at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood or coal, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance of cares.

Item.—To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red, red roses by the wall, the snow of the hawthorne, the sweet strains of music, or aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item.—To young men jointly being joined in a brave, mad crowd, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude and rough, I leave to them alone the power of making lasting friendships and of possessing companions; and to them exclusively I give all merry song and brave choruses to sing, with smooth voices to troll them forth.

Item.—And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory; and I leave to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of all other poets, if there are others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully, without thithe or diminution and to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave, too, the knowledge of what a rare, rare world it is.

Everyman should form such a plan of living as he can execute completely.—*Boswell*.



The Poets



WILD GEESE.

The sun blown out;
The dusk about;
Fence, roof, tree—here and there,
Wedged fast in the drab air;
A pool vacant with sky,
That stares up like an eye.

Nothing can happen—all is done—
The quest to fare,
The race to run—
The house, sodden with years
And bare
Even of tears.

A cry!
From out the hostelries of the sky
And down the gray wind blown;
Rude, innocent, alone.

Now, in the west, long sere
An orange thread, the length of spear;
It glows.
It grows;
The flagons of the air
Drip color everywhere;
The village-fence, roof, tree—
From the lapsed dusk pulls free
And shows
A rich, still, unforgotten place;
Each window square
Yellow for yellow renders back,
The pool puts off its foolish face,

The wagon track
Crooks past lank garden spot
To Rome! to Camelot!
A cry!

—LIZETTE REESE.

BY THE FIRE.

I heard an old man say—
They were talking, two old friends of youth, who meet but
seldom now
By a quiet little fire at the close of day—
I heard an old man say as the clouds fell on his brow,
“Sure I dread to ask for the old friends,
For the word is always now—
“Dead these three years, dead, dead this many a day!”
All have gone to their ends,
All have passed away.

White thin hair to each brow
And a chair in the corner each day,
And time to remember and pray.
And one by one to our ends!
I heard an old man say,
“Don’t speak of the old friends;
They have passed away
These long years since, this many a day;
We are left lonely now.
By the fire to remember and pray!”

—SHAEMUS O’SHEELS.

WORLD-STRANGENESS.

Strange the world about me lies,
Never yet familiar grown,—
Still disturbs me with surprise,
Haunts me like a face half known.
In this house with starry dome,
Floored with gem-like plains and seas,
Shall I never feel at home,
Never wholly be at ease?

On from room to room I stray,
Yet my host can ne'er espy;
And I know not to this day
Whether guest or captive I,
So between the starry dome
And the floor of plains and seas,
I have never felt at home,
Never wholly been at ease.

—WILLIAM WATSON.

THE TRAIN.

I wake to feel that rain
Is falling; though no beat
From drops upon the pane
Speaks of it. But so sweet
Have grown the lilac flowers,
I know that drifting showers
Are in my garden bowers.

No sound. Till, clear and plain,
As though the dusk would sigh,
The whistle of a train
Brings to me, where I lie,
The old heart-breaking call
Of Distances, and all
Fair fates that elsewhere fall.

Oh, to be in that chain
Of golden-lighted cars!
Through misty field and lane,
Quick stringing lines of stars!
On! onward! till, the night,
Rimmed by the dawn's first light,
Finds cities, strange and white.

Yet all would be in vain!

Some Spring night I should wake
To hear the falling rain.

And then my heart would break
To think that drifting showers
Are sweetening lilac flowers,
Here in my garden bowers.

—RHODA DUNN.

THE WATCHERS.

The train sped on into the gathering gray,
And softly fell the rain;
The summer night again
Spread wide its cloak of mystery and fate.
We tread the easy beaten path all day;
At night, we dream the dreams that make us great.

How dim a world was this that flitted by?
We felt, not of its gloom,
But if, as at a loom,
A new world, just created, on its beam,
We gazed, nor ever thought to question why
A miracle should open to our dream.

We stood and watched the tiny flying sparks
Enter the deep'ning gray,
No will but to obey
The powers that sent them forth, in each its breath;
Its impetus chose out their several marks;
To what it gave they owed their swift, sure death.

Like little souls they fluttered quickly past,
To light the Mystery,
To make its history;
Sometimes, in groups that scattered in our sight;
Sometimes, but one; and there passed two. How fast
They kept together, light by light!

Thus do we enter, and we call it—Life,
Divine the guiding spark
We have when we embark;
Each other light we meet upon this sea,
Finds us a will-o'-the-wisp with dangers rife,
Or Lighthouse on the shore of eternity.

A FANCY.

The Queen of Bessarabia
Was thinking of a thing
Whereon both queens and other folk
Are often pondering.

She looked from out her chamber
And thought she did not know
From where she had been wafted
Or whither she would go.

What was the use of living,
Of work, or love or strife?
When nobody could answer the question,
“What is Life?”

Those Bessarabian poplars
Were bending to the breeze;
With a melancholy brow,
She glanced upon the trees.

One moment they were moving,
The next were standing still;
She wondered why their sergeant
Invented such a drill.

—HENRY BAERLEIN.

SLEEP.

Frail sleep, that blowest by fresh banks
Of quiet crystal pools, beside whose brink
The varicolored dreams, like cattle, come to drink.

Cool sleep, the trees, in solemn ranks,
That murmur peace to me by midnight's streams,
At dawn I pluck and dayward pipe my flock of dreams.

—PERCY MACKAYE.

WOMEN'S EYES.

The world is full of women's eyes.
Definat, filled with shy surprise,
Demure, a little over-free,
Or simply sparkling roguishly,
It seems a gorgeous lily-bed,
Whichever way I turn my head.

FLEET STREET.

I never see the newsboys run
Amid the whirling street
With swift untiring feet,
To cry the latest venture done,
But I expect one day to hear
Them cry the crack of Doom
And risings from the tomb,
With great Archangel Michael near.
And see them running from the Fleet
As messengers of God,
With Heaven's tidings shod
About their brave, unwearied feet.

—SHANE LESLIE.

DAWN.

There are no sounds of feet,
Or wagons in the street—
So still—so beautiful,
The air so fresh and cool.
I love the morn to come,
And yet I know that some
Are not so glad as I—
Since they must wake to cry.

—AILEEN HIGGINS.

THE OLD PORCH.

The south wind touched the poplar leaves,
And turned their silver to the sun;
It bent the bearded harvest sheaves—
And swayed the wildling by the run.

And as it blew, the rocking chairs
Coquetted gently to and fro,
As if prim old ladies with their airs,
Were rocking still, as long ago.

FIVE LIVES.

Five mites of monads dwelt in a round drop
That twinkled on a leaf by a pool in the sun,
To the naked eye they lived invisible;
Specks, for a world of whom the empty shell
Of a mustard-seed had been a hollow sky.

One was a meditative monad, called a sage;
And shrinking all his mind within, he thought;
“Tradition, handed down for hours and hours,
Tells us that our globe, this quivering crystal world,
Is slowly dying. What if, seconds hence,
When I am very old, yon shimmering dome
Come drawing down and down, till all things end?”
Then with a wizen smirk he proudly felt
No other mote of God had ever gained
Such giant grasp of universal truth.

One was a transcendental monad; thin
And long and slim in the mind; and thus he mused:
"Oh, vast, unfathomable monad-souls!
Made in the image—" a hoarse frog croaks from the pool—
"Hark! 'twas some god, voicing his glorious thought
In thunder music! Yea, we hear their voice,
And we may guess their minds from ours, their work
Some taste they have like ours, some tendency
To wriggle about, and munch a trace of scum."
He floated upon a pin-point bubble of gas
That burst, pricked by the air, and he was gone.

One was a barren-minded monad, called
A positivist; and he knew positively:
"There is no world beyond this certain drop.
Prove me another! Let the dreamers dream
Of their faint gleams and noises from without,
And higher and lower; life is life enough."
Then swaggering half a hair's breadth, hungrily
He seized upon an atom of bug and fed.

One was a tattered monad, called a poet,
And with a shrill voice ecstatic thus he sang,
"Oh, the little female monad's lips!
Oh, the little female monad's eyes!
Ah! the little, little female, female monad!"

The last was a strong-minded monadess,
Who dashed amid the infusoria
Danced high and low, and wildly spun and dove,
Till the dizzy others held their breath to see.

But while they led their wondrous little lives,
Aeonian moments had gone wheeling by,
The burning drop had shrunk with fearful speed,
A glistening film—'twas gone; the leaf was dry.
The little ghost of an inaudible squeak
Was lost to the frog that goggled from his stone,
Who, at the huge, slow tread of a thoughtful ox,
Coming to drink, stirred side-ways fatly, plunged,
Launched backward twice, and all the pool was still.



MR. STOCKDALE'S VISIT TO EMERSON.

On Thursday morning, the 16th of December, we Emersonians were uplifted by an inspiring address from our old friend and former chaplain, Rev. Allen A. Stockdale.

Toledo, Ohio, has evidently become a field of great activity for his inspiring influence. He told us of many of the business leaders who have lifted enterprises from difficulties to triumphant success, through the vision of men and high efficiency. After every enthusiastic characterization of these men and the narration of their efforts, Mr. Stockdale repeated this text or title of his discourse; it was—"only the live Fish can swim up Stream." We were shown how the athletes are chosen on the basis of their clean lives, how Life Insurance goes by a man's character more than his conditions, how credit is more established by human character and honesty than upon their securities.

Mr. Stockdale has lived a full life of contact with the world he would help; and he brings many facts to illustrate the truth of his claim that the upright character, the clean life, the brave endeavor and the fair deal—with aspiration and reverence for the divine in human life and the Divine ending of the universe makes for permanent success and for growth in power.

We all live more vitally in the life of the spirit when our glorious Friend, Allen A. Stockdale, gives us his greetings.

J. E. S.

CLASSROOM.

Learn to memorize with even thoroughness so that you will have a complete whole.—Mrs. Willard.

Examinations exist to keep the pupil from cheating himself.—Mr. Kenney.

Don't overdo the extreme characteristics of a character until it becomes a caricature.—Mr. Tripp.

Success is the hardest experience to live through.—Miss Sleight.

It is not only what you are going to do for the reading, but also, what is the reading going to do for you.—Mrs. Hicks.

When you have co-ordinated a physical state with a mental state, you have a true reflex.—Mrs. Puffer.

Evil most fearfully wipes out itself.—Mrs. Southwick.

Make yourself go so far as to *get* criticism in the classroom.—Miss Smith.

So our lives glide on—the river ends, we know not where, and the sea begins, and there is no more jumping ashore.—*Eliott.*

If in the stars and the awfulness of space, there is nothing, that does not trouble me; for my greater self is inside me—safe.—*Owen Wister.*

Poetry indeed cannot be translated, and therefore it is the poets who preserve the language.—*Johnson.*

It makes one very humble to see oneself surrounded by such a wealth of beauty and perfection, anonymously lavished.—*Elizabeth and Her German Garden.*

In this man, veracity was a quality, not a virtue. It is a characteristic of some of the worst and best of men. A colossal integrity that lifts even shame upon a great canvas.—*Corra Harris.*

That virtue which requires to be ever guarded is hardly worth the sentinel.—*Goldsmith.*

The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

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No. 3

SCRAPBOOKS Do you keep a scrapbook? If not, begin!

They have been known to make bearable the most unbearable rainy day. On such a day, when every present phase of your life seems impossible to be thought of, and every future imagining futile, if not absurd, a scrapbook is a God-send. Open it. You will find lying at anchor there, ships that have come into port long since and brought you much you had forgotten the possession of—things that made you laugh and things that made you weep; bits of simplest poetry, intelligible to the first and last of men; curiosities of embroidered speech which survived its times only as representing those times; a masterpiece or two, perhaps, that you hope some day to grow into the full understanding of; and last, queer odds and ends of things that nobody else in the world but you, with your own particular puzzle-set of existence, would have put into a scrap-book. After a hour or so of such browsing it will probably dawn on you that you have been enjoying the truest leisure you have experienced for a long time.

Besides this, there is much real good to come from this keeping of a scrapbook. It develops in you an ability to get a hold on the life outside yourself. If we depend for our happiness on the happenings of our own particular existences, and as

they prosper well or ill by turn believe and disbelieve, we will fare but ill. For lasting pleasure we have to go to the things beyond and above the purely personal. We have some way to get a vision of the life universal that is not marred by the things which trouble us. It is something, when we are tried, to remember that Liszt's music is still there, that Fra Angelico's rows upon rows of serene angels are left us; that there are children with faces where trouble has never come, and that the great steady stars still hang above our fluctuating lives.

SNOW This is not a eulogy upon snow. It is known to all students of the first, second, third and all the other readers, that "the snow begins in the gloaming" and puts on an extra force and works all night until the morning, when it very thoughtfully leaves off, and you wake up to find your woodshed roofed with marble, and diamonds on your window panes, or something to that effect. That sort of snow is a horse of a different color (aye, verily!) from the species under discussion, namely, Boston snow. Speaking from careful observation and painful experience, I can truthfully say, it, the Boston snow, by no means always begins in the gloaming. It most often begins in the afternoon of the morning when you left home, smiling and happy, with your nicest lid on, a blue sky above it, umbrella-less and rubberless. I say it usually begins at such a time, but when you start home you are convinced it began earlier, because it certainly has the habit and has it bad. The wind is its main support, and sees that this snow doesn't escape your notice. This wind blows the snow right in your features, on through the back of your head ready for the next one. You turn a corner in order to develop your powers of resistance symmetrically, but, another wind or probably the same one, begins on you at the same angle of attack. You get a bright idea and take a car. Everybody else has apparently taken the same idea—and the same car, so that you emerge for the final stretch even less able to cope with the elements than you were before.

In the morning, instead of leaving off, the snow begins with fresh vigor, having rested during the night, and you go through the same process (and language) as the day before, with the

variations of a farcical stage prop, namely, an umbrella! When it stops, as it sometimes does, the trouble has just begun—The easiest way to get to school at such times would be to aim at arriving at some point three blocks beyond, so by the process of back-sliding you might possibly land! At such times, you pray for the snow to begin to melt! Then, when it does—well, words fail us. It is like walking in an apple pie with the lid off, and every time you get to a crossing you get a homesick feeling for the days of Sir Walter Raleigh and his coat! Sir Walter could certainly have a chance to shine. Then, there is the element of surprise which comes now and then, at finding in your feet a tendency to explore all the four points of the compass at the same time and—but enough!

Certainly Fate has a sense of humor.—*Fowler*.

Oh! Friend, never strike sail to a fear. Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas.—*Emerson*.

The world does not need so much to be instructed as it does to be reminded.

We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now, you are to ask yourself when all is done, would it not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happy thinking.—*Stevenson*.

I like a lonely walk at the end of a day full of people.—*Henry James*.

I am not content to pass away like a weaver's shuttle. I am in love with this green earth, the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes—and the sweet security of the streets.—*Lamb*.

It is better to lose the game by a card too much than a card too little.—*Cervantes*.

Ain't it a hard thing to learn that it ain't all willingness, nor yet being capable that gets things done in the world? It's part just edging round and edging round.—*Gale*.



STUDENT



ROSEMARY

BY LOUIS N. PARKER

Presented by

THE EMERSON COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB

Jordan Hall, Monday Afternoon, Dec. 13, 1915

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Sir Jasper Thorndyke	Burton W. James
Professor Jogram	Albert R. Lovejoy
Captain Cruickshank, R. N.	E. D. Flanders, Jr.
William Westwood	Joseph Gifford
George Minifie	Lawrence J. Smith
The Stilt Walker	Lawrence J. Smith
Dorothy Cruickshank	Freda W. Walker
Mrs. Cruickshank	Josephine Penick
Mrs. Minifie	Nettie M. Hutchins
Priscilla	Charlotte W. Butler
Abraham	William Byer

SYNOPSIS

- ACT I. Sir Jasper makes a mistake. The night of June 23d, 1838, at the Cross Roads, Longburton.
- ACT II. Sir Jasper corrects his mistake. The morning of June 24th, at Ingle Hall, Longburton.
- ACT III. Sir Jasper forgets. June 28th, at the Bull and Mouth, Strand, London.
- ACT IV. "Rosemary, that't for remembrance." The evening of June 21st, 1887, at the International Restaurant, Strand, London.

EMERSON COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB

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Evelynne Benjamin	Verie Johnston
Vera Bradford	Rena Macomber
Elizabeth Darnell	Mildred Little
Rowena Foss	Margaret Pinkerton
Marguerite Hyde	Lucy Upson

SOUTHERN CLUB.

We all had a beautiful time during the holidays! Snow, grippe, belated trains, smashed boxes and seemingly palsy-stricken mailmen only served to intensify the fact that we really were having a "wonderful time."

Helen Hynes spent the holidays in her home in Washington, Georgia, and read before the faculty and student body of Mt. St. Joseph's Academy in Augusta.

Blanche Crenshaw visited friends in New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Elizabeth Ellis read in Cambridgeport on December 29th.

Dorothy Matthews had as her guest Miss Ella Mae Smith of San Antonio, Texas.

Josephine Penick gave readings in Somerville at the First Baptist Church, and at Marins Hall during the month of December.

Frederica Magnus spent several days as the guest of friends in Taunton, Mass.

We deeply regret the loss of Mrs. Charles Groover, who has returned to her home in Columbus, Georgia.

Harriette Stille visited friends in New York during the holidays.

Lucille Barrow spent Christmas vacation at her home in Blackstone, Virginia.

Marguerite Thompson visited Helen Guild in her home in Derry, New Hampshire.

POST GRADUATE.

We are all glad to get back to work after the pleasant holidays and are wishing every Emersonian the best of New Years.

Jean McDonald read at the Union Congregational Church Sunday afternoon on January second.

Vera Bradford gave an entertainment in Shirley, Mass., during the Christmas holidays.

Edna Fisher read "Little Gentleman," "The Worst of Being a Fairy" and "Wood Ticks" at the Civic House in Stoneham, Mass.

Mr. Flanders assisted in the Christmas decoration of the Trinity Episcopal Church.

Ruth Southwick gave an entertainment for Mr. and Mrs. Albert Thayer at the Thayer studio during the holidays.

Vera Bradford and Evelyn Benjamin have charge of the children's reading and game room at the Morgan Memorial Settlement House.

SENIOR.

So many tender memories will be forever associated with this year for the Class of 1916, that we wish everyone unwonted happiness during all of its 366 days.

We are glad to welcome back Ruth White and to learn that her father is recovering from the illness which called her home.

Mabel Warren, '15, has been the guest of Ruth Wood during the Christmas holidays.

During the vacation Charlotte Butler gave some delightful readings from Penrod at her home in Louisburg, Pennsylvania;

Mary Winn read at the College Club in Boston; and Mary Ella Perry told stories with her usual versatility to the children of the Bunker Hill Grammar School, Charlestown, Mass.

Jessie G. Smith read selections from Browning at the Brown University Club recently.

Lois Teal and Ruth White are preparing their class in Interpretation at the Civic Service House for a recital, to be held in the near future.

The following girls have been chosen to act on the committee for the midyear revival of an old English comedy and for the Commencement Exercises: Lucile Barrow, Alice Sigworth and Lois Teal.

JUNIOR.

JUNIOR RECITAL.

Thursday, December 9, 1915.

- | | | |
|------|--|---|
| I. | Mars Chan | <i>Thomas Nelson Page</i>
Harriet S. Stille |
| II. | At the Sign of the Cleft Heart | <i>Theodosia Garrison</i>
Nettie M. Hutchins |
| III. | The Master's Violin | <i>Myrtle Reed</i>
Ethel S. Greene |
| IV. | The Ruggles' Dinner Party | <i>Kate Douglas Wiggin</i>
Ann Minahan |
| V. | Experience | <i>George V. Hobart</i>
Grace W. Thorson |

Many of the Juniors returned to their homes during the Christmas recess.

Ruth Kennard read in Wedgemere during the recent holidays.

Lucy Upson was visited by her father in the Christmas vacation.

Carolyn Walker gave an evening's program at Millis recently.

Helen Reed read before the West Acton Woman's Club and also in Shirley this month.

SOPHOMORE.

The New Year finds nearly all Sophomores back and apparently well settled, though there are a few of us whose minds and natures will still be on edge until exams are over.

Barbara Wellington gave a most pleasing program before the Newton Women's Civic Club.

Many of the Sophomore girls read at home during Christmas vacation. Among them were: Fay Goodfellow, Annie Fowler, Beatrice Coates, Catherine Green, Jane Beynon, Marguerite Ruggles.

Ruby Walter gave a program before a Christmas gathering held at the Medical Mission in the North End.

Helen Guild entertained Marguerite Thompson and Golda Hewitt at her home in Derry over the Christmas holidays.

A delightful group of readings was presented a short time ago by Ruth Van Buren, who read for the United Order of Odd Fellows of New England.

FRESHMAN.

During the Christmas holidays various members of our class have been exemplifying their Emersonian spirit in speech and deed.

Sara Lewis gave a delightful reading in Bawlston Spa; Anne East read in Norfolk, Virginia; Mabelle Thresher in Brockton, Massachusetts; Miss MacCully in Schenectady, New York; and Sarah Stahl, not only in her home-town, Montpelier, Vt., but also in Boston.

We are told that Ruth Kelly is to have a prominent part in "The Obstinate Family," to be given in Notre Dame Academy, Roxbury.

Eleanor Casey and Bertha Kaufman spent the holidays in New York City.

We regret very much that Miss Alber and Miss Lunn are not with us now, and trust that they will soon return.

SORORITIES.

ZETA PHI ETA.

Alice White spent her Christmas vacation here in Boston, and entertained her cousin, Miss George, during the holidays.

Margaret Longstreet was entertained by Ann East at her home in Norfolk, Virginia, and read at Mrs. East's silver wedding reception.

Mary Ella Perry entertained two of her friends from her home in Georgia over the Christmas holidays.

Marguerite Brodeur read in Dorchester recently.

On the Tuesday before the holidays, a baby party was held.

Astrid Nygren read at a Sunday School Festival while she was at home.

We are all glad to hear that Eleanor Jack's eyes are improving and she hopes to be with us next year.

Rose Willis expects to visit us very soon.

Laura Curtis visited here in Boston during the Christmas vacation.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Ann Minahan, Georgette Jette and Dorothy Mitchell returned to their homes for the holidays.

Marion Wells, who has been ill with laryngitis, is now quite recovered.

A New Year's theatre party was made up of all remaining in town for the vacation, including Lois Teal, Fern Stevenson, Beth Sturdivant, Marion Wells, Grace Thorson, Leah Kendall, Nettie Hutchins, Edna Schmitt and Jessie Smith. All were most delightfully entertained afterwards at the home of Jessie Smith in Dorchester.

Lois Teal spent Christmas Day at Newton Highlands with Mrs. Talbot, Dean of Women at Chicago University.

PHI MU GAMMA.

Emily Brown, '15, and Lucille Barrow were sent as delegates by Iota Chapter to the National Phi Mu Gamma convention, which was held this year at Old Point Comfort, Virginia.

Mildred Galloway read at a Military Drill contest in Arlington on the evening of December 1st.

Beatrice Coates sang at a musicale given by the Sir Galahad Club on December 15th and took part in a Christmas play at the Woman's Club House in Lynn.

Ellen Lombard spent the holidays at her home in Colebrook, New Hampshire.

Molly Sayre read for the Harvard Domes Society in Cambridge on the afternoon of December 22nd.

Helen Carter sang in the midnight services at Grace Episcopal Church in Carthage, New York.

Estelle Van Hoesan and her mother had a most delightful trip to the Bermuda Islands during the Christmas holidays.

Marguerite Thompson gave several dialect readings at the Dorchester House, Dorchester, on the evening of January twelfth.

PHI ALPHA TAU.

Fred Willson Hubbard is assisting Prof. Black in the evening classes of Boston University.

Prof. Tripp and Albert R. Lovejoy returned from the annual convention in Chicago on January 1st.

Laurence J. Smith spent the holidays at his home in Franklin, Pa., and while there played the part of "Chad" in Hopkinton Smith's "Colonel Carter's Christmas."

This earth is crammed full of heaven. Every common bush is a burning bush. A few see it and take off their shoes, the rest sit around and eat blackberries.—*Mrs. Browning.*



EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF HARTFORD.

The December meeting of the Emerson College Club of Hartford, Connecticut, was held at the home of Mrs. Marion Blake Campbell.

Fortunately one of our number, Miss Clara M. Coe, attended the exercises on Founder's Day and through her Mrs. Campbell was able to give us a very interesting account of the program at that time. Miss Eunice MacKenzie favored us with two most pleasing readings, *The Legend of St. Nicholas* and a cutting from Eleanor Porter's popular *Polly Ann Stories*.

EMERSON ALUMNI CLUB OF NEW YORK.

Members' Evening. The January meeting was held Saturday, January eighth, at quarter-past eight, at the Twelfth Night Club rooms, 47 West 44th Street.

Program: Readings, Miss Ruth West, Miss Dora Watt, Miss Florence Goetschins; Monologue, Mrs. Madaline Frost Hennessy. Music was under the direction of Mrs. J. F. Rabbitt.

Hostesses: Mrs. W. Palmer Smith, Mrs. W. E. Wilson, Mrs. S. A. McClintock, Miss Florence Chinnoek, Miss Flora Treadwell, Mrs. Marie Beal.

An important business meeting was held Wednesday, January twelfth, at eight o'clock at Mrs. Elise West Quaife's Studio, 17 West 60th Street, to act upon the changes made in the constitution and by-laws and to hear the report of the vocational committee.

EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF RHODE ISLAND.

1915-1916 PROGRAM.

Oct.	18.	Eugene Field	Mrs. Morse
		Hostess, Mrs. Fessenden	
Nov.	8.	Bliss Carmen	Mrs. Lamb
		Henry Drummond	Miss Randall
		Hostess, Miss Randall	
Dec.	13.	George Bernard Shaw	{ Mrs. Hesse
		Hostess, Mrs. Carroll	{ Mrs. Martin
Jan.	10.	Magazine	{ Mrs. Knutton
		Hostess, Mrs. Knutton	{ Mrs. Westcott
Feb.	14.	Augustus Thomas	{ Miss Patterson
		Hostess, Mrs. Hess	{ Mrs. Murphy
March	13.	Lady Gregory	{ Mrs. Fessenden
		Hostess, Mrs. Bowen	{ Mrs. Carroll
April	10.	Nature Program	{ Mrs. Bowen
		Hostess, Mrs. Lamb	{ Mrs. Littlefield
May	8.	Annual Meeting	
		Hostess, Mrs. Gray	

ALUMNI NOTES.

'87. Mrs. Louise Levering Weber, club supervisor and hostess of the Three Arts Club of Philadelphia, sends the following extract from the Philadelphia *Record* concerning the organization in which she is so actively engaged:

A movement which, it is expected, will prove of inestimable value to many students, has started in Philadelphia and, with its inception, this city has opened a broad avenue of opportunities for the advancement of the scholar whose ultimate goal of achievement is to obtain pre-eminence in the world of art. The movement is the brain child of the

members and officers of the Three Arts Club of the City of Philadelphia, which opened its doors recently at No. 250 South Seventeenth Street, filling a long-felt want in this city.

The object of the Three Arts Club is to provide a home and a clubhouse where visiting students and patrons of the three arts—music, painting and the drama—may come and be received with a warm welcome and find chaperonage while in this city. This organization does more than that; it acts as an institution of learning at the same time. This is through association and coming in contact with students of the same and different arts and masters of these arts, men and women whose fame is world-wide. In their everyday life, outside of the classroom and the studio, the students will be constantly in the realm of these three arts, will hear the opinions of other students, the experience of master minds, and will be broadened through this, perhaps more so than they possibly could in any other manner.

'02, '03. Prof. Newton B. Hammond, of Utica, N. Y., has lately staged the play "Tom Pinch." It was a success artistically and financially, and was pronounced by other members of his faculty to be in the professional class.

'08. Grace Garvin is teaching English in the Medford (Mass.) High School, having in charge the production of the Senior play.

'09. Mrs. Isaac Kenneth Lewis (Bernice Wright) sends notice of the arrival of a daughter December 3rd, 1915.

'09. The Syracuse Girl Graduates of Emerson College three years ago formed a society of which M. Louise Maloney, deceased, was treasurer. Dues to the amount of five dollars were collected and, as the society met only a few times before its dissolution, it was decided to contribute the amount to the Emerson College Endowment Fund. The gift has been received and is deeply appreciated.

'10, '11. Veroque Petty has returned to her position as teacher of expression in Southern Seminary, Buena Vista, Va.

'10, '11. The students of the State Normal at Slippery Rock, Pa., presented "The House Next Door" on Thanksgiving evening under the direction of Alice J. Davidson. The play received very favorable criticism and will be produced elsewhere.

'12. Alla Martin is continuing her studio work in Elgin, Ill., and filling reading and entertainment engagements.

'12. Mr. and Mrs. Meredith Castlebury announce the marriage of their daughter, Georgia, to Mr. George Wilson Merrill, on December the twelfth, nineteen hundred and fifteen, Escanaba, Michigan.

'13. Alice L. Esmond has charge again this year of the department of expression in Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

'13. The heartfelt sympathy of the Class of '13 is extended to Mary Shambach on the death of her father.

'13. Announcements have been received of the marriage of Clara MacDonald to Albert Brown of Newburyport, Mass., December 25, 1915.

'13, '14. Students and faculty were glad to welcome Amelia Green, who lately paid Alma Mater a short visit.

'14. Helen MacClanahan is acting as teacher of expression in Cooper College, Stirling, Kansas.

'14. Katherine MacKay is at present filling a position in the Halifax Dispensary, Nova Scotia, her appointment as missionary to India having been deferred until after the war.

'14, '15. Marion John is meeting with success in her work teaching in the schools of Gonzales, Texas.

'14,'15. Belle McMichael has produced several plays and pantomimes given by school children in Pillsbury, North Dakota. She has also given recitals in various other cities and towns.

'15. Louise Hainline is teaching reading in Kent Normal School, Kent, Ohio, where she is reported to be a most valuable assistant.

'15. Jennie Pulaski Smith taught expression at the summer session of the Southern Normal College, Hot Springs, N. C., and gave recitals at the Hot Springs Hotel. During October and November last Miss Smith's activities in Charleston, S. C., were as varied as successful. Several dramatic entertainments were produced under her direction, including original pantomimes and interpretative dances, and staging and coaching of plays.

'15. Gladysmae Waterhouse is head of the department of English in the Morse High School, Bath, Maine.

Ex-'15. The following clipping was taken from the *Boston American*:

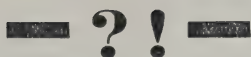
"A notable Jamaica Plain girl and an Emerson College graduate is Miss Ethel Hawkins.

"Miss Hawkins, who has taken part in a number of amateur and professional productions, including last season's performance of 'Victory,' the notable Ella Wheeler Wilcox dramatization at the Toy Theatre, has suddenly become a person of interest among her girl friends by her appointment as leading lady in the Brewer and McRobert's stock company.

"Miss Hawkins had parts in the Castle Square stock company following her graduation from Emerson College."

His chin had a vanishing aspect, looking as if it were being gradually re-absorbed.—George Elliot.

A man's mind, what there is of it, has always the advantage of being masculine.—George Elliot.



In Junior "Taming," Miss Barrow—"Like to mose in The Chimes."

Dr. Ward, after listening to Mr. Handy's romantic recitation—"What we need is more boys in this class!"

Mr. Kidder, in Post Graduate Debate—"Take for example the analogy between mushrooms and toad-stools. There are many points of likeness, but there is a point of difference."

Pupil—"You might call it the Point of Departure!"

Mrs. Southwick, assigning stanzas in expressive voice—"Now, the next, 'I am the daughter of earth and water.' Who will take that? Mr. Lovejoy, I could hardly assign that to you!"

Mr. Kidder—"I knew a scientist who gave \$10,000 for a rare specimen of flea."

Miss Hopkins—"He got bit!"

Miss McQuesten suffers from misdirected mail quite often. The latest is a letter addressed "Miss McQuandary!"

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

BY HY. MAYER.

When I was a child it was my greatest ambition to become a lion-tamer. But my mama wouldn't let me. And then it was my ambition to become a detective. My papa's best friend was the chief of police, and through his influence I obtained a position as detective. The first day the captain told me that a gentlemanly criminal had escaped—he showed me his picture, and he wanted me to catch him. I caught him. On the way

to the station we passed a restaurant and the gentlemanly criminal said that he was very hungry. And, because he was one of the most lovely criminals I ever heard of, I said to him:

"Very well: go inside, and I will wait for you out here."

I must have waited half an hour, and he did not come out. So I went inside and said to the proprietor: "Did you see a gentlemanly criminal?"

"Why, yes," said he, "he has just gone out the back way."

So I had to catch him again, the next day. And on the way to the station we passed that restaurant again, and again, he said that he was very hungry. "Very well," I said, "go inside and I will wait for you." But this time I was clever, and I ran around the back way. I must have waited half an hour—oh! longer. And I finally went inside and asked the proprietor. The gentlemanly criminal had gone out the front way. So I had to catch him the next day; and on the way to the station we passed that restaurant again. He said he was very hungry. And because he was such a gentlemanly criminal, I said: "Oh, very well!" (but to myself, "This time he's not going to fool me.") So I said to him: "I will go inside and get you something to eat, and you can wait out here."—and then I became an artist.

He had a fixed expression on his face—You felt sure it was a fixed expression, for any man with such an expression would change it if he could do so.—Irving Cobb.

My hair was so straight, it bent back the other way.—Porter.

There is nothing chillier than being respected.—Osbourne.

When tempted, yield at once and avoid the struggle!

The innkeeper treated them as they were little dogs and he was *not* the platter.—Barrie.

Oh, maybe my mind is pretty enough, but likelier than not, my face is not becoming to me.—Abbott.

There are two kinds of women—Daisy and the other kind.

A man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings.—Lamb.

His mind was in its original state of white paper.—Lamb.

February

20TH. This has been a gracious day, let into the cold, impersonal grimness of these winter days like a rescuing hand. Through the whole earth there has been a feeling of relaxation, as though now, at last, it was to have time to get its breath.

This relenting mood of the weather must have begun in the night, for once I woke in an unknown hour and a soft wind was playing quietly at the curtains, and some train sounded soft and far, as though starting on a journey to the stars.

This morning when I opened my eyes it was upon such a miracle of sunshine that I thought, for a moment, that I had waked in some paradise unaware. I lay very still, fearing to break the spell of it, and wondering vaguely what it all meant—this patient, beautiful nature, standing about us, encompassing us, so seemingly made for us, yet so supremely able to do without us. We are so busy piling baubles up we forget and neglect her, yet on the day when our baubles fail us, and we sit down, defeated and alone, she spreads some miracle of a sunset out before us, to save our souls from bitterness.

21ST. Winter again, ice, snow, wind. The world has seemed very old, and hopelessly bare, a mere catalogue of the things which go to make it, earth, trees, rocks, hills and fields. But we will never mind, because we remember Yesterday. The universe is merciful after all, we either have happiness, or the memory of it, or, better still, the hope of it—and if all these should fail us, we can have always, if we will, the dream of it. Sometimes, on days like this, the soul achieves a sort of high indifference, as who should say, "What matters it what befalls? I have had gorgeous dreams."

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A PHANTOM VANISHED.

(Translated from the French by Sherwin L. Cook.)

Characters

Anatole Fromont, a Parisian actor on a tour.

Pierre, (old man), his servant.

Marie, a laundress.

Scene is in Fromont's apartment in Lyons, in a living room containing a table, chair and fireplace. On the table are several books, and a sharp steel paper-cutter.

Pierre, as he is setting things to rights, speaks:

PIERRE—And now for his slippers. M. Fromont will be in a rage when he comes home. Matinees always make him furious and provincial matinees are the worst. Mon Dieu, but Monsieur is a great artist. I have been valet to many but never with a man of such absolutely ungoverned temper as M. Fromont. O certainly monsieur is a great artist.

(Marie enters timidly.)

MARIE—Monsieur has not returned?

PIERRE—Goodness! A woman!

MARIE—Does not Monsieur Fromont live here?

PIERRE—No, my girl. He and I exist here. We live only in Paris.

MARIE (*aside*)—At last. This is his room. This is his chair—Hamlet's chair—Romeo's chair. Ah!

PIERRE (*aside*)—At last Lyons becomes interesting. I smell an adventure.

MARIE—Tell me, does monsieur study here?

PIERRE—At times.

MARIE—Do you think he will be long?

PIERRE—He should be here now.

MARIE—Oh, do you think he will see me?

PIERRE—The chances are that if you stay there, and he hasn't become blind, he'll see you as soon as he passes that door.

MARIE—And will he speak to me?

PIERRE—He will speak to me, at any rate. I can hear him. "Pierre, show this person out."

MARIE—O, monsieur, not that. No, no, Monsieur Pierre, you must have some influence with him. I must speak one word to him, only one. Dear M. Pierre, you do not know me, but I know you. Don't you remember me? I am the little sweet-heart of your nephew Francois.

PIERRE—Ah, now I recollect your face.

MARIE—Will you not use your influence with him? You can get him to speak to me.

PIERRE—Do you think I am his prime minister rather than his valet? Besides, I am afraid I should be doing Francois a bad turn.

MARIE (*indignantly*)—Monsieur, I am an honest woman. (*pleadingly*) Ah, Monsieur, it means so much to me. M. Fromont can tell me if I will do.

PIERRE—Will do?

MARIE—Yes, monsieur. If I can act.

PIERRE—Heavens! An aspirant?

MARIE—It is so hard to work with one's hands all day long. And the francs come in slowly. Oh, so slowly.

PIERRE (*aside*)—M. Fromont gives no encouragement to stage-struck girls. Ah, I shall be doing Francois a good turn, after all. (*Fromont's voice is heard outside; Blockhead!*) He is coming. Go in there quickly. I will do what I can.

(*Marie hides behind the door leading into the adjoining room, as Fromont enters.*)

FROMONT—Pierre, mark my words, this is the last time I ever play in Lyons. Write Despard that I won't play tonight, and that I go back to Paris tomorrow.

PIERRE—Surely monsieur does not—

FROMONT (*explosively*)—Surely monsieur does!

PIERRE—But your engagement!

FROMONT—But my engagement? (*in anger*) Gods! am I master of my fortune or are you? Write to Despard. (*manner changes*) O! Pierre, I never was so flouted in all my life. The house was packed, the atmosphere was insupportable. Hundreds of dullards gaping at me. The only actors that were in touch with the audience were Osric and the grave-diggers. Their comedy, God save the mark, was greeted with smirking satisfaction. The supreme soliloquy did not receive a hand. This put me on my mettle. I played the closet scene with all the fire of my soul in consequence. I was rewarded. How! These Lyonese bestowed upon me, grudgingly bestowed upon me two curtain calls. Bah! the life I put into that scene was worth a dozen in Paris.

PIERRE—I appreciate monsieur's feelings.

FROMONT—Yes, and what did I see blazoned on a sign on the rue de Volta on my way home? "Maurice Damas, Dramatic Art taught in all branches. Five francs per lesson." Ye Gods! Taught! Acting taught. The brain cultivated for drama. The impulse of the heart is the actor's inspiration. The brain may guide and control, but the power is here and here only.

PIERRE—Monsieur feels deeply.

FROMONT—And yet annually M. Damas will graduate a score of pupils who have paid their "five francs per lesson," who will smile complacently and say, "Yes, thank you, I am an actor. I have M. Damas's diploma." Bah!

PIERRE—Lyons is a dismal city, monsieur.

FROMONT—Yet not altogether uninteresting. Pierre, I saw a face to-day.

PIERRE—Impossible!

FROMONT—As I was driving to the theatre in the midst of a crowd of prosaic provincials, I saw a slip of a girl. She was a slender, graceful peasant, and she had eyes, Pierre, eyes.

PIERRE—Most people do, monsieur.

FROMONT—But not like those. There was a soul behind them, Pierre. She melted away in the throng quickly enough, but I should like to see her again. I would almost repeat this afternoon to do it. But write that letter, Pierre.

PIERRE (*as he goes out*)—Yes, certainly, monsieur is a great artist.

FROMONT (*goes to the table, pours wine into a glass and drinks*)—To the eyes of the unknown! (*and then seats himself at a table and proceeds to read as Marie enters unobserved. Fromont senses the presence of a second person, believing it to be Pierre*). Pierre, bring me my Coriolanus. Do you hear?—Blockhead—are you dumb? (*throws a book toward Marie and then turns*) My eyes! Pardon me, mademoiselle, I thought it was my stupid servant. Can I, Anatole Fromont, be of service to you?

MARIE—Your valet, M. Pierre, was doubtful of my reception.

FROMONT—I am an uncertain character, mademoiselle, but the thunder shower is over, the sunshine has entered, the atmosphere is clear.

MARIE—I am afraid you will think me forward in coming here. I hardly dared to, myself, but I wanted to ask you something.

FROMONT (*aside*)—Have I been mimicking love all these years to know it in three short minutes? O, no, Fromont, you are not such a fool as that.

MARIE (*embarrassed*)—I know, monsieur, I am very bold, but I want to ask you if you think in time—after years, you know,—if you think I ever could, you know, become clever enough to—to—O, monsieur, I want to become an actress.

FROMONT (*aside*)—It is destiny. She wants to become an actress. (*to her*) Mademoiselle, when I look into your face I am sure that heaven could not deny you anything. (*aside*) She shall act! she must act!

MARIE—All my life I have longed to become a player. Then I saw you play Hernani. That decided me.

FROMONT—Allow me to ask, mademoiselle, whether you wish to be a comedienne, or to play tragedy?

MARIE—It must be a fine thing to make every one happy and contented and to make them laugh and forget their troubles, but I would rather have them sorry for me and make them sympathize with me. I think I should rather play tragedy.

FROMONT—Well, if you have the fire which belongs to the true artist I will take you into my company and develop it myself.

MARIE—Oh, monsiur, you overpower me! I never dared hope so much. Indeed I did not.

FROMONT—But you must let me judge of your talent, and abide by my decision; and above all keep away from M. Damas. There are so many actors now who have not the right to the name that their example is a solemn warning against bringing out incompetents.

MARIE—Shall I read for you?

FROMONT—No! That is not a true test. Let me see—I have it. You are a Parisian milliner.

MARIE—No, monsieur! A laundress.

FROMONT—No, no, no! A milliner.

MARIE—I, monsieur?

FROMONT—Yes, in an impromptu play. You come home after a hard day's work, impatient for the outing your husband promised you. You enter with a song on your lips. Here is the cradle with your baby—here is the table laid for supper—and here—is a note. Your husband, Jacques, whom you love, ah! so much, has left it. He has gone away forever with the little seamstress down-stairs. Go out, come in and then play this little drama.

MARIE—I hardly know what to do, monsieur, but I will try. Don't you think the little milliner would faint?

FROMONT—That is certainly among the possibilities.

MARIE—Then I shall faint.—Oh, I forgot to sing. La, la, la, la, la, la. (*without any expression*) Home at last. How tired I am. Where can Jacques be? Ah, here is a note. O, God! O, God! (*she faints*) How did you like that?

FROMONT (*aside*)—Poor little girl. (*aloud*) There is more fault in the interpretation than in the conception. (*aside*) How can I tell her? Ah, there is a kinder way. Words would be too cruel. (*aloud*) Mademoiselle, will you permit me to show you more plainly than I could in words just what my suggestion meant? Let us reverse the case. The husband, a sturdy carpenter, comes home. His wife, Marie, has gone away with Henri, the clerk of the grocery around the corner. Watch me. —Whew! What a run I've had of it. Up four flights of stairs, too. To tell Marie the news and she's not home yet. Ah, but her majesty is at home. Bless her! Oh, you're awake, are you, princess? No, your prime minister hasn't got back from the shop yet, I am only an humble subject under the sway of the two sweetest tyrants that ever ruled man. Well, if Mamma doesn't come in pretty soon my news won't keep, and I'll have to go down and tell Henri all about it. There's a friend for a man! Ah, but when Marie comes home, looking forward to our walk to the quay, maybe I won't surprise her. To think that old Brisemouch should retire and leave me master carpenter, and not tell me a word till the thing was done. Jacques, you're a master carpenter, do you know what that means? It means that Marie won't do any more work for old M. Bobose. It means that her majesty in the cradle will have a mother all the time instead of after hours and kind neighbors for the rest. It means that we'll be two flights nearer the street next month. It means that what we've been toiling for all these years, little wife, you and I, has come at last!

Well, I hope that Marie is kept long enough. Probably some crabbed old dowager must have her new bonnet for church tomorrow, never mindful of the tired little fingers that must work, work, work all day long and stay late for her Sunday bonnet. Well, I'll talk to Babette in the cradle till in pops mamma! Have you heard what I've been saying, Gipsy? That's right, open your eyes and look at your worthless old papa. How you do grow like the dearest woman in the universe! Yes, you'll be a big girl pretty soon, and bring the sunshine into my life, just like your mother, and go out and marry some worthless good-for-nothing just like your father. Well, I guess

I'll light my pipe, if your supreme ladyship will allow me. Hello, here are my slippers. Ready for my feet. So she has been here and gone. Where, I wonder? O, to one of those eternal customers to deliver a bonnet, of course. My, and the table's laid. —Laid for one and only one! Well, I like that. Did she suppose I would eat before she came home? Ah! a little note here, too. Dear little note and dear hand that penned it. Well, let's see what you say? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ah! So you're playing me a joke, are you, little woman? "My heart bleeds to give you pain. We have waited too long for prosperity. I cannot live like this forever. Poverty is too dull. My happiness is stale. I have gone away with Henri. Don't blame him. Forgive me when you can. Be good to baby." But, really, that isn't a kind joke exactly. All the same, I wish Marie hadn't written it. How loud the clock ticks. Faugh! I believe that letter has given me the blues. Jove, the fire is down. I'll trot into the closet and get you—you, little baby—a nice warm comforter. My God, then it's true! The letter is all true! All the trinkets, all the pretty dresses, everything gone! Only a ribbon left. (*He picks up the note and reads again.*) "My heart bleeds to give you pain.—Poverty is too dull.—I have gone away with Henri.—Be good to baby." May the curse of Heaven rest upon them. No, no, I don't mean that—not on her. I love her, I—I—God pity me! I love her now. But him! Curses on him! A hundred thousand curses on him! My friend, my smiling, courteous, devilish friend! I'll hunt him down and kill him like the hound that he is. Stay, let him live, his treachery will poison his peace. I know him. He can't be happy long. Let him live and suffer. But for me? What for me? Desolation, dissipation. No, I'll not let the world flout me when there is an easier way. (*he sees knife on table*) How sharp it is! (*He holds it before him, then looks towards the cradle and lets his arm drop.*) God! I had forgotten you! I'll live for my baby. (*Kneels at cradle with sobs which turn into laughter.*) Your servant, mademoiselle.

MARIE (*dries her eyes*)—Monsieur, I have learned my lesson. I thank you.

FROMONT—My child, you need not thank me. I have only tried to show you an unpleasant truth in a kinder way than words permit.

MARIE—I shall never think that I can act again.

FROMONT—Remember there is more in truth than in mockery, more in life than in imitation, more in love than in mimicry. Put aside your thought of the shadow. Merge yourself into the substance. Glow in the reality of life, of truth, of love.

MARIE—Yes, monsieur, I will go back to my love, my François.

FROMONT (*aside*)—*A phantom vanished; a bubble burst!*

MARIE—Adieu, monsieur.

FROMONT—One moment, mademoiselle. I am going to ask you to do me a favor.

MARIE—If I can.

FROMONT—This trinket is one of the relics of a dearly loved mother. I ask you to keep it, and sometimes think of a desolate actor whose life you brightened for half an hour.

MARIE—O, monsieur, how beautiful. A thousand, thousand thanks! How happy François would be to thank you too. Adieu! (*As she goes out she drops a rose, which Fromont picks up and plays with, as Pierre enters.*)

FROMONT—Back from the substance into the shadow. So it goes on, nothing to regard, nothing to love.

PIERRE—You have Pierre.

FROMONT—True, Pierre, I have you, of course. And my art, yes. Pierre, you need not send that letter. I will act to-night. I'll make them applaud!

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A VISIT TO CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

There used to be a certain bright-colored booklet on the table in the magazine room at home that I would rake out of the medley of books and papers when I was a child, to look at the pictures. It was "Leedle Yawcob Strauss." Later on I have often picked out this booklet from the other things because, I believe, when I come to think of it, the greatness of it and those other poems, like the face of nature, is so simple and easy, the mind is not tired before it can grasp it.

I had the pleasure of visiting the author of "Leedle Yawcob," Mr. Charles Follen Adams, at his home in Roxbury. I went to get him to tell me something of his method of writing the "Deutsch" dialect, of which art he is the undisputed king. However, that sunk almost into a minor detail among the many things I learned, and not being at all accustomed to interviewing and lamentably prone to see and remember things in an illogical order, what I have to tell is very likely to lack a "central theme."

However, there is one central theme, after all. Mr. Adams and his work. I went unconsciously expecting that I should meet a German-American and had even told myself that I must be careful and not bring up the subject of the present war! But this was a mistake. Mr. Adams is of old New England stock and a descendant of Samuel Adams. This was apparent as soon as I had talked with him for a while. Apropos of the war,—it also being apparent that I was from the South, Mr. Adams, in the course of conversation had begun to tell me of his experiences as a volunteer in the Civil War when he remembered my native state, and apologized! I hadn't thought the subject of wars might possibly be turned on me!

Mr. Adams's home was also "New England," pleasant, sunshiny and "comfy." I did not see any beer, or even any steins! I saw instead the pictures of his son and daughter when they were children. They are generally understood to be the "Leedle Yawcob" and "Leedle Loweeza" of the poems, but Mr. Adams says the characters of the poems are ideal, not real.

And no more is he the "Yawcob" with the long pipe. He is, and has been for many years, in business here in Boston. He says his literary achievements have been his recreation and not the line of his main endeavor. This certainly made me open wider still my already wide open eyes. In the spare moments, out of business hours, he had written these things that have made hearts warm with a smile all over the country and will keep on doing so after he and we have gone. That is the great test. Our daily work, our business, is often wrung out of us by circumstances whether or no, but what are we willing to do with what is left? Mr. Adams was still there when work was finished with a quick, busy mind.

He got his first idea of writing in this way. Charles Godfrey Leland was the pioneer in the so-called "Deutsch Dialect," but he depicted the coarse, inebriate type of German, which is not the most truly representative. Mr. Adams said the idea occurred to him, that if he were to take the home-living, sturdy German in his family relations as he was becoming Americanized, it would be a success. He did, and we know the result. His works were published first in *Harper's* at the same time that Longfellow, Holmes and Will Carleton were writing for it, from each of whom Mr. Adams has letters of appreciation of his work. For the last number of years his poems have been brought out by the *Boston Globe* and syndicated in a combination of newspapers which reach millions of people in every part of the country. He is and has been for many years a prominent member of the Boston Authors' Club, and has been associated with and known the great literary men of his time. His "Leedle Yawcob" is an acknowledged masterpiece and stands fast in literary history.

These are a few of the results of Mr. Adams's use of his time outside business hours. But, how does he do it, how does he work? Now, you see, I am getting to the dialect. If Mr. Adams is not a German and has not lived among Germans, how does it happen he knows so unmistakably just how they renovate the English language? The answer is as simple and unexpected as the rest. Mr. Adams's family had a German washwoman when he was a boy, and he used to listen to her

mangle the aforesaid language, and then get her to do it all over again. Also, when he was in the Civil War there was a little German sergeant who was in the hospital with him after the battle of Gettysburg, and incidentally he picked up a good deal of the sergeant's broken English and oddities of phrasing. That was where he got the form, from the things near at hand every day. As for the spirit and the creation of the characters, that, of course, is the result of the greatness of the man himself.

As for his method of work, Mr. Adams says, he writes a poem first just in the English, then, after that is done, he "Deutsches" it, so to speak. He changes the words as a German would change them when speaking. For instance, there is a strong predominance of the sound *sch*. Wherever he has the letters *s*, *sm*, or *n*, *k* or *j*, he puts the *sch*. The use of *v* instead of *w*, of course, is evident, also the use of *d* instead of *th*. A verse of any of his poems illustrates the point. Take the following from the famous "Long-Handled Dipper":

Der boet may sing off "Der Oldt Oaken Bookit."
 Und in schveetest langvitch its virtues may tell,
 Und how, vhen a poy, he mit eggdsasy dook it,
 Vhen dripping mit coolness it rose vrom der vell
 I don'd take some schtock in dot manner off trinking!
 It vas too mooch like horses und cattle, I dink.
 Dhere vas more sadisfactions in my vay of dinking,
 Mit dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

As for the pronunciation, it, possibly more than any dialect, follows the spelling directly. Mr. Adams says the Scotch is not a dialect like the Deutsch, but a language!

Aside from these facts, I brought away from the visit much that is purely personal. A new inspiration, the memory of a pleasant and profitable afternoon, and a sincere appreciation and admiration of the man and his work.

EDITOR.

NOTE.—"Yacob Strauss and Other Poems" is on sale in the bookroom. This volume includes the entire work of Mr. Adams, and, what is unique and valuable, Mr. Adams has autographed each volume upon the request of Dean Ross.

BLOW-OUT NIGHT.

(A Cutting from Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy.")

It began one day with a series of morning calls from Shovel, who suddenly popped his head over the top of the door (he was standing on the handle), and roared "Roastbeef!" in the manner of a railway porter announcing the name of a station, and then at once withdrew.

He returned presently to say that vain must be all attempts to wheedle his secret from him, and yet again to ask irritably why Tommy was not coming out to hear all about it. Then did Tommy desert his little sister Elspeth, and on the stair Shovel showed him a yellow card with this printed on it: "S. R. J. C. —Supper Ticket"; and written beneath, in a lady's hand: "Admit Joseph Salt." The letters, Shovel explained, meant Society for the somethink of Juvenile Criminals, and the toffs what ran it got hold of you when you came out of quod. Then if you was willing to repent they wrote down your name and the place what you lived at in a book, and one of them came to see yer and give yer a ticket for the blow-out night. This was blow-out night, and that were Shovel's ticket. He had bought it from Hump Salt for fourpence. What you get at the blow-out was roast beef, plum-puff, and an orange.

A favor was asked of Tommy. Shovel had been told by Hump that it was the custom of the toffs to sit beside you and question you about your crimes, and lacking the imagination that made Tommy such an ornament to the house, the chances were that he would flounder in his answers and be ejected. Hump had pointed this out to him after pocketing the fourpence. Would Tommy, therefore, make up things for him to say; reward, the orange.

This was a proud moment for Tommy, as Shovel's knowledge of crime was much more extensive than his own, though they had both studied it in the pictures of a lively newspaper subscribed to by Shovel, senior. He became patronizing at once and rejected the orange as insufficient.

Then suppose, after he got into the hall, Shovel dropped his

ticket out at the window; Tommy could pick it up, and then it would admit him also.

Tommy liked this, but foresaw a danger; the ticket might be taken from Shovel at the door, just as they took them from you at that singing thing in the church he had attended with young Petey.

So help Shovel's davy, there was no fear of this. They were superior toffs, what trusted to your honour.

Would Shovel swear to this?

He would.

But would he swear dagont?

He swore dagont; and then Tommy had him. As he was so sure of it, he could not object to Tommy's being the one who dropped the ticket out at the window?

Shovel did object for a time, but after a wrangle he gave up the ticket, intending to take it from Tommy when primed with the necessary tale. So they parted until evening.

"What was we copped for, Tommy?" entreated humble Shovel, as the two boys made their way to the S. R. J. C.

Tommy asked him if he knew what a butler was, and Shovel remembered confusedly, that there had been a portrait of a butler in his father's news-sheet.

"Well, then," said Tommy, inspired by this same source, "there's a room a butler has, and it is a pantry, so you and me crawled through the winder and we opened the door to the gang. You and me was copped. They caught you below the table and me stabbing the butler."

"It was me that stabbed the butler!" Shovel interposed, jealously.

"How could you do it, Shovel?"

"With a knife, I tell yer!"

"Why, you didn't have no knife," said Tommy, impatiently.

"How long did I get in quod, then, Tommy?"

"Fourteen days."

"So did you?" Shovel said, with quick anxiety.

"I got a month," replied Tommy, firmly.

Shovel roared a word that would never have admitted him to the hall. Then, "I'm as game as you, and gamer," he whined.

"But I'm better at repenting. I tell yer, I'll cry when I'm repenting."

The splendour of the brightly lighted hall, which was situated in one of the meanest streets of perhaps the most densely populated quarter in London, broke upon the two boys suddenly and hit each in his vital part, tapping an invitation on Tommy's brain-pan and taking Shovel coquettishly in the stomach. Now was the moment when Shovel meant to strip Tommy of the ticket, but the spectacle in front dazed him. Then Tommy darted forward and was immediately lost in the crowd surging round the steps of the hall.

The crowd tried at intervals to rush the door. It was mainly composed of ragged boys, but mightiest in tongue and knee and elbow was an unknown knight, ever conspicuous. He did not want to go in, would not go in, though they went on their blooming knees to him; he was after a viper of the name of Tommy. Half an hour had not tired him, and he was leading another assault, when a magnificent lady, such as you see in wax works, appeared in the vestibule and made some remark to a policeman, who then shouted:

"If so there be hany lad here called Shovel, he can step forward."

Shovel obeyed, tremblingly.

"Charming!" chirped the lady, and down pleasantly-smelling aisles she led him, pausing to drop an observation about Tommy to a clergyman; "So glad I came; I have discovered the most delightful little monster called Tommy." The clergyman looked after half in sadness, half sarcastically; he was thinking that he had discovered a monster, also.

Tommy, who had a corner to himself, was lolling in it like a little king, and he not only ordered roast beef for the awe-struck Shovel, but sent the lady back for salt. Then he whispered, exultantly: "Quick, Shovel, feel my pocket," (it bulged with two oranges), "now the inside pocket," (plum-puff), "now my waistcoat pocket" (threepence); "look in my mouth" (chocolates).

"Repenting ain't no go, Shovel. Look at them other coves;

none of them has got no money, nor full pockets, and I tell you, it's 'cos they has repented."

"Gar on!"

"It's true, I tells you. That lady as is my one, she's called her ladyship, and she don't care a cuss for boys as has repented," which, of course, was a libel, her ladyship being celebrated wherever paragraphs penetrate for having knitted a pair of stockings for the deserving poor.

"When I saw that," Tommy continued brazenly, "I bragged 'stead of repenting, and the wuss I says I am, she jest says, 'You little monster,' and gives me another orange."

Shovel thought the ideal arrangement would be for him to eat and leave the "torking" to Tommy. Tommy nodded. "I'm full, at any rate," he said, struggling with his waistcoat. "Oh, Shovel, I *am* full!"

Her ladyship returned, and the boys held by their contract, but of the dark character Tommy seems to have been, let not these pages bear the record. Do you wonder that her ladyship believed him? When he described the eerie darkness of the butler's pantry, he shivered involuntarily, and he shut his eyes—once, ugh!—that was because he saw the blood spouting out of the butler. He was turning up his trousers to show the mark of the butler's boot on his leg when the lady was called away.

Supper being finished, the time had come for what Shovel called the jawing, and the boys were now mustered in the body of the hall. The limited audience had gone to the gallery, and then unluckily all eyes except Shovel's were turned to the platform. Shovel was apprehensive about Tommy, for strange, uncontrollable sounds not unlike the winding up of a clock proceeded from his throat; his face had flushed; there was purposeful look in his usually unreadable eye; his fingers were fidgeting on the board in front of him, and he seemed to keep his seat with difficulty.

The personage who was to address the boys sat on the platform with clergymen, members of the committee, and some ladies, one of them Tommy's patroness. Her ladyship saw Tommy and smiled to him, but obtained no response. She

had taken a front seat, a choice that she must have regretted presently.

The chairman rose and announced that the Rev. Mr. —— would open the proceedings with prayer. The Rev. Mr. —— rose to pray in a loud voice for the waifs in the body of the hall. At the same moment rose Tommy and began to pray in a squeaky voice for the people on the platform.

He had many Biblical phrases, mostly picked up in Thrums Street, and what he said was distinctly heard in the stillness, the clergyman being suddenly bereft of speech. "Oh," he cried, "look down on them ones there, for, oh, they are unworthy of Thy mercy, and, oh, the worst sinner is her ladyship, her sitting there so brazen in the black frock with yellow stripes, and the worse I said I were the better pleased were she. Oh, make her think shame for tempting of a poor boy, forgetting suffer little children, oh, why cumbereth she the ground, oh—"

He was in full swing before anyone could act. Shovel having failed to hold him in his seat, had done what was, perhaps, the next best thing, got beneath it himself. The arm of the petrified clergyman was still extended, as if blessing his brother's remarks; the chairman seemed to be trying to fling his right hand at the culprit; but her ladyship, after the first stab, never moved a muscle. Thus for nearly half a minute, when the officials woke up, and squeezing past many knees, seized Tommy by the neck and ran him out of the building. All down the aisle he prayed hysterically, and for some time afterwards, to Shovel, who had been cast forth along with him.

Members of the society, discussing him afterwards with bated breath, said that never till they died could they forget her ladyship's face while he did it. "But did you notice the boy's own face? It was positively angelic." "Angelic, indeed; the little horror was intoxicated." No, there was a doctor present, and according to him it was the meal that had gone to the boy's head; he looked half-starved. As for the clergyman, he only said: "We shall lose her subscription; I am glad of it."

STEVENSON ON DIALECT.

(An Introduction to His Scotch Poems.)

The human conscience has fled of late the troublesome domain of conduct for what I should have supposed to be the less congenial field of art: there she may now be said to rage, and with special severity in all that touches dialect; so that in every novel the letters of the alphabet are tortured, and the reader wearied, to commemorate shades of mispronunciation. Now, spelling is an art of great difficulty in my eyes, and I am inclined to lean upon the printer, even in common practice, rather than to venture abroad upon new quests. And the Scots' tongue has an orthography of its own, lacking neither "authority nor author." Yet the temptation is great to lend a little guidance to the bewildered Englishman. Some simple phonetic artifice might defend your verses from barbarous mishandling, and yet not injure any vested interest. So it seems at first; but there are rocks ahead. Thus, if I wish the diphthong *ou* to have its proper value, I may write *oor* instead of *our*; many have done so and lived, and the pillars of the universe remained unshaken. But if I did so, and came presently to down, which is the Classical Scots spelling of the English down, I should begin to feel uneasy; and if I went on a little further, and came to a classical Scots word, like *stour* or *dour* or *clour*, I should know precisely where I was—that is to say, that I was out of sight of land on those high seas of spelling reform in which so many strong swimmers have toiled vainly. To some the situation is exhilarating; as for me, I give one bubbling cry and sink. The compromise at which I have arrived is indefensible, and I have no thought of trying to defend it. As I have stuck for the most part to the proper spelling, I append a table of some common vowel sounds which no one need consult; and just to prove that I belong to my age and have in me the stuff of a reformer, I have used modification marks throughout. Thus I can tell myself, not without pride, that I have added a fresh stumbling block for English readers, and to a page of

print in my native tongue have lent a new uncouthness. *Sed non nobis.*

I note again, that among our new dialecticians, the local habitant of every dialect is given to the square mile. I could not emulate this nicety if I desired; for I simply wrote my Scots as well as I was able, not caring if it hailed from Lauderdale or Angus, from the Mearns of Galloway; if I had ever heard a good word, I used it without shame; and when Scots was lacking, or the rhyme jibbed, I was glad (like my betters) to fall back on English. For all that, I own to a friendly feeling for the tongue of Ferguson and of Sir Walter, both Edinburgh men; and I confess that Burns has always sounded in my ear like something partly foreign. And indeed I am from the Lothians myself; it is there I heard the language spoken about my childhood; and it is in the drawling Lothian voice that I repeat it to myself. Let the precisians call my speech that of the Lothians. And if it be not pure, alas! what matters it? The day draws near when this illustrious and malleable tongue shall be quite forgotten; and Burns's Ayrshire, and Dr. Macdonald's Aberdeen-awa', and the Scott's brave, metropolitan utterance will be all equally the ghosts of speech. Till then I would love to have my hour as a native Maker, and be read by my own countryfolk in our own dying language: an ambition surely rather of the heart than of the head, so restricted as it is in prospect of endurance, so parochial in bounds of space.

UNCLE DAN'L'S APPARITION AND PRAYER.

CLEMENS.

A deep coughing sound troubled the stillness, way toward a wooded cape that jutted into the stream a mile distant. All in an instant a fierce eye of fire shot out from behind the cape and sent a long brilliant pathway quivering athwart the water. The coughing grew louder and louder, the glaring eye grew larger and still larger, glared wilder and still wilder. A huge shape developed itself out of the gloom, and from its tall duplicate horns dense volumes of smoke, starred and spangled with sparks, poured out and went tumbling into the farther darkness. Nearer and nearer the thing came till its long sides began to glow with spots of light which mirrored themselves in the river and attended the monster like a torchlight procession.

"What is it? Oh, what is it, Uncle Dan'l!"

With deep solemnity the answer came.

"It's de Almighty! Git down on ya' knees!"

It was not necessary to say it twice, they were all kneeling in a moment. And then while the mysterious coughing rose stronger and stronger, and the threatening glare reached farther and wider, the negro's voice lifted up its supplication.

"Oh Lord, we's been mighty wicked an' we knowse dat we zerves to go to de bad place, but good Lord, deah Lord, we ain't ready yet, we ain't ready—let dese po' chilen hab one mo chance, jes one mo chance. Take de ole nigger if you's got ter have somebody. Good Lord, good deah Lord, we don' know whare youse a-gwine to, we don' know who youse got yu' eye on, but we knowse by de way youse a comin, we knowse by de way youse tiltin' 'long in you chariot o' fire dat some po' sinner's a-gwine to ketch it. But good Lord, you knowse your own self, dat dese chilen ain't 'sponsible. An' good Lord, deah Lord, it ain't lak yo' mercy, it ain't lak yo' pity, it ain't lak yo' long-sufferin' lovin' kindness to take dis kind o' vantage o' sich little chilen as dese is, when dey's so many onery grown folks chuck full o' cussedness dat wants roastin' down dar. Oh,

Lord, spare de little chilen, don't tare de little chilens away frum dar frens, jes let 'em off dis once and take dis de ole niggah. *Heah I is, Lord, Heah I is.* De ole niggah's ready, Lord, de ole—"

The flaming and churning steamer was right abreast the party and not twenty yards away. The awful thunder of a mud-valve suddenly burst forth, and as suddenly Uncle Dan'l snatched a child under each arm and scoured into the woods with the rest of the pack at his heels. And then, ashamed of himself, he halted in the deep darkness and shouted, (but rather feebly) :

"Heah I is, Lord, heah I is!"

There was a moment of throbbing suspense, then, to the surprise and comfort of the party, it was plain that the August Presence had gone by, for its dreadful noises were receding.

"Well, now, dey's some folks says de ain't no 'ficiency in prayah. Dis chile would like to know whar we's a-ben now if it warn't for dat prayah! Dat's it. Dat's it!"

"Uncle Dan'l, do you reckon it was the prayer that saved us?" said Clay.

"Does I *reckon*? Don't I *know* it? Whar was you' eyes? Warn't de Lord jes a-comin' 'Chow! chow! chow!' an' a-goin' a turrible—an' do de' Lord carry on dat wat 'dout deys sumfin don't suit him? An' warn't he a-looking right at dis gang heah, an' warn't he jes a-reachin' fur 'em? An' d'yo spec he gwine to let 'em off 'dout somebody ast him to do it? No, indeedy!"

"Did you feel scared, Uncle Daniel?"

"No, sah! when a man is 'gaged in prayah he ain't fraid o' nuthin. Can't nuthin tech him!"

"Well, what did you run for?"

"Well, I—I—Marse Clay, when a man is under de influence of de spirit, he dont know what he's bout. You might take an' tare de head off'v dat man an' he wouldn't seascely fine it out. Dah's de Hebrew chilen dat went fru de fiah; dey was burnt considable—ob coase dey was; but dey didn't know nuthin' bout it—heal right un agin; if dey'd been gals dey'd

missed dar long haah maybe, but dey wouldn't felt de burn."

"I don't know but what they were girls. I think they were."

"Goodness sake, Marse Clay, dart de good book say? Sides, don't it call 'em Hebrew chilen? If dey was gals wouldn't de be be Shebrew chilen? Some folks dat can read, don't pear to take no notice when de *do read*."

"Well, Uncle Dan'l, I think that—My! here comes another one up the river. There can't be two."

"We gone dis time. We done gone dis time, sho. Dey ain't two, Marse Clay, dat's de same one. De Lord can pear every whar in a second. Goodness! how de fyah an' de smoke do belch up! Dat means business, honey. He comin' now like he forgot somethin, come long, chilen, time you gon to roost. Go long wid you. Ole Uncle Dan'l gwine out in 'de woods to wrastle in prayah. Dis ole nigger gwine to do what he been to sabe you agin."

He did go to the woods and pray; but he went so far that he doubted himself if the Lord heard him when he went by.

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH OFFERS COUNSEL TO LUCY.

London, July 22, 1835.

Lucy, Lucy, my dear child, don't tear your frock: tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius; but write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts, be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest; and then integrity or laceration of frock is of little import.

And Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know, in the first sum of yours I ever saw, there was a mistake. You had carried two (as a cab is licensed to do) and you ought, dear Lucy, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic, but a scene of horrors?

You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men who never understood arithmetic; by the time you return, I shall probably have received my first paralytic stroke, and shall have lost all recollection of you; therefore I now give you my parting advice. Don't marry anybody who has not a tolerable understanding and a thousand a year; and God bless you, dear child!

SYDNEY SMITH.



The Poets

MY LADDIE.

Oh, my laddie, my laddie,
I lo'e your very plaidie,
I lo'e your very bonnet,
Wi' the silver buckle on it,
I lo'e your collie Harry,
I lo'e the kent ye carry;
But oh! it's past my power to tell
How much, how much I lo'e yoursel!

Oh, my dearie, my dearie,
I could luik an' never weary
At your een sae blue an' laughin',
That a heart o' stane wad saften,
While your mouth sae proud an' curly,
Gars my heart gang tirlie-wirlie;
But oh! yoursel', your very sel',
I lo'e ten thousand times as well!

Oh, my darlin', my darlin',
Let's gang amang the carlin,
Let's loll upo' the heather
A' this bonny, bonny weather;
Ye shall fauld me in your plaidie,
My luv, my luv, my laddie;
An' close, an' close into your ear
I'll tell ye how I lo'e ye, dear.

—*Amelie Rives.*

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I haf von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
De queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As efer you dit see.
He runs, and schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts off der house;
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He gets der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
Poots schnuf into mine kraut.
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,—
Dot vas der roughest chouse:
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make de schticks to beat it mit,—
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
He kicks oup sooch a touse:
But nefer mind: der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
 Mid sooch a crazy poy,
 Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
 Und beaseful dimes enshoy;
 But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
 So quiet as a mouse,
 I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
 But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

—*Charles Follen Adams.*

A SUNNY DAY IN WINTER.

I.

Ain't de Sunshine foolin'!
 Workin' of his will:
 Yander go a sparrer,
 Wid a big straw in his bill!
 En de mockin' bird so restless
 Ter sing, he can't keep still!

II.

Ain't de Sunshine foolin'!—
 You never seen sich light!
 De shiny River's sayin':
 "Ain't dis yer weather bright!
 Hit ain't so fur ter heaven—
 For de whole of it's in sight!"

III.

Ain't de Sunshine foolin'!
 De Fire sayin'—grum:
 "You made me up fer Winter,
 En now de Springtime come!"
 Dar's vi'lets in de gyarden,
 En de chillun gittin' some.

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

THE HILLS O' SKYE.

There's a ship lies off Dunvegan,
An' she longs to spread her wings,
An' through a' the day she beckons,
An' through a' the nicht she sings:—
"Come awa', awa', my darlin',
To a land that's fairer, kinder
Than the moors and hills o' Skye."

Oh, my heart! My weary heart!
There's ne'er a day goes by
But it turns hame to Dunvegan
By the storm-beat hills o' Skye.

I hae wandered miles fu' many,
I hae marked fu' many a change,
I hae won me gear in plenty
In this land sae fair, but strange;
Yet at times a spell is on me,
I'm a boy once more—to rin
On the hills aboon Dunvegan,—
An' the kind sea shuts me in.

Oh, my heart! My weary heart!
There's ne'er a day goes by
But it turns hame to Dunvegan
By the storm-beat hills o' Skye.

—William McLennan.

DA 'MERICANA GIRL.

I gatta mash weet Mag McCue,
An' shee ees 'Mericana, too!
Ha! w'at you theenk? Now, mebbe so,
You weell no calla me so slow
Eef som' time you can looka see
How she ees com' an' flirt weeth me.

Most evra two, t'ree day, my frand,
 She stop by dees peanutta-stand
 An' smile an' mak' do googla-eye
 An' justa look at me an' sigh.
 An' alla time she so excite.
 She peek som' fruit an' taka bite,
 O! my, she eesa look so sweet
 I no care how much fruit she eat.
 Me? I am cool an' mak pretend
 I want no more dan be her frand;
 But een my heart, you bat my life,
 I theenk of her for be my wife.
 To-day I theenk: "Now I weell see
 How moocha she is mash weeth me,"
 An' so I speak of dees an' dat,
 How moocha de playnta mon' I gat,
 How mooch I makin' evra day
 An' w'at I spand an' put away.
 An' den I ask, so queeck, so sly:
 "You theenk som' pretta girl weell try
 For lovin' me a lettla beet?"—
 O! My! she eesa blush so sweet!—
 "An' eef I ask her lika dees
 For—geevin' me a lettla kees,
 You s'pose she geeve me van or two?"
 She tal me: "Twanty-t'ree for you!"
 An' den she laugh so sweet, an' say:
 "Skeeddoo! Skeeddoo!" an' run away.

She like so mooch for keessa me
 She gona geeve me twanty-t'ree!
 I s'pose dat w'at she say—"skeeddoo"—
 Ees alla same "I lova you."
 Ha! w'at you theenk? Now, mebbe so
 You weel no calla me so slow!

—T. A. Daly.



President Southwick has returned from his southern and western tours and will take up his classes in the college for the spring term. He had a most successful trip and we are glad to welcome him back.

Mrs. Southwick has been giving some very interesting and successful addresses recently. She spoke at Cambridge on "Is Peace Attainable?" At Lasselle Seminary she addressed a large audience on "The Development of Character Through Expression." She gave "Macbeth" for the Drama League. This was a brilliant event that will long be remembered by those who heard her.

Miss McQuesten will give a miscellaneous programme at Calvary Baptist Church, New York City.

Mrs. Williard read the "Prince Chap" at Montpelier, Vermont, recently. It was of unique interest from an educational standpoint, as there were a large number of public school students there, and it was a question whether their interest would be held through an entire evening of one theme. It was so successful that other schools are going to take up the idea.

Professor Tripp has recently returned from his annual southern tour, which was most successful.

CLASSROOM.

The quality of your theme must determine the quality of your stage business!—Mrs. Hicks.

Your four years are just the first time around the spiral of your evolution.—Miss Smith.

Your audience must get a sense of personal participation in

the scene, he must not look on as a mere spectator.—Mr. Tripp, in Playwriting.

If one rehearsal has been a failure and a trial, don't carry the spirit of it into your next one. Start the new one with a new spirit.—Mrs. Willard.

A thirsty person will drink scum—not because he loves scum, but because he is thirsty.—Mrs. Southwick.

Do not depend so much on childish teaching.—Mrs. Black.

In your public life be careful not to establish a bad habit or mannerism.—Miss Smith.

Be sure there is something going on in your story from the beginning.—Mrs. Willard, in Story-telling.

When you have to pantomime a fight, use as few moves as possible and keep the stroke of the character.—Mrs. Hicks.

LIST OF PLAYS.

(Submitted by Miss Sleight.)

Comedy Sketches	Julian Sturgis
	<i>Bakers</i>	
Dramatic Episodes	Marjorie B. Cooke
	<i>Bakers</i>	
Eager Heart	A. M. Bueston
	<i>Chappell & Co.</i>	
Gilas Corey, Yeoman	M. E. W. Freeman
	<i>Harper's</i>	
The Little Dream	Gallsworthy
	<i>Scribners</i>	
The Piper	Joseph Preston Peabody
	<i>Houghton-Mifflin</i>	
The Twig of Thorn	M. J. Woven
	<i>Bakers</i>	
Diminutive Dramas	Maurice Baring
	<i>Houghton-Mifflin</i>	
Po' White Trash	Evelyn G. Sutherland
	<i>Bakers</i>	
Comedies in Miniature	Margaret Cameron
	<i>French</i>	
Short Plays	Douglas Hyde
	<i>Murray (London) Bakers</i>	

The Divine Gift	Henry Arthur Jones
	<i>George H. Doran</i>	
The Lie	Henry Arthur Jones
	<i>Bakers</i>	
The Children of Earth	Alice Brown
	<i>Macmillan</i>	
Magic	G. K. Chesterton
	<i>Putnams</i>	
Beauty and the Jacobin	Booth Tarkington
	<i>Harper's</i>	
The Tragedy of Kan	John Masefield
	<i>Mitchell Kennerly</i>	
School Society	}	T. W. Robertson
	<i>Samuel French</i>	
A Pair of Spectacles	Sidney Grundy
	<i>Samuel French</i>	

The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

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RELAX. Of course this is an entirely new term to the mind of the student body at large, not having heard it more than five times a day from as many different sources! There is just the danger. We hear it so often that it ceases to halt our attention. It is one of those things we all mean to do, after a while. But with so much ahead, and the future looming before us a veritable cloud of recitals, rehearsals, examinations and what-not, and such things being of a nature that makes them peculiarly prone to fly in the face of natural law and all occupy the same space at the same time, this question of relaxation should seriously give us pause.

Naturally, the first thing we say when told to "take things easier and relax!" is, "When will I ever have time?" and there is where we make our first mistake. We have a feeling that we must "set aside a day," so to speak, in which to relax, and, naturally, nobody has time. We will somehow have to learn how to relax in the midst of our work, and how can this be done? Everybody, no doubt, has a different way. In the first place, peace is a thing we have to snatch at in the modern way of things, but when you stop to consider, quite a great deal of it can be had in our odd moments. When you are in class, waiting for some of the necessary red tape to be gone through

with, if you will look out the window, you will most always see a little scrap of sky—if it is gray, so much the better! Now, if you will sit still and let it, this little scrap of sky can smooth quite a number of wrinkles out of your soul. It is so high and serene up there, and so peaceful to look upon, it makes you think, "Somewhere, asleep, the happy meadows lie, and sweet is there, the savor of the loam." That's better than thinking "Oh, how will I ever!" or "When can I?" Again, if you are tired, there are quite a number of quiet, unobtrusive sounds to be caught in between the outlandish jar of trucks and shriek of trains. Sometimes, the radiator does desist from groaning aloud, and emits a soft purring sound, and then the rain! Listen—the little drops say, "pit-a-pit-a," and the big drops say, "dum-dum" and together they make a most restful forgetting melody. This sounds, to put it kindly, fanciful! But try it. Think of something outside yourself and life will not become so tragically personal.

Aside from the above methods of getting your mind "off" your work, there is something to be said about the method of putting your mind *on* your work—very few of us use scientific methods in our mental farming! We can't seem to get on to the idea of a rotation of crops. We want to do everything at once, so we do nothing. We hold on to the last task with one hand while we take hold of the new task with the other. We should learn to finish one thing, and make a definite exit from it, and a definite entrance into the next matter in hand. But—it's so easy to say how a thing's to be done!

THE QUALITY OF THE DAY. "The finest of arts is to improve the quality of the day." That is something I read somewhere once. It has often been a little candle which my memory lights at times and leads me through a petty day, a little less ingloriously than otherwise might have been. So many things we aspire to and long for are so far above us, or so far beyond us in the future, it somehow seems there is nothing we can do about them today, or perhaps, there seems nothing we can ever do. But here is a thing we can do, today and now, "improve the quality of the day." If for others, inevitably for ourselves also. How? by being kind,

just that. (What a splendid, usable word that word kind is, by the way. It seems almost impossible to say the word without feeling involuntarily a certain inward mellowing of spirit.)

Nowhere is there a better chance to be kind than we students have here, all of us together day by day, coming from all parts of the country and beset with decided opinions. Of late we have been hearing from all sides, from the platform, from the teachers, from the students, pleas and expostulations for—well, why not be plain?—better manners! In the last analysis courtesy is kindness, gracefully expressed. But it is primarily kindness. We say, thoughtfulness for others, consideration and unselfishness. Simple kindness covers them all. Graciousness itself is just kindness extended out beyond the bonds of necessity into the manner of expressing it.

What are some of the kind things we can do? When one of our fellow classmen is up, we can listen, instead of talking; when the teacher comes into the room and is ready to begin work, we can give attention instead of—keeping on talking! When exercises or classes are being held in the hall and we are outside in the lobby, we can be quiet instead of laughing—and talking—loudly; when we discover that a door slams, we can remember the fact and shut it quietly next time; when we are in the downstairs hall, by the clock, you know, we can remember that it is not the fifth floor continued; when we—but I will refrain, as I think the point is evident. We are all guilty. It is so easy to forget and so hard to remember. But try it someday, this “improving the quality of the day,” in regard to these things.

Besides these things expected of us, there are more ways of being kind than will ever be set down.—Answering questions, in asking questions; in laughing and in not laughing; in helping and also in *not* helping, for kindness is never out of proportion to need, and above all, never does an unselfish thing selfishly.



STUDENT



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Jan. 20th. The meeting opened as usual, followed by a duet, "I Waited for the Lord," sung by Miss Beatrice Coates and Miss Elvira Rasmussen.

There was a large number present to hear Mrs. Hicks talk. These sentences seemed particularly to stand out, in what she said to us: "Life is more like wrestling than dancing," "To stand greater than circumstance is to live truly," "We must rely on that mind which was also in Christ Jesus." Mrs. Hicks cited to us the instance of the hickory tree that was so slow to unfold its leaves and yet no one thought of being impatient with it, knowing the leaves would burst forth in their proper time. Why can we not be as patient and trusting concerning the people about us, who, to our sense, seem so slow to give their best?

Feb. 3rd. Those who attended this meeting of the Y. W. C. A. had the great pleasure of hearing the Rev. James A. Richards, pastor of Mt. Vernon Church. It was a very interesting talk on the need of making our religion more vivid and a more vital and definite thing in our lives. Mr. Richards spoke of the loss of enthusiasm in Christianity since its earliest day. The reason the first Christians were so earnest in their religion was because they made it such a very definite thing. He spoke of what it means to be a real Christian and the need of gratitude in our prayer.

POST GRADUATE.

Verda Snyder read "The Christmas Carol" in Washington, D. C., during the holidays.

We are glad, indeed, to welcome Miss Mildred Forbes to our class. From the calendar of the Pilgrim Church, Dorchester, we find the following in regard to her work there:

"After four years of splendid service, Miss Mildred P. Forbes has thought it wise to resume her studies. It is with deep regret that the church is compelled to accept her judgment and her resignation. It is always impossible to measure service for others, but such a service as this is too often unappreciated because it is unknown. Pilgrim Church desires to express its appreciation and to wish her every blessing in her career wherever she goes."

Georgette Jette and Albert Lovejoy helped to make the Emerson Night at the Franklin Square House a very successful one. Miss Jette and Mr. Lovejoy read several selections and presented a sketch entitled, "While Breakfast Waited," all of which were greatly enjoyed.

The Post Graduate class is glad to add Ruby Page Ferguson's name to its list. The following is part of a clipping taken from a Tacoma, Wash., paper:

"Miss Ruby Page Ferguson won her audience, heart and soul, by her excellent interpretations of a number of readings at the Lincoln Park High School. Miss Ferguson is a very gifted reader. Her subjects ranged from character sketches and Kipling poems to Francois Coppée's one-act drama, "The Violin Maker of Cremona."

Mr. Lovejoy has recently given recital entertainments in Roslindale, Gloucester, Gardner, Newton Highlands and Milford, Mass. His recital in Trescott Center, "An Evening with Lincoln," on February 10, was a decided success.

SENIOR.

SENIOR RECITAL

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 2, 1916

- | | | | | | |
|------|-----------------------------|---|---|---|--|
| I. | Holly-tree Inn | . | . | . | } <i>Adapted from Dickens by</i>
<i>Mrs. Oscar Beringer</i> |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | Verda Snyder |
| II. | The Rose o' Plymouth Town | . | | | } <i>B. M. Dix</i>
<i>E. G. Sutherland</i> |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | Charlotte Butler |
| III. | What the Leaves Said | . | . | . | <i>Louis N. Parker</i> |
| | | | | | Jessie Goldthwaite Smith |
| IV. | Fennel | . | . | . | <i>Jerome K. Jerome</i> |
| | | | | | Ruby Page Ferguson |
| V. | Pygmalion, Act V | . | . | . | <i>G. Bernard Shaw</i> |
| | | | | | Vera Bradford |
| VI. | Jean Valjean and the Bishop | . | . | | <i>Victor Hugo</i> |
| | | | | | Albert R. Lovejoy |

“He jests at scars, who never felt a wound.” Exams are over, and the Senior class is just recovering its spirits after the final thrust from Mr. Tripp. The following is the history of our little drama enacted by the class of '16 during the past month.

Margaret Akin gave a programme at Dudley Street Church on January 26th.

The Senior Class has been enjoying President Southwick's delightful Dickens evenings. The only trouble is that the goodies, the fun and the altogether delightful atmosphere make one feel what one is missing in not being able to go home every night to such a fireside.

Mr. Upson of Dayton, Ohio, is visiting his sister, Lucy.

Fay Eaton spent a few days at Reading recently.

Harriet Stille gave a Southern program at the Church of the Messiah on January 13th.

Mildred Southwick gave an evening's reading of "The Misleading Lady" at St. Mark's Church, February 3.

Announcements have been received of the engagement of Catherine Tull, a former member of our class, to Mr. Ignace Stanley Filip, Jr., of Chicago.

SOPHOMORE.

THE LOTUS FLOWER

BY

ROWENA JUNE FOSS

Presented by the Class of 1918

Abul Hashim, Sultan of Persia, in disguise Burton W. James
Yoritomo, Emperor of Japan Joseph Gifford
Sono Hito, Commander-in-Chief of the Emperor's

Forces Albert R. Lovejoy

Princess Isonna, daughter of Yoritomo, Marguerite Brodeur

Nita, her confidante Marguerite Hyde

O Mai Ku, a dancer Ethel Caine

Zorita, a dancer Ellen Lombard

O Toyo San, a singer Beatrice Coates

Maids to Princess Isonna { Miss Coates
Miss Punnett
Miss Stowe
Miss Fox

Guards Misses Goodfellow and Wellington

Servants Misses Mitchell and Duval

Scene I. In the Garden of the Emperor's Palace at Tokyo.

Scene II. A room in the Sultan's Palace in Eastern Persia.

Scenery Burton W. James

A great deal of appreciation is extended to Mrs. Maud Gatchell Hicks for her kind and helpful suggestions in the writing of this play.

Committee

Marguerite Hyde
Elvira Rasmussen
Rowena J. Foss

Leon Handy
Annie Fowler
Catherine Greene

Annabel Conover read recently before the "Daughters of Maine Club" at Hotel Brunswick. Her program was much enjoyed.

A most interesting group of readings was presented before the Golden Cross Lodge in Waltham, on the evening of January 18th, by Hazel M. Manley. Miss Manley also read in South Acton, Mass., on January 27th.

Evelyn Ellis was the guest of Rena Macomber at Wellesley, recently.

Much credit is due Barbara Wellington, who assisted at a musical in Newton on February 3.

Ruth Levin is coaching a play to be given by the "Alpha-Omega Girls' Club" of Chelsea.

An evening's program was given by Rena Macomber, assisted by her brother, on February 3, before the Piáavian Society of Wellesley.

Helen Guild read at Norwood a short time ago. It appears that Miss Guild is a favorite with Norwood audiences, as she is repeatedly recalled.

Marguerite Brodeur gave a program in Dorchester, recently. She has also read at a Pop Concert in Malden.

And still the Sophomores cry "Chocolate"; and still the students buy. And why not? Everyone who has tasted one mouthful of the ideal sweet wants more. Surely the Sophomores are leading ideal lives, and are growing materially every day.

Helena Pullen read at Dorchester a short time ago, and also at Everett, at the Masonic Temple.

FRESHMAN.

To flunk, or not to flunk,—that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the Freshie to cut
The frights and horrors of outrageous Midyears',
Or to take a Blue Book in a sea of knowledge,
And by bluffing it sail thru? To work,—to grind,—
No more; and by that grinding to say we end
The lectures and the thousand criticisms
Freshmen are heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To work,—to pass,—
To pass! perchance with "A"! Ay, there's the rub.

Among the prominent survivors of Midyears' are: Miss Stahl, who has given several readings in Boston; Mr. Byer, who read in Medford; Mr. Kern, in Watertown, under the auspices of the Harvard Club; and Mr. Connor, who gave a Kipling and Daly evening in Newton.

Miss Thresher is to appear in "Green Stockings," given by the Women's Club, in Brockton.

Miss Van Alstyne has sufficiently recovered from her operation to return to her home. We sincerely hope she will soon rejoin us here.

Miss Eva Cook is spending a few days with friends in New York City.

Mr. Downs sojourned in Lowell recently, enjoying the week-end there.

In the last production of the Boston Playwriters' Club, "Old Runaway Road," Mr. Connor played the leading role, acquitting himself with distinction.

Dr. Alden had just finished a convincing argument on the "Force of Gravity" when a perplexed student asked, "Well, Dr. Alden, what *is* gravity? Is it a metal?" (Dr. Alden's answer is not recorded.)

SORORITIES.

ZETA PHI ETA.

Dorothy Hopkins read at a dinner party at River Bank Court, Monday, January 24th, and also at a concert at Court Hall, Huntington Ave., January 19th.

Zeta Phi Eta held an informal party in honor of Laura Curtis, who was spending a few days in Boston.

On the afternoon of February the fifth Zeta held a tea at the Little Brick House.

A dinner party was given during Rose Willis' visit to Boston.

Edna Fisher read "Molly Make-Believe" at Union Church, Sunday, January 30th, 1916.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Fern Stevenson is telling stories to children at one of the suburban libraries.

Grace Thorson sang at an opera concert in Tremont Temple recently.

Kappa Gamma Chi entertained at a theater party on January 15th.

PHI MU GAMMA.

Helen Carter sang at the entertainment given at the Franklin Square House on the evening of February 1st. Lucile Barrow accompanied her on the piano.

Marguerite Thompson has read several times recently in Dorchester.

During the past month Beatrice Coates sang at parties in Lynn and Marblehead.

Bernice Loveland, '11, has announced her engagement to Mr. Roy Haymann, of Hartford, Conn.

Work has begun on the annual play, which this year is J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," to be presented at

Copley Theater, February 25th. Iota Chapter is working to make it a greater success than ever before, and with the good wishes and hearty support of all their friends are bound to do so.

PHI ALPHA TAU.

Fred Willson Hubbard substituted at the Norwood High School recently in the English department.

Burton W. James is recuperating from his recent illness, at Denmark, Maine.

Among the best engagements this month of the "Alebeco" Company, comprised of Messrs. Lovejoy and Flanders, was the second production of two one-act plays by the Boston Play-writers' Club, under Fred Willson Hubbard's direction. "She Stoops to Conquer," under the direction of Miss Garvin, '10, was produced by the Medford High School.

Albert R. Lovejoy is filling successful reading engagements with the White Lyceum Bureau.

STUDENTS—STOP—LOOK—LISTEN.

1. Remember elevators are supposed to uplift humanity as well as to lower them. Don't let the process of taking an elevator degrade your manners!
2. Remember that while everybody is master of their own fate, they have no right to interfere in the fates of others. Don't talk when fate has made it somebody else's time to speak!
3. Cultivate more *private* opinions—that is, keep more of them quiet!
4. Study architecture and learn the difference between a corridor and your back parlor at home!
5. Go to church often enough to learn not to whisper during services!
6. In short, and above all, learn to acquire a sense of your surroundings, to instinctively feel when you are in the right relation to them, and when your conduct is out of keeping with them—a sense of proportion in conduct.



EMERSON ALUMNI CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The February meeting was held Saturday evening, February twelfth, at quarter after eight, at the Twelfth Night Club rooms, forty-seven West Forty-fourth Street.

Program

Parisian Artists, a talk by Miss Elizabeth Mack

Modern and Fancy Dancing, by Miss Helen T. Lawrence and
Harold R. Stabmann

Miss Grace Sims at the piano.

(These young people are known as the Miniature Castles.)
The musical part of the program will be provided by the music
committee.

(Guest cards may be obtained at the door.)

Hostesses

Mrs. Sylvanus Purdy

Mrs. John Ackerman

Mrs. George Hermstreet

Mrs. R. A. Purdy

Miss Minnie Cramner

Miss Bell

EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF HARTFORD.

The January meeting of the Emerson College Club of Hartford, Conn., was held at the home of Mrs. Golda Tillapaugh Curtiss on January 8th.

The college magazine was reviewed by Mrs. Ida Wright Price, and President Southwick's lecture on "Construction ver-

sus Destruction" was listened to with much eagerness and enjoyment.

Mrs. Clara Plummer Dresser read an article on the peace question and gave an interesting talk on the subject.

EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON.

The Emerson College Club of Boston held their regular meeting at Emerson College on the evening of February 1st. The program was unique; it was a story-telling evening. A course in story-telling has been started this year at Emerson under the direction of Mrs. Willard, and the evening's entertainment was in charge of the story-telling class. Mrs. Willard introduced the program with a few words explaining the course and the purpose of the work, after which stories chosen to illustrate the different types were told by members of the class. The students telling the stories were Misses Perry, Dishman, Townley, Olson and Longstreet.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'92. Through the influence of Nellie Louise Woodbury, teacher of expression in the State Normal School of Mankato, Minn., the students of that institution were honored by a personal address from Forbes-Robertson after his recent appearance there. Following is the press notice:

"It is disproven that women can not keep a secret, for four hundred of the students at the Mankato Normal School knew for thirty-six hours that Forbes-Robertson was to speak to them after the matinee of 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back' yesterday and not one word leaked out.

"When the matinee was over and the audience had gone, the students who had filled the balcony and gallery thronged down and filled the first floor of the house. Mr. Forbes-Robertson, in street dress, appeared in the lower left-hand box and greeted the young people most graciously. He spoke with appreciation of the noble calling of the teacher and her influence in moulding the character of the child, and then made a plea that that influence might be directed toward the matter which he had made his life work, viz: the preservation in its purity of our beautiful language with its wealth of vocabulary, so often neglected and abused.

"'We should,' he said, 'insist on careful articulation, and by tripping

up the boy or girl who used a slovenly word, an incorrect expression or an ugly inflection, they would benefit not only the child but, the race in the years to come.' With a few gracious words of thanks for the mass of pink roses which they had sent him and a 'God bless you,' the famous actor withdrew, leaving behind him a memory never to be effaced, of a sincere and delightful personality, the charming gentleman behind the characters he portrays."

'94. Belle MacDiarmid Ritchey announces a course of six lectures on modern writers at Mt. Auburn College, Cincinnati, Ohio, the order being as follows:

- Feb. 15—Poets to the Rescue!
- Feb. 22—Realism of the Middle West.
- Feb. 29—The Soul of New England.
- Mar. 7—Second Bests.
- Mar. 14—The World As It Is Not.
- Mar. 21—Authentic Magic.

'10. Hugh William Towne has left Portland, Maine, where he was so successful as artist, teacher and producer of plays, in the Portland theaters, and has gone to Lexington, Kentucky. Here he is teaching in Transylvania College and also in James Allen School.

'10. Bertha Fiske (Mrs. Martin L. Baartveit), and her sister, Mrs. Harley C. Gregg, violiniste, send greetings to all their friends. Their studio, The Atelier, in Los Angeles, is having a very successful season, and they are filling not only teaching but professional engagements.

'10, '11. Announcements have been received of the engagement of Janet Chesney to Mr. Harold Colt, of Farmington, Conn.

'10, '11. Georgia Newbury, who has entered upon her fourth year as teacher of expression in the London Conservatory of Music, London, Ontario, sends the following clippings in regard to her work there.

From the *London Advertiser*:

"A well balanced programme, which admirably demonstrated the scope of the training received in the elocution department of the London Conservatory, under the direction of Miss Georgia M. Newbury, was presented last night by advanced pupils before a large and appreciative audience in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium."

From the *Western University Gazette*:

"Another Western play dropt into the abyss of time. . . .

"Of course, it is generally agreed that the players of both sexes have been much improved in the last three years by the more intensive and systematic preparation than of old, which Miss Newbury has put them through. Her art and discipline have made the "Western" play a thing to be taken rather seriously, as well as pleasurably, by the community of London.

"No one else deserves anything like the credit that is due Miss Newbury, who assumed complete charge of the rehearsals. Thanks to her alone, there was in the performance a smoothness of execution and an attention to stage detail that would be sought in vain in many a professional organization.

"These wheels in the machinery of play-production turn without attracting the attention of the public; but the operators are no less worthy of bouquets than are those who give us the pleasure of witnessing the finished product on the stage."

The play was "A Bachelor's Romance."

'13. The following clipping is taken from the *Scranton, (Pa.) Republican* of January 25:

"A wonderful program was given yesterday afternoon at the Century Club, when Miss Alice May Faulkner recited "Enoch Arden" to the Strauss music by Harold Briggs. The auditorium was crowded and the two artists held their large audience breathless with their beautiful work. It would be difficult to say which charmed the more—the voice reciting one of the most pathetic tragedies in all literature, or the undercurrent of meditation, the overtones of triumph or despair at the hands of the master at the piano. So interwoven were the two, so entirely a part of each other, supplementing in tears, in laughter, in whispers or in exultation the wild, sweet story.

"Miss Faulkner, who is a finished artist in her own line, was no less appealing in her personality than in her accents—her charming voice and her reserve. The work is something so delicate that it is often distorted by readers with less taste. Miss Faulkner left nothing to be desired, but gave her lines with impassioned touches and yet with a fine reticence that had an intense appeal. Her silences were eloquent. Her absolute fidelity to the sentiment of the poem showed a deep love for the literary quality as well as a keen psychological grasp of impersonation.

"From the beginning, where the lovely music told of the 'long lines of cliff,' she held her audience.

"Mr. Briggs played the motives of each role as a preliminary, when Miss Faulkner described the various motives, thus enabling the listeners to follow more closely the music. Her splendid work in the window scene as Enoch Arden turned away and then prayed for God's help, 'Not to tell her, never to let her know,' is memorable."

Ex.-'13. Mary Louise Carter has taken prominent parts in several successful dramatic productions in San Antonio, Texas.

'14. Louise West was married December 30, 1915, to Mr. Read P. Black. They will be at home in Barbourville, Kentucky.

'14, '15. Marion John was the guest of Virginia Beraud for the Christmas holidays at her home in the St. Anthony Hotel, San Antonio, Texas.

'14, '15. Virginia Beraud read "The War Brides" in San Antonio, Texas, repeating her recital for the Dramatic Club of that city.

'15. Rebecca Farwell is assistant teacher of English in the High School at Turner's Falls, Mass.

'15. Edna Spear is teaching in Denton Industrial College, Denton, Texas.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO ALUMNI.

Alumni wishing to complete back files of this magazine may obtain certain copies now. From December, 1911, to the present date, we have a limited number of magazines on hand, which may be purchased for ten cents a copy.

A year's subscription is offered to any one who can furnish us an entire volume of this magazine from Vol. I to XVIII, inclusive.

Please address all communications to the associate editor.

NOTICE.

We wish to remind our alumni readers that the success of this department depends largely upon the support it receives from the alumni themselves. News items of yourself or your classmates, press notices, etc., are always welcomed. We wish to make this department interesting and helpful.

Please contribute!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON SETS UP A MEMORY.

New Jersey, May 27, 1888.

Dear Homer St. Gaudens: Your father has brought you this day to see me, and he tells me it is his hope you may remember the occasion. I am going to do what I can to carry out his wish; and it may amuse you, years after, to see this little scrap of paper and to read what I write. I must begin by testifying that you yourself took no interest whatever in the introduction, and in the most proper spirit displayed a single-minded ambition to get back to play, and this I thought an excellent and admirable point in your character. You were also (I use the past tense, with a view to the time when you shall read, rather than to that when I am writing) a very pretty boy, and (to my European views) startlingly self-possessed. My time of observation was so limited that you must pardon me if I can say no more; what else I marked, what restlessness of foot and hand, what graceful clumsiness, what experimental designs upon the furniture, was but the common inheritance of human youth. But you may perhaps like to know that the lean flushed man in bed, who interested you so little, was in a state of mind extremely mingled and unpleasant; harassed with work which he thought he was not doing extremely well, troubled with difficulties to which you will in time succeed, and yet looking forward to no less a matter than a voyage to the South Seas and the visitation of savage and desert islands.

Your father's friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHARLES DICKENS IS FORCED TO DISAPPOINT MISS MARY
TALFOURD.

Devonshire Terrace, December 16, 1841.

My dear Mary: I should be delighted to come and dine with you on your birthday, and to be as merry as I wish you to be always; but as I am going, within a very few days afterwards, a very long distance from home, and I shall not see any of my children for six long months, I have made up my mind to pass all that week at home for their sakes; just as you would like your papa and mamma to spend all the time they possibly could spare with you if they were about to make a dreary voyage to America; which is what I am going to do myself.

But although I cannot come to see you on that day, you may be sure that I shall not forget that it is your birthday, and that I shall drink your health and many happy returns, in a glass of wine, filled as full as it will hold. And I shall dine at half-past five myself, so that we may both be drinking our wine at the same time; and I shall tell my Mary (for I have got a daughter of that name, but she is a very small one as yet) to drink your health too; and we shall try and make believe that you are here, or that we are in Russell Square, which is the best thing we can do, I think, under the circumstances.

You are growing up so fast that by the time I come home again I expect you will be almost a woman; and in a very few years we shall be saying to each other: "Don't you remember what the birthdays used to be in Russell Square?" and "How strange it seems!" and "How quickly time passes!" and all that sort of thing, you know. But I shall always be very glad to be asked on your birthday, and to come if you will let me, and to send my love to you, and to wish that you may live to be very old and very happy, which I do now with all my heart. Believe me always, my dear Mary, yours affectionately,

CHARLES DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS TO HIS OLD FRIEND.

(To Walter Savage Landor.)

Paris, November 22, 1846.

Young Man,—I will not go there if I can help it. I have not the least confidence in the value of your introduction to the Devil. I can't help thinking that it would be of better use, "the other way, the other way," but I won't try it there, either, at present, if I can help it. Your godson says, is that your duty? and he begs me to enclose a blush newly blushed for you.

As to writing, I have written to you twenty times and twenty more to that, if you only knew it. I have been writing a little Christmas book, besides, expressly for you. And if you don't like it, I shall go to the font of Marylebone Church as soon as I conveniently can and renounce you: I am not to be trifled with. I write from Paris. I am getting up some French Steam. I intend to proceed upon the longing-for-a-lap-of-blood-at-last principle, and if you do offend me, look to it.

We are all well and happy, and they send loves to you by the bushel. We are in the agonies of house-hunting. The people are frightfully civil, and grotesquely extortionate. One man (with a house to let) told me yesterday that he loved the Duke of Wellington like a brother. The same gentleman wanted to hug me round the neck with one hand, and pick my pocket with the other.

Don't be hard upon the Swiss. They are a thorn in the sides of European despots, and a good wholesome people to live near Jesuit-ridden kings on the brighter side of the mountains. My hat shall ever be ready to be thrown up, and my glove ever be ready to be thrown down, for Switzerland. If you were the man I took you for, when I took you (as a god-father) for better and for worse, you would come to Paris and amaze the weak walls of the house I haven't found yet with that steady snore of yours, which I once heard piercing the floor of your bedroom in Devonshire Terrace, reverberating along the bell wire in the hall, so getting outside into the street, playing Aeolian harps among the area railings, and going down the New Road like the blast of a trumpet.

I forgive you your reviling of me: there's a shovelful of live coals for your head—does it burn? And am, with true affection—does it burn now?—Ever yours.

CHARLES DICKENS.

CARLYLE DISCOVERS LONDON.

(*Thomas Carlyle to Alexander Carlyle.*)

June 25, 1824.

—When I see you I will tell you of Westminster Abbey; and St. Paul's, the only edifice that ever struck me with a proper sense of grandeur. I was hurrying along Cheapside into Newgate Street among a thousand bustling pigmies and the innumerable jinglings and rollings and crashings of many-colored Labour, when all at once in passing from the abode of John Gilpin, stunned by the tumult of his restless compeers, I looked up from the boiling throng through a little opening at the corner of the street—and there stood St. Paul's—with its columns and friezes, and massy wings of bleached yet unworn stone; with its statues and its graves around it; with its solemn dome four hundred feet above me, and its gilded ball and cross gleaming in the evening sun, piercing up into the heaven through the vapours of our earthly home! It was silent as Tadmor of the Wilderness; gigantic, beautiful, enduring; it seemed to frown with a rebuking pity on the vain scramble which it overlooked; at its feet were tombstones, above it was the everlasting sky, within priests perhaps were chanting hymns; it seemed to transmit with a stern voice the sounds of Death, Judgment and Eternity through all the frivolous and fluctuating city. I saw it oft and from various points, and never without new admiration.

Did you get Meister, and how did you dislike it? For really, it is a most mixed performance, and though intellectually good, much of it is morally bad. It is making way here perhaps—but slowly: a second edition seems a dubious matter. No difference! I have the produce of the first lying here beside me in hard notes of the Bank of England, and fear no weather. I bought myself a suit of fine clothes for six pounds, a good watch for six, and these were nearly all my purchases. . . .



March

1ST. Yes, it is March! This morning I opened my door to listen as the winds rush past and I caught their madness and should have loved to follow them to the world's end—back to their starting point in some hidden sea and rush with them head-long round the world again.

Oh, it has been altogether glorious all day, this wind. It has done such things! then laughed uproarously at its own knavishness. Every time I went out into it my soul was caught up in a very whirl of laughter. It took the great oaks and shook them and twisted them and tore all the respectable dead brown leaves off them until, finally, in desperation, they were forced to let go the last shred of their dignity and become guilty of performing nothing short of antics. It tumbled great blowsy clouds over the sky in the most riotous disorder; it slammed gates and banged doors, stood prim flower-pots on their heads, said bad words round house-corners; explored the most hidden corners of fences and trotted out dead leaves and old papers. It has sneaked in at windows and upset staid old gentlemen in gold-frames, and given a coquettish twist to table covers.

Oh, it has had a magnificent sense of humor, this wind! And when it had played with and teased everything from the most illusive shadows on the walk to the Judge's silk hat, and had shaken up and waked up this old sleepy wintry world till everything in it was awry and upside down, it suddenly whirled right-about-face, viewed the fruits of its efforts, gave one grand whoop and fled the country! So that now, at twilight the aforesaid world, all out of breath, is sitting down rubbing its eyes and wondering what has happened to it. The whole earth lies looking up at the sky with an expression of blank amazement while the abashed stars stare back at it in shocked silence, and the moon is one big eye of surprise.



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WHY WE GO TO THE "MOVIES."

BY HUGO MUNSTERBERG

(Professor of Psychology and Director of the Psychological Laboratory, Harvard University, in the December *Cosmopolitan*.)

The "movies" themselves are moving all the time. To be sure, they move on different roads. One road is that of education and instruction. How modest were the means with which the kinematoscope of fifteen years ago showed us the happenings of the world and gave us glances at current events and exhibited a little of animal life! It was a long way indeed from there to the marvelous pictures of the European war or to those fascinating moving-picture journeys to the Antarctic and to the beasts of the African desert. We all have seen the wonders of the deep sea and the splendor of foreign worlds. Whatever is worth learning in the realm of visible things, from the microscopic Infusoria in the drop of water to the most colossal works of man and of nature, all can be made interesting and stimulating in the moving films. Millions have learned in the dark houses their geography and history and natural science.

Yet this power of the moving pictures to supplement the

school-room and the newspaper and the library is, after all, much less important than its chief task—to bring entertainment and enjoyment and happiness to the masses. The theatre and the vaudeville and the novel must yield room—and ample room—to the art of the pictures.

But can we really say that the film brings us art in the higher sense of the word? Was it not for quite a while the fashion among those who love art to look down upon the tricks of the film and to despise them as inartistic? Those who could afford to visit the true theatre felt it as below their level to indulge in such a cheap substitute which lacked the glory of the stage with spoken words. But that time lies far behind us. Even the most artistic public has learned to enjoy a high-class photo-play.

I may confess frankly that I was one of those snobbish late-comers. Until a year ago I had never seen a real photo-play. Although I was always a passionate lover of the theatre, I should have felt it as undignified for a Harvard professor to attend a moving-picture show, just as I should not have gone to a vaudeville performance or to a museum of wax figures or to a phonograph concert. Last year, while I was travelling a thousand miles from Boston, I and a friend risked seeing "Neptune's Daughter," and my conversion was rapid. I recognized at once that here marvelous possibilities were open, and I began to explore with eagerness the world which was new to me. Reel after reel moved along before my eyes—all styles, all makes. I went with the crowd to Anita Stewart and Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin; I saw Pathé and Vitagraph, Lubin and Essanay, Paramount and Majestic, Universal and Knickerbocker. I read books on how to write scenarios; I visited the manufacturing companies, and, finally, I began to experiment myself. Surely I am now under the spell of the "movies," and, while my case may be worse than the average, all the world is somewhat under this spell.

A New Form of Art

Why did this change come? Was it because the more and more improved technique brought the imitation of the theatre

nearer and nearer to the impressions of the real stage and thus made the substitute almost as good as the original? Not at all. The real reason was just the opposite. The more the photo-plays developed, the more it was felt that it was not their task simply to be an inexpensive imitation of the theatre, but that they should bring us an entirely new form of art. As long as the old belief prevailed that the moving-picture performances were to give us the same art which the drama gave, their deficiencies were evident. But if they have an original task, if they offer an art of their own, different from that of the theatre, as the art of the painter is different from that of the sculptor, then it is clear that the one is not to be measured by the other. Who dares to say that the marble bust is a failure because it cannot show us the colors which give charm to the portrait painting? On the contrary, we destroy the beauty of the marble statue as soon as we paint the cheeks of a Venus.

It is never the purpose of an art simply to imitate nature. The painting would not be better if the painted flowers gave us fragrance. It is the very essence of art to give us something which appeals to us with the claims of reality and yet which is entirely different from real nature and real life and is set off from them by its artistic means. For this reason we put the statue on a pedestal and the painting into a frame and the dramatic play on a stage. We do not want them to be taken as parts of the real world, and the highest art of all, music, speaks a language which has not even similarity to the happenings of the world.

If the aim of every art were simply to come as near as possible to reality, the photo-play would stand endlessly far behind the performances of real actors on the stage. But when it is recognized that each art is a particular way of suggesting life and of awaking interest, without giving life or nature themselves, the moving pictures come to their own. They offer an entirely new approach to beauty. They give an art which must develop in paths quite separate from those of the stage. It will reach the greater height the more it learns to free itself from the shackles of the theatre and to live up to its own forms.

It is only natural that it began with a mere imitation of the theatre, just as the automobiles were at first simple horse-carriages moved by machinery. Any new principle finds its own form slowly. The photo-play of today is already as different from those theatre imitations as a racing automobile is different from a buggy. As soon as the two forms of art are recognized as belonging to two entirely different spheres, they do not disturb the other. Even the most ideal moving picture can never in the least give that particular artistic pleasure which a dramatic theatre performance offers. But, on the other hand, even the best drama on the stage will not replace the photo-play as soon as this has reached its ideal perfection.

True Meaning of the Photo-Play

What is the true meaning of the "movies"? What are their special ways of showing us the world? In the beginning, the public enjoyed simply the surprising tricks of a technique which showed actual movement in a photograph. But this purely technical interest has long since faded away. What remains, then, as the last source of enjoyment? The color is lacking and so is the depth of the stage; above all, the tone of the voice is absent. Yet we do not miss the color, the depth, or the words. We are fully under the spell of this silent world, and the Edison scheme of connecting the camera with the graphophone, and so to add spoken words to the moving pictures, was not successful for very good reasons. It really interfered with the chance of the moving pictures to develop their original nature. They sank back to the level of a mere mechanical imitation of the theatre.

But while so much was taken away from the offering of every theatre stage, how much has come instead! The most evident gain of the new scheme is the reduction of expenses. One actor is now able to entertain a hundred and a thousand audiences at the same time; one stage-setting is sufficient to give pleasure to millions. The theatre is thus democratized. Everybody's purse allows him to see the greatest artists, and in every village a stage can be set up. With twenty thousand

picture-theatres in this country alone, the hope that the bliss of art may come to everyone has been fulfilled.

But this mere spreading over the globe is not in itself an enrichment of the artistic means. The graphophone brings music into every cottage, but no one can claim that the musical disks have brought us a new art. Their rendering of orchestra or opera is nothing but a mechanical repetition of the free musical art and does not add anything to the symphony or the song. With the photo-play it is entirely different. It shows us far more than any stage can show, or, rather, it shows us something fundamentally different. The first step away from the theatre was soon made. The moving pictures allow a rapidity in the change of scenes which no stage-manager could imitate. At first, these possibilities were used only for humorous effects. We enjoyed the lightning quickness with which we could follow the eloper over the roofs of the town, upstairs and down, into cellar and attic, and jump with him into the motor-car and race over the country roads, changing the background a score of times in a few minutes, until the culprit falls over a bridge into the water and is caught by the police.

This slap-stick humor has not disappeared, but the rapid change of scenes has meanwhile been put into the service of much higher aims. The true development of an artistic plot has been brought to possibilities which the real drama does not know, by allowing the eye to follow the hero and heroine continuously from place to place. Now he leaves his rooms, now we see him passing along the street, now he enters the house of his beloved, now he is led into the parlor, now she is hurrying to the library of her father, now they all go to the garden. New stage-settings are ever sliding into one another; the limitations of space are overcome. It is as if the laws of nature were overwhelmed and, through this liberation from space, a freedom gained which gives new wings to the artistic imagination. This perfect independence from the narrow ties of space-reality gives to the photo-play a new life-chance which alone would secure to it the right of a new form of art.

But, with the quick change of background, the photo-artist also gained the power of a rapidity of motion which leaves

actual men behind. And from here it was only a step to the performance of actions which could not be carried out in nature at all. This, too, was made serviceable at first to a rather rough humor. The policeman who climbed up the solid stone front of a high building was in reality photographed creeping over a flat picture of a building spread on the floor. Every day brought us new tricks. We saw how the magician breaks one egg after another and takes out of each egg a little fairy and puts one after another on his hand, and how they begin to dance. For the camera, such magical wonders are not difficult, but no theatre could ever try to match them. Rich artistic effects are secured, and while on the stage every fairy-tale is clumsy and hardly able to create an illusion, in the film we really see the man transformed into a beast and the flower into a girl.

The Close-up

But while, through this power to break down the barriers of space and to make the impossible actions possible, new fascinating effects could be reached, the whole still remained in the outer framework of the stage, inasmuch as everything was the presentation of an action in its successive stages.

The photo-play showed a performance, however rapid or impossible, as it would go on in the outer world. An entirely new perspective was opened when the managers of the film-play introduced the "close-up" and similar new methods. The close-up, first made familiar to every friend of the photo-play by the Vitagraph artists, is indeed most characteristic of the emancipation of the moving pictures. As everybody knows, this is the scheme by which a particular part of the picture, perhaps only the face of the hero or his hand, or only a ring on his finger, becomes greatly enlarged and replaces, for an instant, the whole stage.

But while everyone is familiar with the method, too few are aware that here indeed we have crossed a great esthetic line of demarcation and have turned to a form of expression which is entirely foreign to the real stage. Even the most wonderful creations, the great historical plays, where thou-

sands fill the battle-fields, or the most fantastic caprices, where fairies fly over the stage, could be performed in a theatre. But this close-up leaves all stage-craft behind. The stage can give us only changes in the outer world, but if we suddenly neglect everything in the room and look only at the hand which carries the dagger, the change is not one outside but inside our mind. It is a turning of our attention. We withdraw our attention from all which is unimportant and concentrate it on that one point on which the action is focused. The photo-play is an art in which not only the outer events but our own inner action become effective. Our own attention is projected into the life around us.

Novel Methods of Presentation.

But attention is not the only function of our mind which becomes effective in the moving pictures. Let us think of another action of our mind, the act of memory. When we go through an experience in practical life, we are constantly remembering happenings of the past. The photo-play can overcome the limits of time just as easily as those of space. In many of the newer plays, an unusual fascination is secured by interrupting the pictures of the present events with quickly passing images of earlier scenes. It is as if a quick remembrance were flitting through our mind.

Two passengers are sitting in the smoking-room of a ship; we see them talking about their adventurous life-experience. The one makes the gesture of speaking; in the next instant we see him climbing the glacier, and then crossing the jungle and shooting tigers; and then fighting in the Boer War, and then strolling through Paris; but every few seconds we return to the smoking-room and keep thus the background of the story before us. Yet our mind does not only combine memories; our thought wanders from one event to another which runs parallel. Here is a dancing-hall in which a man and a girl are flirting; the girl's mother sits at home in a modest attic room and waits for her anxiously; the man's wife is unhappy in her luxurious parlor. Now the three scenes are interwoven: the dancing-hall is seen for ten seconds, the parlor

scene for five seconds, then the dancing-hall again, and so on. They chose one another like the tones of an orchestra.

The order of the pictures on the screen is no longer the order of the events in nature, but rather that of our own mental play. Here lies the reason why this new art has such peculiar interest for the psychologist. It is the only visual art in which the whole richness of our inner life, our perceptions, our memory, and our imagination, our expectation and our attention can be made living in the outer impressions themselves. As long as the photo artist made no use of these possibilities, his play lagged far behind that of the real theatre. But since he has conquered these new methods of mental interpretation, he has created an art which is a worthy rival of the drama, entirely independent from and in not a few respects superior to the theatre.

As soon as the original character of the photo-play is understood, it can easily be grasped that we are only at the beginning of a great esthetic movement. The technical development of the photo-stage and of the camera will go on, and yet that is entirely secondary to the much more essential progress of the new art toward its highest fulfillment. The producer of photo-plays must free himself more and more from the idea with which he started—to imitate the stage—and must more and more win for the new art its own rights. How reluctant as yet, for instance, are the efforts to introduce the power of imagination! In many a photo-play the murderer sees the ghost of his victim. But such devices are, after all, not unfamiliar on the regular stage. Just here the possibilities of the camera are unlimited. The girl in her happy first love sees the whole world in a new glamor and a new radiant beauty. The poet can make her speak so; the photo-play could show her in his new jubilant world. This is something very different from the charming plays which we already possess today in which Princess Nicotina bewitches us or Neptune's daughter arises from the waves. Such fantastic plays tell us a pretty story, but what we must expect from the photo-play of the future is that the pictures reveal to us our own imaginative play as music can do with its magic tones.

From an artistic point of view, it is entirely wrong to fancy that such imaginative molding of the world must be confined to fairy-tales because it does not correspond to the reality of the world. As long as we argue from such a point of view, we have not reached real art. Even the most realistic art always gives something different from reality. As long as the artistic means harmonizes with our inner view of an experience, it is welcome in the world of art. Even the most rapturous flights of the imagination projected on the screen may have as much inner truth as any melodramatic story. The photo-artist needs only the courage to make the spectator feel that he is truly in a temple of art.

How the Film Expresses Emotion.

But even memory, attention and imagination do not tell the whole story of our inner mind. The core of man lies in his feelings and emotions. As soon as the photo-play moves along its own way, the expression of feelings and emotions will come to the foreground. Of course the producer would say that he shows love and hate and fear and delight and envy and disgust and hope and enthusiasm all in his reels. Certainly he shows them, but simply with methods of the ordinary stage. The angry man clenches his fist and the frightened man shows outer signs of terror. We see the gestures and the actions; and yet how inferior is all that to the emotional words which the dramatist can put into the mouth of his persons on the stage! What Romeo and Juliet have to express is, after all, better said by Shakespeare's words than by any mere gestures of tenderness. As long as the photo-play works only with the methods of the theatre, we must regret that we are deprived of the words.

But what a different perspective is opened if we think of the unlimited means with which the film may express feeling and sentiment through means of its own. We saw that, in the close-up, the camera can do what in our mind our attention is doing; the camera goes nearer the object and thus concentrates everything on one point. In our feelings and emotions, the mind takes a sort of stand toward the surroundings. Again, the camera must be made to imitate such a mental

action. In the excited mind the smooth flow of impressions is interrupted. Let the camera break the flow of the pictures. Give us a thought-effect which the musician calls "staccato." We can produce it in the film by omitting certain pictures so that the action seems to jump from one stage to another. Or let the pictures vibrate. We can do this by quickly reversing the order of the pictures which follow one another with the rapidity of sixteen photograms to the second. After pictures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, we give once more 6, 5, 4, turn then from picture 4 to picture 9, go back from 9 to 6, then from 6 to 12, and the effect will be that a thrilling, vibrating motion goes through the surroundings. Or let the camera turn the straight lines into curves, or the rhythm slow down like a musical adagio, or become rapid like an allegro or presto. In every case effects are produced in which changes of inner excitement seem to take hold of the surrounding world.

Imitating Mental Action.

The violinist may play one piece after another and we may see in the film the sentiments of those various pieces through the melodious movements around him. His own face may remain unchanged, but everything about him may enter into the mood of the tones and chords. It is in the spirit of the theatre to express horror by the wild gestures of the body. It would be in the spirit of the photo-play to make the world around the terrified person change in a horrifying, ghastly way. The camera can do that, and the spectator would come deeply under the spell of the emotion to be expressed. It becomes his emotion, just as in the close-up it is his attention which is forced on the single detail. If a man is hypnotized in the scene, the change of his feelings can only clumsily be shown in his face, but his surroundings may take uncanny forms until a kind of hypnotic spell lies over the whole audience.

Of course the general public would need slowly to be educated toward the higher and higher forms of the photo-players' art. The masses prefer Sousa's Band to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It needs a certain training to appreciate the highest forms of art, but nobody doubts that the symphony pro-

gram, from Beethoven to Debussy, stands on a much higher artistic level than the marches and dances which the unmusical hearers love best. The straight melodrama of the film, offering nothing which the drama of the theatre could not present better, will attract the "unmusical" minds more than the true high art of the photo-play. But he who believes in the message of beauty for the masses of the people will not yield to such superficial desires. He will unceasingly lift the photo-play to higher and higher art, and to do so he must become conscious of the principles which are involved. But this can be done only if he breaks with the tradition of the theatre and understands the photo-play expresses the action of the mind as against the mere action of the body. Of course the drama presents this inner side by the spoken word which is missing in the pantomime of the film. The inner mind which the camera exhibits must lie in those actions of the camera itself by which space and time are overcome and attention, memory, imagination and emotion are impressed on the bodily world.

The photo-play of the future, if it is really to rise to further heights, will thus become more than any other art the domain of the psychologist. It has become influential and helpful in many different spheres of practical life. Education and medicine, commerce and industry, law and social reform have been greatly aided by the contact with the psychologist, who has put the results of his psychological laboratory into the service of daily life. In the film-world, the only scientist who has been consulted in the past has been the physicist, who prepared the technical devices for the work of the camera. The time seems ripe for his scientific brother, the psychologist, to enter the field and to lead the photo-play to those wonders which its progress has begun to suggest since the leaders dared to leave the paths of mere theatrical performance.

The more psychology enters into the sphere of the moving pictures, the more they will be worthy of an independent place in the world of true art and become really a means of cultural education to young and old. The presentations of the films will never supersede those of the theatre any more than sculpture

can supersede painting or lyrics can supersede music, but they will bring us the noble fulfillment of an artistic desire which none of the other arts can bring.

This is truly the art of the future.

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MUSIC OR MOVIES?

It was bound to happen. You cannot mix movies and opera with impunity. It's like expecting Bryan and Boadicea to live happily together. In the movies you act as much as possible, to the accompaniment of music. In the opera you act as little as possible, also to the accompaniment of music.

Mrs. Lou-Tellegen, otherwise Geraldine Farrar, has been doing Carmen for the movies. Last week she did Carmen at the Metropolitan for the first time after her sojourn with strange gods, and her performance set the critics' tongues to wagging furiously. She not only introduced "a lively wrestling bout in which she threw her opponent easily and had all but succeeded in plucking out handfuls of her hair when the rude soldiers intervened," but, according to gossip, slapped Caruso's face and clung to him so violently that he was obliged to pinion her in order to be able to sing, and half threw her to the floor when he had finished. Then, in the wings, he inquired, with all the hauteur of which a million-dollar throat (or is it a billion?) is capable: "Do you think this is an opera house, or a cinema?"

There is the question flung in the face of operatic art. Shall opera be cinematized? For ourselves, we say Amen. If every impresario sent his singers to school to the movies there might be a spice of ginger in the wooden lovers and mollicoddle fighting men that cumber the boards today.—From *The Independent*.

SPEAKING OF OPERATIONS.

BY IRVIN COBB.

When all is said and done, the king of all conversational topics is operations. Sooner or later, wherever two or more are gathered together, it is reasonably certain that somebody will bring up an operation.

Until I passed through the experience of being operated upon myself, I never really realized what a precious conversational boon the subject is, and how great a part it plays in our intercourse with our fellow beings on this planet. To the teller it is enormously interesting, for he is not only the hero of the tale but the rest of the cast and the stage setting as well—the whole show, as they say; and if the listener has had a similar experience—and who is there among us in these days that has not taken a nap 'neath the shade of the old ether cone?—it acquires a doubled value.

“Speaking of operations—” you say, just like that, even though nobody present has spoken of them; and then you are off. From a mere conversation it resolves itself into a symptom symposium, and a perfectly splendid time is had by all.

My troubles all date back to the fair, bright morning when I went to call on a prominent practitioner here in New York, whom I shall denominate as Doctor X. I had a pain. I had had it for days. It was not a dependable, locatable pain, such as a toothache is, which you can put your hand on; but an indefinite, unsettled, undecided kind of pain, which went wandering about from place to place inside of me like a strange ghost lost in Cudjo's Cave. I never knew until then what the personal sensations of a haunted house are.

Having always, hitherto, enjoyed perfectly riotous and absolutely unbridled health, I was green regarding physicians and the ways of physicians. But I knew Doctor X slightly, having met him last summer in one of his hours of ease in the grandstand at a ball game, when he was expressing a desire to cut the umpire's throat from ear to ear, free of charge. So I

went to see him at his offices in a fashionable district, on an expensive side street.

He took my temperature and fifteen dollars, and said it was an interesting case—not unusual exactly, but interesting—and that it called for an operation.

"I never operate," he said; "operating is entirely out of my line. I am a diagnostician." He was, too. How did he know I had only fifteen dollars on me? "I would suggest that you go to Doctor Z, at such-and-such an address. You are exactly in Z's line. I'll let him know that you are coming and when, and I'll send him down my diagnosis."

So that same afternoon I went, full of quavering emotions, to Doctor Z's place. I presume it was because he stood so high in his profession, and was almost constantly engaged in going into the best society that Doctor Z did not appear to be the least bit excited over my having picked him out to look into me. But then, of course, you must remember that he probably had traveled about extensively and was used to sight-seeing.

"Yes, yes, yes," he said; "yes, yes, yes! Operation required. Small matter—hum, hum! Let's see—this is Tuesday? Quite so. Do it Friday! Friday at seven A. M. No; make it seven-fifteen. Have important tumor case at seven. St. Germicide's Hospital. You know the place?—up on Umpty-umph Street. Go' day! Miss Whoziz, call next visitor."

And before I realized that practically the whole affair had been settled I was outside the consultation-room in a small private hall, and the secretary was telling me further details would be conveyed to me by mail. Accordingly, Thursday at noon, I received from Doctor Z's secretary a note stating that arrangements had been made for my admission into St. Germicide's that same evening and that I was to spend the night there.

So about eight o'clock I strolled in very jauntily. As we passed through the corridors I had my first introduction to the hospital smell, which is a smell compounded of iodoform, ether, gruel and something boiling. All hospitals have it, I understand. In time you get used to it, but you never really care for it.

The physician led me into a small room tastefully decorated with four walls, a floor, a ceiling, a window, a door and a door-sill, and a bed and a chair. He told me to go to bed. I did not want to go to bed—it was not my regular bed-time—but he made a point of it, and I judged it was according to regulations.

After that, at intervals, the chief house surgeon dropped in, without knocking, and the head nurse came, and an interne or so, and a ward nurse, and the special nurse who was to have direct charge of me. It dawned on me that I was not having any more privacy in that hospital than a gold-fish.

Anon I slept, but dreamed fitfully. I dreamed that a whole flock of surgeons came to my bedside and charted me out in sections, after which each man took his favorite joint and carried it away, and when they were all gone I was merely a recent site, full of reverberating echoes and nothing else.

The next morning they rolled me into a large room, all white, with a rounded ceiling like the inside of an egg.

My impression had been that this was to be in the nature of a private affair, without invitations. I was astonished to note that quite a crowd had assembled for the opening exercises. From his attire and general deportment I judged that Doctor Z was going to be master of the revels, he being attired appropriately in a white domino, with rubber gloves and a fancy cap of crash toweling. There were present, also, my diagnostic friend, Doctor X, likewise in fancy-dress costume, and a surgeon I had never met. From what I could gather, he was going over the course behind Doctor Z to replace the divots.

And there was an interne in the background, playing caddy, as it were, and a head nurse, who was going to keep the score, and two other nurses, who were going to help her keep it.

They placed me right where my eyes might rest on a large wall cabinet full of very shiny-looking tools. Then they put a cloth dingus over my face and a voice of authority told me to breathe. So I breathed. And, at that, a bottle of highly charged sarsaparilla exploded somewhere in the immediate vicinity and most of its contents went up my nose.

I started to tell them that somebody had been fooling with their ether and adulterating it, and that if they thought they could send me off to sleep with soda pop they were making the mistake of their lives, because it just naturally could not be done; but for some reason or other I decided to put off speaking about the matter for a few minutes. I breathed again—again—agai—

I was going away from there. I was in a large gas balloon, soaring up into the clouds. How pleasant! . . . No, by Jove! I was not in a balloon—I myself was the balloon, which was not so pleasant. Besides, Doctor Z was going along as a passenger; and as we traveled up and up he kept jabbing me in the midriff with the ferrule of a large umbrella which he had brought along with him in case of rain. I remonstrated with him. He would not listen. He kept on jabbing me. . . .

Something broke! We started back down to earth. We fell faster and faster. We fell nine miles, and after that I began to get used to it.

A town was below. I could make out the bonded indebtedness, and the Carnegie Library, and the moving-picture palaces, and the new dancing parlor, and other principal points of interest.

At the rate we were falling we were certainly going to make an awful splatter in that town when we hit. I was sorry for the street-cleaning department.

We fell another half-mile or so. A spire was sticking up into the sky directly beneath us. By a supreme effort I twisted out of the way of that spire, only to strike squarely on top of the roof of a greenhouse back of the parsonage, next door. We crashed through it with a perfectly terrific clatter of breaking glass and landed in a bed of white flowers, all soft and downy, like feathers.

I opened a dizzy eye part way. So this was heaven—no—it did not smell like heaven. It smelled like a hospital. It was a hospital. It was my hospital. My nurse was bending over me. She settled a pillow under my head and told me to lie quiet.

I meant to lie quiet; I did not have to be told. I wanted

to lie quiet and hurt. I was hurty from head to toe and back again, and crosswise and cater-cornered. I hurt diagonally and lengthwise and on the bias. I had a taste in my mouth like a bird-and-animal-store. And empty! It seemed to me those doctors had not left anything inside of me except the acoustics. Well, there was a mite of consolation there. If the overhauling had been as thorough as I had reason to believe it was from my present sensations, I need never fear catching anything again so long as I lived, except possibly dandruff. I waved the nurse away. I craved solitude. I desired only to lie there in that bed and hurt—which I did for exactly four weeks. I know now how excessively wearied a man can get of his own back, how tired of it, how bored with it!

However, through daily conversations with my nurse and with the surgeons who dropped in from time to time to have a look at me, I learned, as I lay there, a great deal about the medical profession. As we look backward upon the centuries we are astonished by its advancement. Take the Middle Ages now—however, one doesn't have to go clear back to medieval times to note the radical differences in the plan of treating human ailments. I myself distantly recall, among childhood's happy memories, a certain elderly lady of the neighborhood who had none of these latter-day prejudices regarding the use of tobacco by the gentler sex. This lady, on being called in, would brew up a large caldron of medicinal roots and barks and sprouts and things; and then she would deluge the interior of the sufferer with a large gourdful of this pleasing mixture at regular intervals. It was efficacious, too. The inundated person either got well or else he drowned from the inside.

Just look round and see now how the system has changed! If your liver begins to misconduct itself the first thought of the modern operator is to cut it out and hide it some place where you can't find it. You go into a doctor's office and tell him you do not feel the best in the world—and he gives you a look and excuses himself, and steps into the next room and begins greasing a saw.

But we digress. Let us get back to our main subject, which

is myself. I shall never forget my first real meal in that hospital. There was quite a good deal of talk about it beforehand. My nurse kept telling me that on the next day the doctor had promised I might have something to eat. I could hardly wait. I had visions of a tenderloin steak smothered in fried onions, and some French-fried potatoes, and a tall table limit stack of wheat cakes.

The next day came and she brought it to me, and I partook thereof. It was the white of an egg. For dessert I licked a stamp; but this I did clandestinely and by stealth, without saying anything about it to her. I was not supposed to have any sweets.

But came a day—as the fancy writers say when they wish to convey the impression that a day has come, but hate to do it in a commonplace manner—came a day when my cigar tasted as a cigar should taste and food had the proper relish to it; and my appetite came back again and found the old home place not so greatly changed after all.

An then shortly thereafter came another day, when I, all replete with expensive stitches, might drape the customary habiliments of civilization about my attenuated frame and go forth to mingle with my fellow beings. I have been mingling pretty steadily ever since, for now I have something to talk about—a topic good for any company; congenial, an absorbing topic.

“Speaking of operations—” I say. And then I’m off.

Believe me, it’s the life!

[This is a cutting from “Speaking of Operations” by Irvin Cobb which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* and is published in book form by George H. Doran Company of New York.]

It always remains true, that if we had been greater, circumstances would have been less against us—George Eliot.

I would that God should alter the world, and that he should do it now, and that I might see him do it.—Omar.



The Poets



MARCH MORN.

The Cloud-hares are running along the blue sky,
The Wind-hounds are after, I hear their shrill cry!
The elm trees are sweeping the air wondrous clean.
Oh! this is the blithest March Morn ever seen!

TO AN OLD LETTER.

The things you said!
The fond, fair things you said!
With all their ancient power
They have stirred in my heart's bower
And the dead past wakes to flower
In your passages re-read!

The dreams you made!
The deep, dear dreams you made!
Though their ghosts wear sorrow's gages,
They come alluring from your pages
Down the aisles of all the ages,
And I clasp them—unafraid!

—*Edna Mead, in January Harper's.*

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

I lift my cap to Beauty,
I lift my cap to Love;
I bow before my Duty,
And know that God's above!
My heart through shining arches
Of leaf and blossom goes;

My soul triumphant marches
Through life to life's repose.
And I through all this glory
Nor know nor fear my fate—
The great things are so simple,
The simple are so great!
—*Fred G. Bowles in Littell's Living Age.*

IMMEMORIAL DAY.

This is the season, the day, and the hour predestined,
When a bumble-bee floats as a sunbeam into the school-room,
And diffuses the warm-ground smell of the deep grassed orchard,
And the sound of the far-off Falls' tink-clinks like a wind-bell,
Long Walter leans back and ruffles his hair with his fingers;
Young Sylvia lays her cheek on her copy book, mooning;
And a breath of wind lap-laps Miranda's blue apron.
Some in their throats and some in their feet, feel music,
And everyone's glance goes wandering off to the windows,
(Even the schoolmaster's dark eyes waver and follow.)
An old holiday this is, indeed, and a Saint's day,
Arise, all hands, and keep the feast of Saint Springtime.
—*Sarah Cleghorn.*

THE DREAMERS.

The gypsies passed her little gate—
She stopt her wheel to see
A brown-faced pair who walked the road,
Free as the wind is free;
And suddenly her tidy room
A prison seemed to be.

Her sterling plates against the walls,
Her sunlit, sanded floor,
The brass-bound wedding chest that held
Her linen's snowy store,
The very wheel whose humming died,
Seemed only chains she bore.

She watched the foot-free gypsies pass,
She never knew nor guessed
The wistful dream that drew them close,
The longing in each breast,
To some day know a home like hers,
Wherein their hearts might rest.

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

ENCHANTMENT.

I wonder how the robin's throat
Hath caught the rain's sweet dripping note,
That little falling, pelting sound,
Liquidly clear and crystal round,
The very heart-rune of the Spring,
Enchanted of the sky and ground,
That conjures life from everything.

No ancient, age-worn witchery,
No incantation could set free
The fast-bound dead; yet here each day
Robin and rain in mystic way
Bring life back greenly ah, and how
One's heart and pulse obey
That lure of music!—Listen now.

—*Sara King.*

THE FOUR WINDS.

Wind of the North,
Wind of the Norland snows,
Wind of the winnowed skies and sharp, clear stars—
Blow cold and keen across the naked hills,
And crisp the lowland pools with crystal films,
And blur the casement with glittering ice,
But go not near my love.

Wind of the West,
Wind of the few, far clouds,
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset lands—
Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plains,
And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,
And sway the grasses and the mountain pines,
But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East,
Wind of the sunrise seas,
Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains—
Blow moist and chill across the wastes of brine,
And shut the sun out, and the moon and stars,
And lash the boughs against the dripping eaves,
Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet wind!
Wind of the fragrant South,
Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of rose—
Over magnolia blooms and liliated lakes,
And flowering forest come with dewy wings,
And stir the petals at her feet, and kiss
The low mound where she lies.

—*C. H. Luders.*

BUTTERFLIES IN MARCH.

Doubtless it was good for ye
To huddle here all shivering,
No blossom in the wood for ye,
From hungry pangs delivering.
No shelter for your quivering
Black and blue and liver wing.
'Twas best that so
Ye too should know
How frosty winds come slivering
More solid things
Than horns and wings,
With all their dainty quivering.

A MEETING.

I hear a sound like piping and like sails
In silken talk with wind, and like the speech
Of some one quiet in the blue of dawn,
Along the silent beach.

I see a light as when the last sad star
Flowers faintly in the ashen morning sky,
And long white wings appear and disappear
And dip and circle by.

I think of violet billows veiled with foam;
I think of all the red of east and west;
I hear the secret stir of nameless dead
Conferring in my breast.

You make me long for echoes and for flowers
And for strange words on lips I do not know;
You make me dream of all I learned to dream
How long,—how long ago.

—Zona Gale.

The devil knows us but God loves us.—Frank Crane.

The man who has seen the rising moon break out of the clouds at midnight has been present like an archangel at the creation of light and of the world.—Emerson.

In the battle of life we cannot hire a substitute—Wright.

The merit of originality is not novelty but sincerity.—Carlyle.

Show me what a man laughs at, and I will tell you what manner of man he is.—Brandon Matthews.



MRS. LUCY A. TRIPP.

The students of Emerson College have felt profound sympathy for Professor Walter B. Tripp, whose mother passed from life on February 22nd.

Mrs. Tripp was a woman of rare grace of spirit, and her friends here sincerely mourn her loss. Those of us who knew her intimately will be ever thankful that the fine sweetness of her nature has touched our life and that the example of her poised and noble womanhood is ours. The mother-heart was ever radiant in her expressive face. With love we say farewell!

Jessie E. Southwick.

Mrs. Willard filled two engagements recently at Barre, Vt. President Southwick is making a tour of the Middle West.

CLASSROOM.

Begin your story with action—keep things happening all through.—Mrs. Willard.

The stage cannot survive didactic treatment.—Mr. Tripp.

It is our business as interpreters to take the world where it is, and lead it to where we are.—Mrs. Southwick.

The reason people don't like to hear poetry is because they

seldom hear it. They either hear it made prose of, or mechanically sung.—Mrs. Southwick.

Make an entrance *from* something *to* something and *for* something!—Mrs. Hicks.

Remember that in teaching most of your success will depend on what you can do with bad voices.—Mr. Kenney.

All art without soul is vain.—Mrs. Black.

The exposition must not retard plot and must be given in character.—Mr. Tripp in Play-writing.

The universe teaches us patience.—Miss Sleight.

LIST OF STORIES.

Allen, Frederick Lewis. Madame Zaraneva.

Anonymous. Safety in Numbers.

Arcos, René. One Evening—The Meeting.

Aumonier, Stacy. *The Friends.

Blackwood, Algernon. The Other Wing.

Brown, Alice. The Return of Martha.

Brown, Katharine Holland. The Old-Fashioned Gift.

Burt, Maxwell Struthers. *The Water-Hole.

Byrne, Donn. *The Wake.

Canfield, Dorothy. *Flint and Fire.

Child, Richard Washburn. Not in the Dispatches.

Cobb, Irvin S. *Blacker Than Sin.

Colcord, Lincoln. A Life and a Ship. Rescue at Sea.

Comfort, Will Levington. *Chautonville.

Cowdery, Alice. Chains.

Day, Mary Louise. His Surrender.

Dix, Beulah Marie. *Across the Border.

Duncan, Norman. A Nice Little Morsel o' Dog Meat.

Dunning, Harold Wolcott. The Little Captain.

Dunsany, Lord. *A Story of Land and Sea. *The Exiles' Club.

The Three Infernal Jokes.

Dwiggins, W. A. *La Dernière Mobilisation.

Dwyer, James Francis. *The Citizen.

- Earle, Mary Tracy. "The Tropic Bird."
 Ewers, Hans Heinz. The Spider.
 Finch, Lucine. The Woman Who Waited.
 Fitch, Anita. Colin McCabe: Renegade.
 Forman, Henry James. The Monk and the Stranger.
 Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins. Emancipation.
 Galsworthy, John. *Ultima Thule.
 Gerould, Katharine Fullerton. Blue Bonnet. *Martin's Hollow. *Miss Marriott and the Faun. *Sea-Green. The Penalties of Artemis.
 Gibbon, Percival. *The Town of His Dream.
 Gregg, Frances. *Whose Dog—?
 Hall, Gertrude. *An Epilogue.
 Hall, Wilbur. The Fiddler of Glory Hole.
 Hampton, Edgar Lloyd. Finsen.
 Harris, Burt. The Truth.
 Hecht, Ben. Depths, Gratitude. *Life.
 Hopper, James. Forty Years Hence.
 Hughes, Rupert. *Michaelen! Michaelawn! Sent For Out.
 Hurst, Fannie. Ever Ever Green. *Rolling Stock. *T. B.
 Johnson, Arthur. *Mr. Eberdeen's House.
 Johnston, Calvin. Promise Lands.
 Jordan, Virgil. *Vengeance Is Mine!
 Kaun, Alexander S. Gratitude.
 Koizumi, K. *Uguisu. (A Japanese Nightingale.)
 Lyon, Harris Merton. *The Weaver Who Clad the Summer.
 McIntyre, John T. The Hand of Glory.

* Taken from *The Best Short Stories of 1915*.

I like a lonely walk at the end of a day full of people.—
 Henry James.

Surely he that hath a satirical vein as he maketh others
 afraid of his wit, so he had need to be afraid of others' memory.

Every man is his own Doctor of Divinity in the last resort.—
 Stevenson.

The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

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CAR-RIDES. Speaking of moving pictures as a diversion—well, they are all very well, but did you ever try a car-ride? I do not mean a car-ride when you are really trying to get somewhere, oh no!—that is not the proper motive with which to take a car-ride, and is likely to damage your hat, your hair and temper. The proper state of mind with which to undertake such an expedition is a complete and perfect submission to fate and a spirit of sport. You must not care whether you sit next to the window and the heater, or occupy the northeast corner of a seat made for two, but subject to the evil of monopoly, or whether you hang suspended midway between heaven and earth on a strap. Neither must you have any personal feelings if the conductor takes up an extra nickel now and then for diversion. You must not seem to notice it when your feet have paid the price of greatness. In short, you must achieve a state of indifference to everything personal, and consider everything and everybody that passes all a show for your particular enjoyment. You must get into the leisurely state of mind of a spectator.

Having recently achieved such a state of mind I took a car-ride. At the beginning of this trip I was one of the numerous

strap-staggerers, but as I made up my mind that everything that happened I was to consider as especially arranged for my benefit, it became quite an amusing pastime, being full, as it is, of the element of uncertainty. Not being able to look out of the windows, I began to look at the faces. Some of them struck me as having been rather easy to make, having nothing to them save the bare necessities. Other faces were achievements, nothing less. Much joy and suffering and thought had wrought them out at last into a final meaning. One face I remember was nothing short of horrible in its debauchment, and behind and through it all was an expression of utter defeat, which often comes over such faces and is heart-rending to see. Well, and all this misery was gotten in the pursuit of happiness. That is something to think over—how much suffering we endure for the sake of happiness, and how many tragedies are enacted in its name.

Later on, I reached the height of my ambition and got a seat by a window. After that I withdrew into a primitive state of being, my mind innocent of things personal and life's paraphernalia generally, and there was nothing in the world but just the world and myself. From faces the center of interest shifted to houses. Here in Boston there is no lack of variety. They are certainly not all cut by one pattern! There will be quite a respectable, well-behaved brick structure, and right next to it, literally leaning against it for support, will be a wreck of a wooden shack, apparently a little tipsy; or there will be a most commonplace, unromantic, mathematically correct building and snuggling up to it in the most naive manner will be an adorable, illogical little affair, with tatting-like trimming around the porch! and with windows moreover that look as if there might be people instead of puppets living behind them. Windows can be so wonderful, why will people be so unimaginative about them when they build a house? Then I began to notice windows—but you see how it goes?

Moral: When things get too much for you—take a car-ride!

JUNIOR WEEK. The most of the Magazine this month is devoted to the events of Junior Week. This is but a small recognition of the value of the work done then. The value of Junior Week is twofold, the direct benefit derived from the actual work done, and the indirect good which comes to the student body as a whole. The first phase is easily apparent, the work done being varied and of high order. It is the latter phase that we are probably less conscious of. There is no standard of achievement so progressive as the determination to make each of our efforts excel the last. The Juniors reached such a high standard of excellence in their work, that to excel themselves will mean a high ideal indeed. Besides this setting of a high standard for themselves, they have given an ideal to the classes to come so that as a college community we are indebted to them more than we can fully know.

SCREEN CHILDREN

The way that Billy Jacobs happened to get into pictureland was all a mistake, or just luck, at least. His family, who were not theatrical people at all, had moved next door to the Keystone studio, and Billy, then twenty-six months "young," used to play in the Keystone gutter. One day a director needed a child badly, and, after considerable coaxing, Billy was persuaded to give his services in exchange for an ice-cream cone. That cone was the making of Billy—he became famous for his smile. But, strange to say, he was naturally not a smiling baby, and the directors had to go through all sorts of "see-the-little-birdie" antics to make him unfold his slow but contagious smile.

Billy followed the fortunes of Ford Sterling, and when his "celluloid fun foundry" closed up last year, little Billy found himself out of a job, along with the famous comedian. But there aren't enough trained screen children to go round, and Billy was besieged with telegrams. His stern parents decided for him, of course, so Billy is now unfurling his happy smile in Universal City.—*Motion Pictures.*

Junior Week

BEGINNING FEBRUARY 15, ENDING FEBRUARY 19.

The Class of 1917 celebrated Junior Week in a most successful manner. It was an epoch which will live long in the memory of many. On Tuesday morning, the members of the class, garbed all in white and wearing yellow jonquils, sang their songs upon the stage,—such songs as were never heard before, for the class is fortunate in its possession of poets and composers. Then they were greeted by a few words from President Southwick.

On Wednesday morning a unique pantomime was presented under the direction of Marie Bellefontaine. The costumes and the dances were unusually effective.

Following is the program:

THE AMBITIOUS DAISY.

Characters.

Marguerite	Freda Walker
Arbutus	Jessie Haszard
Violet	Blanche Crenshaw
Rose	Mildred Galloway
Sweet Lavender	Ann Minahan
Poppy	Grace Thorson
Aster	Leah Kendall
Bumble Bee	Helen Roarty
Fireflies	Ethel Green Marguerite Thompson
Moon Fairies	Hazel Call Carolyn Walker Margaret Scureman
Robins	Elizabeth Ellis Lillian Wyant
Gardener	Ruby Sutherland
Sun	Marie Bellefontaine

Rain	Mary Lancto
Wind	Margaret Longstreet

ARGUMENT

A garden wall separates the Cultivated Garden from Meadowland. Marguerite has long wished to climb that wall and be with the beautiful Cultivated Flowers. She tells this wish to her companions, the Arbutus and Violet, and in spite of their pleading, and the Bumble Bee's buzz to "beware," she climbs to the top of the wall, helped on by the Sun. As the Sun leaves Meadowland twilight falls.

Marguerite sees the flowers of the Cultivated Garden for the first time and is entranced with their beauty. She watches the Poppy, Aster and Sweet Lavender telling stories to their queen. She hears the Rose calling to the Poppy to dance.

By this dance the Poppy casts a spell over the Cultivated Garden and the flowers fall asleep. Marguerite, seeing that now is her chance, calls to the Rain to help her climb down the other side of the wall. At last she is really there where she has so longed to be. Her happiness, however, gives way to drowsiness, for she too falls under the spell the Poppy has wrought.

Fireflies and Moon Fairies dance around the flowers while their spirits visit Slumberland.

At the break of day two little Robins come hopping in. They discover Marguerite in the Cultivated Garden and wonder how and why she came there. The Gardener, coming in, also wonders how a common Meadowland flower grew in the Cultivated Garden. He decides to leave her there till later in the day. The Sun dances about the flowers and awakens them.

Imagine the surprise of the Rose and her companions when they find a common flower in their midst. The Rose very haughtily asks who she is. "Why, I'm Daisy from over the wall," at which the Rose stares at her in amazement to think that a Daisy should presume to come among Cultivated Flowers. The Poppy and Aster make fun of her dress. Sweet Lavender is the only one who is kind to her, and tells Marguerite to go back to Meadowland as she is out of place here. Marguerite droops her golden head and sobs, "I am indeed." The ridicule and scorn of the Cultivated Flowers prove too much and she falls in a little heap. Regaining courage and helped on by the thought of her friends in Meadowland she climbs to the top of the wall. The Wind blows her over to Meadowland.

Violet, Arbutus and Bumble Bee find her there drooping. As she tells of the way in which she was received in the Cultivated Garden, Marguerite fades and dies. Arbutus and Violet weep sad tears over

their beloved Daisy, while Bumble Bee buzzed, "Alas, our Daisy like this, alas."

"Tis better to dwell in a homely sphere
Than to be the jest of a court,
The butt of its fun and sport."

The Junior class presented President Frost of Berea College of Kentucky as a lecturer upon Thursday. He chose for his subject, "Our Contemporary Ancestors."

Upon Friday came the annual "Co-ed Stunt." This proved most amusing. The queer antics of a country schoolroom were presented for the entertainment of the student body. Albert Lovejoy, the master, presided over a mixed assembly of flaxen-haired girls and studious (?) youths. Mr. Flanders had the role of "Tiny," a bashful little brother, while Fred Hubbard played as "teacher's pet," and Laurence Smith as "Sallie Brown," a bright child.

"The Cathedral Clock," a one-act play by a Junior member of the play-writing class, was presented Saturday morning.

THE CATHEDRAL CLOCK

BY LAURENCE JOSEPH SMITH

Characters

Peer, a sick boy	Freda Walker
Margaret, his mother	Ruth Kennard
Frederick Alfort, his father	Fred Hubbard
The Blind Man	Albert Lovejoy
The Visitor	Burton James

Place: Old Dantzic.

Period: The 15th Century.

Scene: A Room in Alfort's House near the Cathedral.

Time: Late Christmas Eve.

The following press notices appeared in the Boston papers of February 20:

"The Junior class of Emerson College presented 'The Cathedral Clock,' by Laurence J. Smith, in Huntington Chambers Hall yesterday. The performance had double interest, because the play was recently

awarded second place in a contest conducted by the Boston Playwriters' Club, of which Henry Jewett, the actor, Foss Lamprell Whitney, the noted reader, and Professor Gilbert, of the Conservatory of Music, were the judges, and because it was the first play produced by the new Emerson 'workshop'."—*Boston Post*.

"A large audience attended the first production on any stage of 'The Cathedral Clock,' a one-act symbolic play by Laurence J. Smith, at Huntington Chambers Hall, yesterday morning. The play was presented by the 1917 class of the Emerson College of Oratory.

"The presentation of this piece was the last of a series of entertainments given by the 1917 class to celebrate Junior week. It was the first entertainment to be staged by a member of the new playwriting class at Emerson, which is under the direction of Professor Walter B. Tripp.

" 'The Cathedral Clock' is a story of old Dantzig in the 15th century, where a blind clock-maker nurses a passion for revenge and only conquers it through the spirit of the 'Visitor,' or his better self. Albert Lovejoy as the blind man made a very favorable impression."—*Boston Herald*.

Phi Alpha Tau fraternity entertained very delightfully at a tea Saturday afternoon held in Room 510, at which Nettie Hutchins, Elvira Rasmussen, Beulah Folmsbee, Freda Walker, Astrid Nygren and Evelyn Benjamin acted as hostesses.

The week was concluded with the Junior Banquet at the Hotel Hemenway. This was a brilliant affair. Dean and Mrs. Ross were guests of the evening, and Albert Lovejoy presided as toastmaster. The after-dinner speakers were Molly Sayer, Helen Bartel, Burton James and Fred Hubbard. To add to the enjoyment, Nettie Hutchins gave an amusing prophecy, while Lucy Upson read a brief history. Phyllis Jenkins also contributed an original monologue. Prizes were presented to the winners of the class songs, Fred Hubbard receiving the first, and Ruth Kennard the second.

JUNIOR RECITAL

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1916

- | | | | |
|----|--|---|-------------|
| I | Lady Windermere's Fan (an arrangement) | . | Oscar Wilde |
| | Blanche Crenshaw | | |
| II | The Thief (an arrangement) | . | Bernstein |
| | Martha Marie Allen | | |

III	By Courier	O. Henry
	Georgia Paddock	
IV	Ashes of Roses	Constance MacKaye
	Ruth Stowe	

JUNIOR RECITAL

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1916

I	Platonic Friendship	<i>Barrie</i>
		Mollie Sayer	
II	At the Photographer's	<i>Stephen Leacock</i>
		Estelle Van Hoesen	
III	The Child	<i>Annie Hamilton Donnell</i>
		Mildred Galloway	
IV	L'Aiglon (Act I)	<i>Rostand</i>
		Carolyn Walker	



STUDENT



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Miss Benjamin led the responsive reading on February 11th.

It is always a great inspiration to have a student member from another college talk to us. At this meeting Miss Mary Elizabeth Clark, the present secretary of the Wellesley Y. W. C. A., addressed us. She spoke informally on the usefulness of Christianity in our everyday life, laying special emphasis on the influence each of us has on others.

On February 18th, Miss McQuesten talked to us, in her charming, inimitable manner, of the western trip which she took last summer. People and places were so vividly portrayed that we felt as if we had been right there with her. We were conducted through Yellowstone Park (by camping-out way, not by way of hotels). Then we journeyed to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, San Francisco, San Diego, Los Angeles and Seattle, and home through the Canadian Rockies. Miss McQuesten had many delightful and quite unexpected visits with former Emerson students and graduates while on her trip.

The following students have read under the auspices of the Emerson College Young Women's Christian Association:

Miss Allen, at Morgan Memorial, February 22nd, and at Elizabeth Peabody House, February 28th; Miss MacDonald, at a settlement house in Roxbury; Miss Olson, at Elizabeth Peabody House, February 17th; Miss East, at the same house, February 23d; Miss Darnell and Miss Wellington, at Civic Service House, March 5th.

SOUTHERN CLUB

Did you miss us last month? Please say you did, for we

missed ourselves dreadfully. We really had a report, but it was a little late and the associate editor is like "time and tide" when it comes to waiting.

Marguerite Thompson read at the Mount Pleasant Home during the month of February.

Harriette Stille was on a program at the Church of the Messiah, Thursday evening, February 3.

Josephine Penick gave readings in Watertown, Cambridge and West Roxbury during the past month.

Mary Ella Perry told stories to children Saturday morning, March 4.

Annabel Reid read at the Civic Service House, and the Mothers' Club, Charlestown, during the month of February.

POST GRADUATE

Mildred Forbes read at Pilgrim Church, Dorchester, and at West Roxbury recently.

Vera Bradford is coaching the play, "The Farmerette," in South Acton.

Jean MacDonald served as judge at a speaking contest held at the Union Congregational Church on February 23rd.

Vera Bradford and Evelyn Benjamin have given several readings at the Morgan Memorial Settlement House recently.

May Miller read for the "Society of Harvard Dames" in Cambridge on February 25th.

Josephine Penick gave a Lincoln program in Roxbury, Mass., on March 1st.

Jean MacDonald read at a social given in Central Church in February and also at the Roxbury Settlement House recently.

Edna Fisher read in Milford, Mass., on March 1st.

SENIOR RECITAL

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1916

- I The Story of a Star
Mary Ella Perry
- II The Death Disc *Mark Twain*
Evelyn Benjamin
- III The Tenor *H. C. Bunner*
Ruth Wood
- IV The Sunken Bell, Act I *Gerhardt Hauptmann*
Helen Schroeder
- V The Importance of Being Earnest, Act I . . *Oscar Wilde*
Olive E. Guthrie
- VI When Albani Sang *William H. Drummond*
Georgette H. Jette

SENIOR RECITAL

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1916

- I The First Lady of the Land, Act I . . . *Charles Nirdlinger*
Lois Teal
- II Little Lord Fauntleroy, Act I . . . *Frances Hodgson Burnett*
Edna Miller Fisher
- III Stradivarius *George Eliot*
Florence Fransioli
- IV Peg O' My Heart, Act III *Hartley Manners*
Marguerite Josephine Penick
- V The Twig of Thorn *Marie Josephine Warren*
Jessie MacAloney
- VI The Twelve Pound Look *J. M. Barrie*
C. Jean MacDonald
- VII Jeanne D'Arc, Act III *Percy MacKaye*
Ruth Southwick

SENIOR RECITAL

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1916

- I A Set of Turquoise *Thomas Bailey Aldrich*
Margaret Aiken
- II In a Far Off World *Olive Schreiner*
May Miller
- III The Story of Patsy *Kate Douglas Wiggin*
Lola Bromley
- IV Ma'm'selle *Florence Guertin*
Mary A. Winn

V	'Op-O'-Me-Thumb	{ <i>Richard Pryce</i> <i>Frederick Fenn</i>
	Sadie O'Connell	
VI	The Proposal	<i>Mark Twain</i>
	Ara Marie Dishman	
VII	Rosalind	<i>J. M. Barrie</i>
	Marguerite Seibel	

SENIOR RECITAL

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1916

I	Man and Superman (an arrangement)	<i>Shaw</i>
	Alice F. White	
II	A Thousand Years Ago, Act II, Scene 1	<i>Percy MacKaye</i>
	Louise C. Vann	
III	Quality Street (an arrangement)	<i>J. M. Barrie</i>
	Alice Sigworth	
IV	The Lost Joy	<i>Olive Schreiner</i>
	Ruth White	
V	If I Were King (an arrangement)	<i>Justin McCarthy</i>
	Lucile Barrow	

SENIOR

The Senior Class, though not so active in the affairs of the outer world during the past month, has been having its share in the college activities. The Senior Recitals which have been taking place for the past five weeks are now over, and the entire class feels that it can breathe with much more freedom.

In each Senior's letter-box a week ago this note was found:

"You are most cordially invited to a 1916 party, to be held at the home of Miss Jessie Goldthwaite Smith, 151 Woodrow Avenue, Dorchester, on Monday, February 28th, at 2 o'clock."

The class of '16 was cordially received by our president, and further welcome was extended by her mother and grandmother. The house was artistically decorated with the class flowers, jonquils and bachelors buttons. Delicious refreshments were served, the color motif being carefully preserved here also. As a delightful close to the afternoon, Annabel Reid and Olive Guthrie favored the company with readings.

The Seniors wish to extend to the Sophomores their sincerest thanks and appreciation for the delightful dance given them at Whitney Hall, Brookline, on the evening of February 29th, 1916.

SOPHOMORE

One day in February, a most attractive poster, designed by the class artist, Miss Barbara Wellington, announced that the Sophomores would have an auction of home-made goodies. It was held at 12.30, in Huntington Chambers Hall. Mr. Gifford, a most able auctioneer, was assisted by his partner, Joseph Connor. The auction netted a tidy sum of eleven dollars for the Sophomores, and created a genial, merry disposition for the entire school.

Ruth Van Buren is coaching a play to be presented by a group of her students in Stoneham.

A most enjoyable week-end was spent in Winchester, by Helena Pullen. Miss Pullen was fortunate enough to enjoy splendid snow-shoeing and coasting while there.

Miss Helen Guild gave an evening's program before the Providence and Boston Serenaders' Club a short time ago.

Ruth Stowe read in Wellesley before the Pierian Society.

Miss Ruth Van Buren entertained Miss Gertrude Swan over a recent week-end, at her home in Stoneham.

We all regret deeply the loss of Marguerite Hyde from college for the remainder of the year, but we are most happy to know Miss Hyde is rapidly recovering from her illness.

Miss Marguerite Fox, who has been absent from college for some time, is to be back with us after vacation.

A most pleasing program was given on February 16th, at Fraternity Hall in Chelsea, by Marguerite Brodeur, who read "Pauline Pavlovna," "The Lady of Shalott," and "When Albani Sang."

Mrs. Amy Toll appeared at the Bungalow Theatre, Cambridge, Mass., January 26th, in an original play by Miss Mar-

garet Greenwood, a members of the Boston Playwriters' Club, also again on March 1st in the prize play written by Miss Angela Morris.

FRESHMAN

Intellectual and social activities have kept the Freshmen busy, as usual, during the past month.

Miss Kelly appeared with great success in the "Obstinate Family," when it was presented in Roxbury.

Miss Gwin gave a pleasing group of readings in Brighton; Miss Kaufman in Roxbury; Miss Robertson in Brookline; and the Misses MacNeill and Stahl in Boston.

Miss Russey entertained several of her classmates at an informal tea, given in honor of her house-guest, Miss Serces. The collegians who traveled Brooklineward felt the reward of a very pleasant afternoon to be well worth the journey.

Miss Mikkelson is to spend the spring recess in New York, with friends and relatives.

Mr. Byer is going to Kingston, N. Y., and Mr. Downs expects to spend the week-end in Montpelier, Vt.

Student (reading "Pickwickians on Ice," after one of the gentlemen has fallen)—"Anguish was depicted in every *liniment* of his countenance."

Mr. Kidder—"I should think he'd need some about that time."

SORORITIES

ZETA PHI ETA

Edna Fisher read "Molly Make-Believe" and the first act of "Lord Fauntleroy" at the Warren Avenue Church.

Christine Punnett and Marguerite Brodeur recently spent a week-end at Wakefield.

Fay Goodfellow, Rena Gates, Alice White and Hazel Call spent their spring recess at home.

Barbara Wellington entertained several of the girls at her home in Newton on St. Valentine's Day. The afternoon was delightfully passed.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Beth Sturdivant recently read for the Harvard Dames.

Louise Roberts has been a guest at the chapter house.

Kappa Gamma Chi entertained at a thè dansant, Saturday, February 26.

Jessie Smith read "Pomander Walk" and "The Littlest Rebel" at the Girls' Latin School.

Lois Teal is taking charge of a course of English for New Americans under the Extension Division of the State Board of Education.

Kappa Gamma Chi entertained at an informal tea February 13.

Lois Teal entertained Miss Vivian Frazer of Cambridge at dinner recently.

Grace Thorson appeared before members of South Boston Yacht Club and their friends with music and readings.

PHI MU GAMMA

On Saturday, February 26, Iota Chapter gave a tea at the chapter house in honor of the alumni who came to Boston for the annual Phi Mu Gamma play presented at the Copley Theatre the evening before. Among those present were Dorothea Deming, Lillian Hartigan, Mrs Price (Ina Wright), Bernice Loveland, Frances True, Evelyn Hageman and Beatrice Perry.

Bess Ellis spent the week-end and Washington's Birthday at Mrs. Hitchcock's camp in Clifton on the North Shore.

Mrs. I. W. Vail, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has been the guest of her daughter Anne for a week.

Bertha McDonough read at the reception and dance given

recently by St. Ann's Academy of Marlboro, at the Women's Club, in Worcester, Mass.

Mary Winn entertained Miss Marion Mansfield, of Rockland, Mass., over a recent week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Strickland and Miss Persis De Cant, of Carthage, N. Y., were guests of Helen Carter over the week-end of February 25.

PHI ALPHA TAU

We welcome to our chapter: William Byers of Kingston, New York; William J. Downs of Montpelier, Vt., and Herman Hussman of Grangeville, Idaho.

Fred Willson Hubbard produced the annual show, "The District Attorney," for the young people of Trinity Church, Boston.

Albert R. Lovejoy has filled engagements in Roslindale, Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, West Roxbury, Dorchester, East Boston, South Boston and Gloucester.

Burton W. James read "Prunella" before the Boston Play-writers' Club at Cambridge recently.

E. D. Flanders, Jr., made up "The Folk Players" at the Second Church in Brookline.

Robert H. Burnham has produced "Twelfth Night" for the Lynn Classical High School.



EMERSON ALUMNI CLUB OF NEW YORK

PRESIDENT'S NIGHT

The next meeting of the Club will be held Saturday evening, March 11, at eight o'clock, at the Twelfth Night Club rooms, Forty-seven West Forty-fourth Street. Guest cards may be obtained at the door. Please be prompt, as we should like to begin the program at quarter after eight.

Program

"Oriental Literature"	Mr. Miles M. Dawson
(A member of the "Poetry Society of America" and an honorary member of our club.)	
"Emerson College and Its Work"	Mrs. Marie Beal
Monologue	Mrs. Herbert Quaife
Soprano Solos	Miss Marguerite Hazzard
Harp Solos	Miss McClintock

Hostesses

Mrs Purdy	Miss Colburn
Mrs. Bennett	Miss Lavey
Mrs. Donnelly	Miss West
Mrs. Hennessy	Miss Goetschins
Miss Klein	

EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF HARTFORD

The February meeting of the Emerson College Club of Hartford, Connecticut, was held at the home of Mrs. Clarence B. Clapp on Saturday afternoon, February 5th.

Several of the members presented "The Holly Tree Inn," the

delightful little play adapted from Dickens' interesting story. Each character was portrayed with a distinctiveness that was most convincing.

Miss Rosenbloom, a pupil of the president, also entertained the club with two pleasing selections.

ALUMNI NOTES

'02. The following paragraph appeared in the *Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Sunday Enquirer*, regarding Mrs. Van Deusen's part in a recital in that city:

"To have successfully interpreted the variety of dramatic selections given by Mrs. Paul F. Van Deusen called for versatility, a quality with which Mrs. Van Deusen is splendidly endowed. She is an interpreter who can project, not only her words, but her thoughts, to her audience. She graces the platform with a presence extremely pleasing, and her voice possesses power, sweetness and sympathy, fully adequate for every test. She won the people who heard her Friday night, in what was a literary and artistic triumph. Her work will certainly long be remembered."

'05. Herbert D. Bard, formerly a professor at Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio, is now teaching in the Tome School, Port Deposit, Maryland. He writes the following concerning his work there:

"I teach more boys than any master on the staff—about 150, in six courses, from the fundamentals up through extemporaneous speaking and debate. Once a week, my boys appear before the school in extempo speeches and declamations. On Tuesday evenings the debate boys meet as a senate for practice in debating. Two weeks ago I took fourteen senators to Washington on our second annual trip, to visit the national Congress. We had letters to Senators and Congressmen, and last year were fortunate enough to have a private audience with the President. Every Friday evening, in place of vespers, I read to the school, and besides do an occasional full evening.

"Just now I am trying to work up a state contest in public speaking among the high schools and private preparatory schools. Results thus far are very favorable. It is the plan to hold the finals here at Tome on the evening following our spring interscholastic track meet.

"During the spring vacation I may go out on a campaign, visiting some of the schools in the interest of public speaking and the contest."

'07. Announcements have been received of the marriage of Lois Vann to Mr. Thomas Buckner Wynn, February tenth, at Como, North Carolina.

'08, '09. Ethelind B. Havener is teaching at the Normal and Industrial Collegiate Institute, Joppa, Alabama, working under the auspices of the American Missionary Association among the mountain whites.

'09. Mildred F. Page is now president of Royal College, Front Royal, Va. This college, which Miss Page has recently founded, offers courses in oratory, music, modern languages and domestic science. Public programs of varied interest have been presented by her pupils during the past months, among which were: "A Country Fair," "Lochinvar," a burlesque, and "The Mouse Trap," by William Dean Howells.

'11. Eileen Dodge (née Whipple) has received an appointment in the Department for Defective Speech in the public schools of St. Paul, Minnesota.

'11. On January 14, Victoria M. Cameron gave a talk before the Minnesota Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology on "Methods of Teaching the Deaf." Miss Cameron is a teacher in the Department for the Deaf and Defective Speech in the public schools of Minneapolis.

'11, '12. Madeline I. Randall has recently filled engagements in readings and interpretative dances at Springfield, Newport, Bradford, Lyndonville, Passumpsic, and St. Johnsbury, Vt.

"One of the finest concerts ever given in Woods Hall was presented Friday evening.—The star of the evening was the reader and interpretative dancer. As an elocutionist Miss Madeline Randall is superb, but her dances were par excellence. Her charm and grace of movement captivated her audience. Those present are more than grateful to the teacher training class, under whose auspices the artists appeared, for presenting so excellent a program."—*Bradford Opinion*.

"One of the finest entertainments of the season was given by the

Ladies' Reading Circle on the evening of February 11 in Assembly Hall, Goodrich Library, with Miss Madeline Randall as reader and interpretative dancer. Miss Randall excels in both departments of her art, as a reader especially in dialect stories, and as a dancer in folk dances in costume. The hall was filled with a large and appreciative audience." —*Express and Standard*, Newport, Vt.

'12, '13. Abbie A. Ball is situated this year in Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Ontario, Canada, a special school of music, art and oratory.

'14. The Hotchkiss Dramatic Association recently presented the farce "Billy," under the direction of their coach, John J. Roy. This is Mr. Roy's second year at the Hotchkiss School as teacher of public speaking and debate.

'14, '15. Mildred Johnson has charge of the delinquent classes of pupils at the Wellington Training School, Cambridge, Mass.

'14, '15. Dorothea Deming recently visited the college during a vacation from her duties as teacher of expression in the Oxford School for Girls, Hartford, Conn.

'15. Amy Gildersleeve is teaching at Glendale College, Glendale, Ohio.

'15. Grace Bigler is acting as assistant in the Department for Speech Defects in the St. Paul public schools.

IF THE PLAYERS APPRECIATE THE INTEREST OF THE FANS, WHY
DON'T THEY ANSWER SUCH QUESTIONS AS—

How old is he?

What is the color of his eyes?

Did she ever dance at the Republican Club ball, held on the 7th day of April, 1909, at 8.15?

Is it true his wife is suing him for divorce and the custody of the dog?

Won't she tell how a girl can become a movie favorite in, say, three months?

Does he play tennis?

Is she married?

Did he leave the stock company at Worcester, Massachusetts, because one of the girls there was eating her heart out on account of him?

Does she make her own dresses, and if so, why?

What kind of hair- tonic does he use for his bald spot?

Does she prefer blond or dark-haired leading men?

Does he sing?

Is it true she is divorced from her husband, who owns a milk route and has four children living with an aunt in Bettendorf, Iowa?

Has she ever been in Mount Sterling, Illinois?

Does she ice-skate, and if so, won't she come from California to Toronto and skate with an admirer there?

Does he wear that peculiar derby hat as the result of a bet?

Has she ever bleached her hair, and if so, what did she use?

Does he know where a friend can get a phonograph, little used, with plenty of up-to-date records, in fine condition, guaranteed for ten years, and very cheap.—*Motion Pictures.*

APRIL

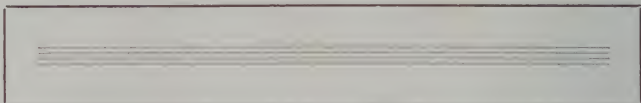


10TH. It is spring. What need to say anything more? I have gone about amid the dawning beauty of it, silent and awed. The mercy of the thing so chastens the spirit, and the beauty of it so tenderly and deeply touches the soul.

All day the sky has been indescribably new and soft, with cool, unhurried clouds about. The shadows have subtly changed, achieving an air of tender mystery. Toward evening the face of the land was beautiful to see, heavenly sweet green with bits of fragile pink water here and there, with shining ripples running, noiseless and swift, to the sunset shores. The sky above it was pale and delicate, like the inside of a shell.

Tonight, out my window, I see the oaks reaching their patient hands eternally upward as if dreaming a star, by some divine chance, might fall into them. Oh, it is so beautiful, sitting here in the soft dark! just the great night-mysterious world out there and myself! Ineffable sounds come in, the crickets saying, "hallowed, hallowed," and the infinitesimal rustle of winds that are sleeping. And the air is so sweet, oh, the very stars are coolly fragrant tonight!





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THE CREATING OF AN ART WORK

BY HAVRAH HUBBARD

The creating of an art work is a process of self *expression*. The understanding of an art work is a process of self *impression*. And you who are preparing for the presenting of art creations must make yourselves masters of both these processes. You must be able to receive the *impression* which the art work you are to interpret can give; you must be able to transform that *impression* made upon the self into such an *expression* of your self that the hearer may in turn be impressed. And to prepare yourself for this receiving and this giving, the great essential is imagination—imagination and mood. Your moods must be so at command that you can bring yourself into touch with the mood of the poem, or the play, which you are to interpret, for only by so doing can you make it your own sufficiently to accomplish the giving forth of its contents to others.

Your work is like telephoning, which is a question of sending and receiving, both of which are indispensable if successful results are obtained. And I often think the receiving is more important than is the sending. For no matter how perfect

THE HUBBARD OPERALOGUES

The Hubbard Operalogues grew out of a series of lectures given by Mr. Hubbard on the Pacific Coast upon the "Development of Song." During the years when as W. L. Hubbard he was acting as Music Editor of the Chicago Tribune, he became impressed with the belief that all that was needed for the American public to appreciate and love the master creations in song and opera was for that public to understand them. He proved so conclusively during his lecture tour that the best of the German Lieder had immediate appeal for the unmusical as well as the musical, the moment they could be understood in text as well as heard in music, that later he determined to try a similar experiment with grand opera. When in 1912 he became associated with the Boston Opera House as Publicity Manager he began a series of what he called Opera Talks. These consisted of informal describing of the operas, partial reciting of the text, and having sung such portions of the music as would appeal. The interest aroused was immediate and unmistakable. Gradually the work was developed, the having of vocal selections as a kind of "extra" to the Talks was abandoned and Mr. Hubbard utilized larger and larger portions of the musical score, having these played by a pianist and he himself reciting and intoning the words to the music. He also elaborated the dramatic side of his work, and now in the Operalogues not only tells of the opera and its origin but virtually presents the opera in its entirety, reciting all the important text in English, enacting all the scenes and characters and having all the important music of the score played by Claude Gotthelf, a concert pianist of exceptional abilities and gifts. The Hubbard Operalogues given by Havrah Hubbard and Claude Gotthelf are not talks *about* grand opera, they are presentations *of* grand opera, vivid, intense, instructive, inspiring and compelling.

We recently had the pleasure of having Mr. Hubbard with us at our Thursday morning hour, and would like to say to all

the alumni scattered throughout the country that if you possibly have a chance to hear him or secure his services, do not fail to do so. He gave us "Hansel and Gretel." We were not only charmingly entertained, but before we knew it we had become subtly infused with a new life of the imagination and spirit.

Mr. Hubbard is now on a tour through the West. If any of the alumni wish to get in touch with him they can do so by writing here to the college.

THE BUTTERFLY

Dr. Mather Byles, Tory preacher and poet of old Boston, drew this quaintly colored sketch of the butterfly:

"It is spangled with Gold and Silver, and has every Gem of the Orient sparkling among its Feathers. Here a brilliant spot, like a clear Diamond, twinkles with an unsullied Flame, and trembles with num'rous Lights, that glitter in a gay Confusion. There a Sapphire casts a milder Gleam, and shows like the blue Expanse of Heaven in a fair Winter Evening. In this place an Emerald, like the calm Ocean, displays its cheerful and vivid Green. And close by a Ruby—flames with the ripened Blush of the Morning. The Breast and Legs, like Ebony, shine with a glorious Darkness; while its expanded wings are edged with the golden Magnificence of the Topaz. Thus the illustrious little creature . . . looks like an animated Composition of Jewels, that blend their promiscuous Beams about him."

HEROD

A TRAGEDY BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS

[This is an arrangement of two scenes from the play of "Herod" by Stephen Phillips. The characters introduced are Herod, king of the Jews, and Mariamne, his queen.

Up to the time of the opening of the play, Augustus Cæsar and Mark Antony have been contending for the control of the Roman Empire. Throughout this struggle Herod has given his aid and support to Mark Antony. When the play opens news comes of the downfall of Antony. At this critical point Herod conceives the daring scheme of going himself to Rome that very night and in person offering to Caesar the aid he has hitherto given to Antony. Before he sets out on his expedition, however, he is urged by his councillors to order put to death Aristobulus, the young brother of the queen. Aristobulus is considered a menace to the throne because he and his sister, Mariamne, are of an old and royal house, while Herod has come to the throne by might of arms. The immediate cause of uneasiness is the fact that there has been a recent rising up of popular feeling in favor of Aristobulus. Herod, knowing that Mariamne is passionately fond of her brother, is loath to yield, fearing the effect of such a deed upon her love for him, the king. He finally does yield under the pressure of arguments and new apprehensions and orders Aristobulus drowned while bathing in a pool near at hand. This order is being carried out during the first scene.

The scene of the action is the great audience hall in the palace of Herod at Jerusalem. Herod and Mariamne are standing together on a gallery in the back of the hall, overlooking the city. He has come to say good-bye to her before his starting to Rome.]

HEROD.

That star is languorous with divine excess!

MAR.

O world of wearied passion, dimly bright!

HEROD.

Now the armed man doth lay his armour by,
And now the husband hasteth to his wife.

MAR.

The brother to the sister maketh home.

HEROD.

Now cometh the old lion from the pool.

MAR.

And the young lion having drunk enough,
How still the time is for this journey wild.
But, Herod, you are going into peril.

HEROD.

The peril hath a glitter for thy sake.

MAR.

I'd not have you stay.
For could you stay you were no more my Herod.
How bright the towered world!

HEROD.

The towered world;
And we, we two will grasp it, we will burst
Out of the East unto the setting sun.

MAR.

Thou art a man.

HEROD.

With thee will be a god;
Now stand we on the hill in red sunrise.

MAR.

Now hand in hand into the morning!

HEROD.

Ever upward and upward—ever hand in hand;
Shall nothing stay thy love, Mariamne, nothing?
Nothing shall stay it—nothing?

MAR.

No—unless—

HEROD.

What—what?

MAR.

I cannot say—but—

HEROD.

Mariamne.

Tell me that nothing—

MAR.

Why speak of what shall never be?
Pull back my head, and look down in my eyes—

Herod, my Herod, such a love as grows
For you within me, it could never die.
Not time, absence, or age ever could touch it. Only—

HEROD.

You start up and you lay both hands
Thus on my shoulder, and your eyes are full.
Close to my heart.

MAR.

No—stand so far from me.

HEROD.

Utter what is behind.

MAR.

Yet you might kill it.
In a night murder it—in a moment;
It is so brave you would not hear a cry.

HEROD.

If I did such murder then—

MAR.

Oh, then—

You'd stoop and lift a dead face up to you,
And pull me out from weeds like one just drowned,
More dead than those who die; and I should move,
Go here and there, and words would fall from me.
But, ah—you'd touch but an embalmed thing.
Do nothing, Herod, that shall hurt my soul.
Listen!

HEROD.

What?

MAR.

Be still; did you not hear it? Nearer now.

HEROD.

What—what?

MAR.

A wailing! And again you start
As once this noontide.

HEROD.

Mariamne, say
That nothing ever shall divide us two.

MAR.

I cannot hear, I am all blind and dumb;
They are bringing what is found toward us, Herod.

HEROD.

This cannot touch us.

MAR.

And they bring it slowly,
They wail not for the old, as these are wailing.
Steps now—

HEROD.

A knocking. Ere they shall come in
Say, Mariamne, nothing shall divide us.

MAR.

Let them come in.

HEROD.

Bring in your burden then.

(Here, the body of Aristobulus is brought in and the queen is so overcome with grief that Herod is forced to leave for Rome with only a slight recognition of his departure from her. During his absence she learns, in spite of his precautions to keep the knowledge from her, both the manner and the cause of Aristobulus' death. Herod meanwhile has forgotten his fears in his triumph at Rome and the second scene opens with his return. He comes into the hall joyous with great news and to the questions from all sides as to what success, he answers:—

HEROD.

O unimagined! I will pour it forth!
Mariamne, I pursued and came on Caesar—
A face young and yet weary.

I came in

Amid the courtiers, and omitted nothing
Of royalty but this my diadem.
Mariamne, do you hear? I did not cringe,
But stood and looked on him as man on man,
As king on king. Then I spoke out—I mourned
Dead Antony with frankness as my friend—

Mariamne, hear you? You shall glow at this—
And unto Caesar proffered the same aid
I gave to Antony. Mariamne,
He looked long on me—then without a word
Gave me his hand, and bade me sit by him,
We sat together—do you listen?—and
He called for wine. 'I drink to my friend Herod
And to his Mariamne.'

MAR.

(Groaning) Ah!

(He falls away from her, then looks at her face. With a gesture he dismisses the Court, who disperse, whispering. Herod and Mariamne are left alone. He moves to embrace her with passion, but she repels him.)

MAR.

I am come

From young Aristobulus that was murdered.

HEROD.

Murdered!

MAR.

Or taken as we take a dog

And strangled in that pool whose reeds I hear

Sighing within my ears until I die.

You like a tiger purred about me; oh!

Your part it was to soothe and hush me while

He gasped beneath their hands—your hands—O yes,

You were not near, 'twas yours to kiss and lie—

But none the less your hands were round his throat,

O liar!

HEROD.

Mariamne!

MAR.

You forest beast!

HEROD.

I'll not endure—

MAR.

Can you deny you slew Aristobulus?

Look in my eyes; speak truth if still 'tis in you.

HEROD.

I'll not deny my part in the boy's death.
'Twas I—I, Herod—who commanded it.
I could not leave him—'twas not for myself
I struck, but for the State—'twas for Judea!
And for the throne—*your* throne,—*your* throne—

MAR.

O glib!

The assassin first, and now the orator!

HEROD.

I'll burn this bitterness away!

MAR.

I am grown

Listless to all concerning you.

HEROD.

(Groaning) Ah—ah!

MAR.

Herod, because I once did love you so—
How long since is it?—And because that love
With time had grown much greater, now I speak.
Even the red misery of my brother's murder,
That extreme pang, is pale beside this loss,
This drying up within me of my soul.
You have stopped my life and ended
My very being in a moment. Here

(Rising slowly)

I stand and look on you who were my husband—

HEROD.

And still in spite of all!

MAR.

No, never more!

HEROD.

When first I wooed, was I
Not blood-stained?

MAR.

Not with blood of his!

HEROD.

O, still
You shall forget him. He is dead, and I
Live still, and glow, and sigh, and burn for you.

MAR.

Almost I am moved to laughter at that passion
Which once could sway and thrill me to the bone.
Terrible when we laugh at what we loved!

HEROD.

You will go from me?

MAR.

No, I'll move about
The palace. You shall have no scorn of me;
My love is dead, but I am still a queen;
Only, I must not be with you alone.

HEROD.

Where's now the boast, the glory, O where now?
What was this triumph but in the telling of it
To you! And what this victory but to pour it
Into your ears! I had imagined all
Meetings but this—this only I foresaw not;
Here I disband my legions. Arise,
And spill the wine of glory on the ground;
I turn my face into the night. And yet
Why am I bowed thus—I that am Herod? Come,
I'll take you in my arms. I'll have your lips.

MAR.

(Repulsing him.) I'll not endure your touch! Your hands
are curved

From that fell throttle. Now stretch out your arms;
What is between us? It is more than air.

(Wildly) I tell you, Herod, that your arm but then
Passed through the dead boy that now stands between us.

HEROD.

One kiss!

MAR.

Never.

HEROD.

One touch!

MAR.

No more!

HEROD.

One word!

MAR.

Farewell!

(By Special Permission of the John Lane Publishing Company of
New York)

What man or woman can bestow their affections as wisdom prompts?—*Fowler*.

What's love anyway but a wicked sort of hypnotism in the way that a mouth slants or a cheek curves, or a lock of hair colors?—*Abbott*.

Isn't it funny how foolish a great happiness makes one?—*Stevenson*.

To the end, spring winds will blow disquietude, passing faces leave a regret behind.—*Stevenson*.

LYRIC INTERPRETATION

JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK

All forms of expression are the symbols of human consciousness, and when produced truly have a tendency to awaken kindred ideas and emotions in the listener or beholder. This is realized in proportion to the susceptibility of the mind addressed. It has been said that the popular mind is not appreciative of high literature and fine music. The reason for this must be found in the way in which coarser vibrations obliterate finer, as the music of the violin may be effaced by habitual response to the blare of a brass band. True culture requires not only the acquisition of knowledge but the development of the capacities of appreciation of the finest things. One of the most vital and entire means of awakening such appreciation is the sincere and dignified rendering of high imaginative literature, especially poetry.

For the worthy interpretation of lyric poetry it is essential to remember what the lyric is as an art-form, and what the elements of expression really stand for. The lyric is the music of emotion and thought blended, and to bring out this music so that it may fulfil its ministry requires the tone, inflection and rhythm of the human voice. Rhythm is the impulse of the spirit; tone is the coloring of the emotion, and inflection is the tune or musical movement of the thought. The sound-values of great lyrics are ever revelations of power and sweetness. Take for example the Ode to the West Wind by Shelley. The tone values seem to suggest, with the rhythmic impulse, the rising and falling of the wind with its sonorous or shrill, then gentle sounds. The Skylark, in Shelley's poem, seems to flit and soar as the combined syllabic, rhythmic and phrase values impel the spoken thought. The Cloud, the third of Shelley's perfect trilogy, is so gentle and graceful in its tone and rhythm that one could scarce by violence impart to it the impetus which the Ode to the West Wind will by its own force produce.

All this is true, in varying degrees and qualities, of other immortal poems. Should we not, then, study the soul-music indicated by the poet, and lend the impulse of our own soul to the invitation offered? Literature has been studied too predominately in an analytical way. The analysis of beauty is never a warrant of appreciation; it requires the awakened experience. Too often do people reduce to matter-of-fact statement the emotional emphasis of the spirit of poetry, or enforce the moral of imaginative vision by oratoric or argumentative manners and crisp precision or dry emphasis of words as mere parts of speech!

Poetry preaches by revelation, and emphasis should be through obedient response to his vision. But tone values of the soul must not be calculated. They must be spontaneous. The heart must listen for the vibration and melody of the true meaning with imagination as judge under the guidance of intelligent appreciation.

One can *find* the qualities of true feeling, though they cannot be calculated. A good rule to follow is:—give the musical tone rhythmic impulse together with the phrase, movement and inflections of the clear thought. The effect of this will always be free from sing-song on the one hand, and from prosiness on the other.

If one's voice be free and well cultured in resonance the soul may be trusted to give as far as the interpreter is able to grasp it and his will quickened to utter it.

Old love letters, shut up in iron boxes in the neighboring offices, might have stirred and fluttered with a moment's recollection of their ancient tenderness as Ruth went lightly by.—*Dickens.*



The Poets



A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, clean forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him;
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
When out of the woods He came.

—*Sidney Lanier*

THOU ART SO LIKE A FLOWER

Thou art so like a flower, so pure and fair and bright
I gaze on thee and yearnings steal o'er me at the sight.
I feel I'd fain be laying my hand upon thy hair,
Praying God always to keep thee as holy, pure and fair.

—*Heine*

AFTER THE JAPANESE

In the wide, wide world of woes and tears,
Let us find a narrow spot to live together
You and I,
 Until the world
Is quite forgot,
 O my sweet—
Moon that shines
 In my little window.

"BELOVED WHEN AT NIGHT"

Beloved, when at night I hear the wind
Beat round our little casement like a sea,
And hooded fancies hardly half divined
Lean from imagined ways to menace me,
I love to think in all the gusty rouse
Of midnight war and battling elm and oak,
How safe we are here in our simple house,
With our latched door and plume of chimney smoke.

But when, sweet summer-wise, we loiter by,
We two, upon the margin of the day,
The idle wind a dream and silence shy
And colors of sunset tranquilize our way,
Then what the rough night could not do is done;
For lo, within the calm the hour has made
I stand between you and the godly sun,
And in our utter peace I grow afraid.

—Zona Gale

IN THE NEW COUNTRY

(A CAMEO)

I want Lucile. I've grubbed on this old section now for months
and lashed the stubborn acres with my steel,
And now, my heart, all human-like, cries out. I want Lucile.
The cabin is quite finished, every crevice mortared and the roof
Is fit for any rain. The stove is set
And all the dishes patient on their shelves;
The bed with its checked coverlet is there
In its own corner, and the chair
I made for her is rocking empty in the breeze,
the nails on which to hang her things are driven,
And the mirror placed at her own height, a little less than mine,
And in the shed the Alderney is tied, and Bess, her mare,
Is coated for the fall. The saddle and its arm
Is waiting, as I am, just for Lucile.
It's strange, isn't it, how strong a man can be
And yet how lonesome he can feel?

But I don't care,—I want Lucile.

—*Richard Wightman*

RENOUNCEMENT

I must not think of thee; and tired, yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight,
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.
Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden, yet bright.
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee, the whole day long,
But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds, I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart!

—*Alice Meynell*

YOUTH AND AGE

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day!

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.

—*Charles Kingsley*

SPRING WINDS

Sighing above,
Rustling below—
Through the woods
The winds go.
Through the brown
Gold doth push,
Misty green
Veils the bush.
Here a turtle,
There a croak,
They are coming—
The spring folk!
—*George MacDonald*

LINES

Oh me! Oh me! what frugal cheer
My love doth feed upon!
A touch, a ray, that is not here—
A shadow that is gone!

A dream of breath that might be near,
An inly echoed tone,
The thought that one may think me dear,
The place where one was known.

The tremor of a banished fear,
And ill that was not done.
Oh me! Oh me! what frugal cheer
My love doth feed upon!

—*George Eliot*

SUNSET AT SEA

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene
Now glancing obliquely o'er the woodland scene:
The glassy ocean, hushed, forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface lovely to behold
Glow in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.

—*William Falconer*

SONG

Thy voice, thy look, thy smile,
They shake my heart;
It's oh, to dwell forevermore
Love, where thou art!

Thy voice, thy look, thy smile.
Life's golden part!
Who would not dwell forevermore,
With shaken heart?

—*Clinton Scollard*

A SPRING MADRIGAL

The tree-tops are writing all over the sky,
An' a heigh ho!
There's a bird now and then flitting faster by,
An' a heigh ho!
The buds are rounder, and some are red
On the places where last year's leaves were dead;
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

There's a change in every bush in the hedge;
An' a heigh ho!
The down has all gone from last year's sedge;
An' a heigh ho!
The nests have blown out of the apple-trees;
The birds that are coming can build where they please;
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

The aged man goes with a firmer gait;
An' a heigh ho!
The young man is counting his hours to wait;
An' a heigh ho!
Mothers are spinning and daughters are gay,
And the sun hurries up with its lengthened day;
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

The signs may be counted till days are done;
An' a heigh ho!
And watchers can listen while waters run;
An' a heigh ho!

Old men in sunshine may skip or tarry,
Young men and maidens can joy and marry;
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

But there's something uncounted, unseen, that comes;
An' a heigh ho!

If you leave it out you can't prove your sums;
An' a heigh ho!

And this is the way you say it, or sing:

"Oh, Spring is the loveliest thing in Spring!"
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

LIVELONG DAY

We'd played all day.

I picked cornflowers that starred the garden blue,
And pansies, many as my hands would hold,
But you had candytuft and mignonette,
And pink sweet peas, and one straight marigold.

We'd sung aloud.

And all at once it was the afternoon,
And we smelled the sweet, wild coolness in the air
And quietly went to the golden field,
My hand in yours, to hear the thrushes there.

We'd watched the sky

Grow paler, and we made our green-leaf crowns
With goldenrod in yours, and I was queen.
The shadows folded in the mountains' arms,
And gently touched us, waiting things unseen.

We'd gone to bed.

The sky had gathered all my flowers blue
And crowned with stars the mountain, and I
dreamed,
Deep, tired joy, you laughed, too, in your sleep,
For flashing fireflies in the dark we gleamed.

CONTENTMENT

Who lives for Love must Sorrow know;
Who lives for Gain must Rest forego;
Who lives for Power must trample Joy;
Who lives for Fame stakes All for Joy;
More blest are they who toil all day
And sleep the sleep of Just Plain Clay.

The love that lasts is a trinity. I love you because you love things I love.—*Hubbard*.

I am afraid of nothing except that we should miss the passing of our lives together.—*Eliot*.

Only lovers laugh. Others grin and bear it; and some there be who bear it and are not able to grin.—*Hubbard*.

I would not believe any evil of him if an angel came to tell it me.—*Eliot*.

The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

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VOL. XXIV

APRIL, 1916

No. 6

WHY Why not write an editorial on Spring? Is not this NOT? Spring worthy of commemoration? I say this Spring advisedly, because we all know that this Spring is more beautiful than any before it.

I was pondering over it quietly to myself the other day, the wonder, the miracle of the thing. How was it all brought about? so quietly, so surely, and without mistake? How much less of a miracle it would be if it came in the guise of one—spectacularly befell us in a night. For nothing out of the course of nature is half so marvelous as the course of nature itself, the inconceivable multiplicity of laws that propels the brightest planet and the fall of a single raindrop off my banister. What a marvelous code it must be that is so complete as to embrace all life and movement and yet needs not move for great or small intent one iota without itself! And we shall never know whether the universe is more wonderful in its immensity or its minuteness.

And the accuracy of it, what a miracle there! Never a blossom misplaced or forgotten! Every atom of matter about us obeying its own particular, still small voice, not just today

but every day and unceasingly! We are beholden to that every minute of our existence, that absolute integrity of nature. We alone amidst all the glorious order of the universe seem to blunder and err. The best of us must walk through the world with much trembling of spirit, for we can never be sure what we may be in the midst of.

Yet surrounded by such a perfection of care shall we not dare trust a little? Do the works of nature themselves consciously know their own blessedness or premeditatedly obey their several laws? Is it not rather by trust and faith that their fulfillment is accomplished? Is not that just where they are wiser than we and succeed where we fail? Faith after all is a great simplifier. Nothing else can bring us safely through life's complexities to a final peace.

How the ages and the world and life itself seem to roll up like a scroll, to dissolve suddenly into a divine simplicity, when we remember this!

EDITORIALS. Editorials are named after the editor. They are the children of his brain. The relations between them, however, are often strained. The editor sometimes has searched long to find his wandering child and after he has found him, regrets it.

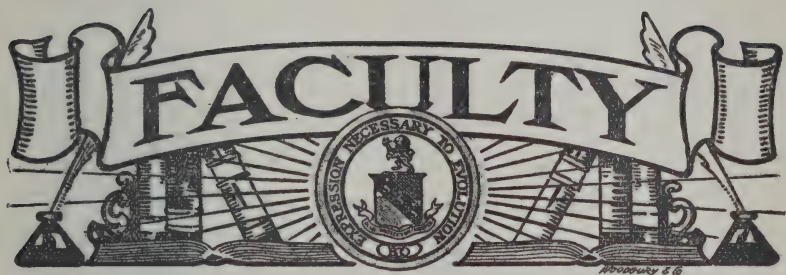
While the "editorials," of course, is the surname, the selecting of a christian name is a problem. The distracted parent walks the floor in pursuit of a title. "What shall be the name of the creation?" This problem never leaves him. When he arises in the morning he washes his face to a sort of tune. "What shall I write on—something familiar—yes, that's one of the rules of writing, always write about something near at hand.. Something near at hand, humph! Let's see, here's soap—yes, that would be original,—soap. Let's see—soap, soap,—it floats,—that implies some circulation at any rate." At night, this question gets to be a sort of lullaby. "What shall I write on? Write on— Stars,—yes, that's dignified enough. If anybody could write on stars because of personal acquaintance, it ought to be an editor—he sees stars often. Yes, stars. No, I wrote on that last time. What shall I"—

Sleep does not bring the expected relief. The soap, to reek vengeance for the meditated indignity upon the fixedness of its habits, takes its stand right in front of the editor's nose and *refuses* to float. And the stars—"well, we'll let that pass—." The editor rises up, stares the spectres in the face and decides to christen the thing, "Editorials."

I have always said Nancy would make a real handsome couple if she could get anybody to couple with.

Platonic friendship is a vegetarian diet of love.

It is a very blessed thing to love some one so much that you feel at home together in any place of deserts or perils or even lordly rooms.—*Gale*.



FACULTY NOTES

We are glad to have President Southwick with us again after a trip west.

Miss McQuesten gave an evening of New England stories and poems at the Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, on March 21st.

Mr. Earl Barnes addressed us recently on "Training the Lower Reflexes." Besides being entertaining and charming, it was most illuminative and helpful.

President Southwick gave his address on "Patrick Henry" Thursday morning, March 23rd. He has given this address in many parts of the country and we were fortunate to hear it. It was both brilliant and inspiring.

CLASSROOM

Skillful prompting is never obvious.—*Mrs. Hicks.*

We must know who the characters are the minute they come on the stage.—*Mr. Tripp in Playwriting.*

It is only the inspiration of the moment that shows us what we can do.—*Mrs. Southwick.*

You cannot teach people unless you have their confidence.—*Mr. Kenney.*

There is nothing so dastardly as trying to take away anybody's religion.—*Miss Sleight.*

Get into your character before you speak your first word.—*Mr. Burnham.*

The eternal justice of the ages won't let anybody go very far wrong who is doing his best.—*Mr. Kenney.*

Real dialect is more a matter of substance than form.—*Mr. Tripp.*

"THE AMBITIOUS FROG"

In old Aesop's fables we read of a frog
Who burst, like a bubble, in air
While trying to show to his friends in the bog
The size of an ox who'd been there;
And the moral was drawn from this homely old tale
That a man should take care what he tries,
And plod on through life on a nice, modest scale,
Since only contentment is wise.

But *my* heart goes out to that cocky young frog
Whose life was so recklessly spent,
Who burst into bits in the midst of his bog
Because on ambition intent;
But though he was highly conceited, I know,
I'm strong for his courage and gall,
For it's better to burst in attempting to grow
Than have no ambition at all!

—*Burton Braley*

You have enough understanding to make it wicked that you should add one more to the women who hinder men's lives from having any nobleness in them.—*Eliot.*



STUDENT



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The sixteenth of March Mrs Southwick inspired us by her talk on the difficulty of life, that of inharmony. She spoke of the adjustments of life that will make it more livable: "The world is not ruled by things but by intentions, and when you make up your mind never to fight for anything but truth and humanity, fighting will be over."

EMERSON COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB

The second play of this year produced by our Dramatic Club was given at the Copley Theatre, March 30th. A large audience was in attendance and the play, which was staged most effectively, was a brilliant success in every sense of the word.

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

By Paul Kester

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Henry VIII, King of England	<i>Astrid W. Nygren</i>
Francis d'Angouleme, Dauphin of France	<i>Ruby Ferguson</i>
Thomas Wolsey, Bishop of Lincoln	<i>Mary Ella Perry</i>
Duke of Buckingham	<i>Margaret Aiken</i>
Duke Longueville, Envoy of France	<i>Alice Sigworth</i>
Charles Brandon	<i>Vera Bradford</i>
Sir Edwin Caskoden, Master of the Dance	<i>Ruth Southwick</i>
Cavendish, Secretary to Wolsey	<i>Helen Bartel</i>
Sir Adam Judson, Cousin of Buckingham	<i>Mary Winn</i>
Will Somers, King Henry's Jester	<i>Edna Fisher</i>
Captain Bradhurst, of the Royal Hind	<i>Ann Minahan</i>
Host of the Bow and String Tavern	<i>Olive Guthrie</i>
First Adventurer	<i>Alice Sigworth</i>
Second Adventurer	<i>Barbara Wellington</i>
Servant	<i>Catherine Green</i>

Katharine, Queen of England	<i>Ina Duval</i>
Mary Tudor, Princess of England	<i>Mildred Southwick</i>
Jane Bolingbroke	<i>Dorothy Hopkins</i>
Mistress Anne Boleyn	<i>Marguerite Seibel</i>
Mistress Jane Seymour	<i>Jessie Smith</i>
French Lady	<i>Charlotte Butler</i>
Pages	<i>Ann Minahan</i>
Lady-in-Waiting	<i>Martha Marie Allen</i>
Court Lady	<i>Helen Carter</i>
Lords	<i>Beatrice Coates</i>
	<i>Faye Goodfellow</i>
	<i>Hazel Manley</i>
Lords and Ladies of the French and English Courts, Pages, Courtiers, Tailors, Guards	

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Near the River Landing in Windsor Park. May-day.

ACT II

Mary's Apartments in Bridwell House, London

ACT III

Great Room of the Bow and String Inn, Bristol

ACT IV

Scene I: Room in the Palais des Tournelles, Paris, France

Two months later

Scene II: King Henry's Ante Chamber, Greenwich

Time: 1513—1514

COMMITTEES

Financial Committee

Nettie Hutchins, *Chairman*

Helen Bartel

Mary Winn

Jessie Smith

*Tickets, Mr. Flanders**Costume Committee*

Alice Sigworth, *Chairman*

Freda Walker

Stage Manager, Burton W. James

SOUTHERN CLUB

We were delightfully complimented last month when the Southern Club of Boston invited us to take charge of the reading numbers for its annual reception and musicale, which this

year was given at the Hotel Tuileries, Friday evening, March 17. The members on the programme were Annabel Reid, Lucille Barrow, Hannah Beard and Marguerite Thompson.

Frederica Magnus is coaching the members of the Betsy Ross Club, Civic Service House, North Boston, in a play.

Josephine Penick acted as judge recently in interscholastic declamation contests at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, and Everett Massachusetts. Miss Penick also read "Peg o' My Heart" for the Women's Club in Millis, Mass., and gave a Riley programme at Hyde Park.

Harriett Stille read at the Dudley Street Baptist Church on the evening of March 29.

Helen Hynes read "Patsy" and Dorothy Matthews read "Anne's Confession" at the House of Good Will, East Boston.

Hannah Beard gave readings in Arlington, Mass., during the month of March.

The Southern Club extends deepest sympathy to Florence Fransioli in her recent bereavement, the loss of her mother.

SENIOR

Annabel Reid and Olive Guthrie gave a recital at the First Christian Church in Roxbury.

Jessie Smith read at the Old North Church Men's Club in Marblehead the past month.

Margaret Aiken has recently read at the Sloyd Training School in Watertown, Brighton and Dorchester.

Olive Guthrie read at Brighton recently.

Mildred Forbes gave a recital at Newburyport, Mass., on March 10th.

JUNIOR

Helen Reed is staging the operetta "The Lost Necklace" for the West Acton Woman's Club, which is to be presented the last of the month. She has also read "The Prince of Court

Painters" and an arrangement from "The Poor Little Rich Girl" at Concord during this month.

Martha Marie Allen spent a recent week-end with friends in Beverly.

The Juniors have added to their treasury during the past month by selling lunches at recess.

Faye Eaton has returned from Livermore Falls after an absence of a few weeks, during which time she coached prize-speaking contests in the High School there.

We are glad to welcome Inez Banghart to our class.

SOPHOMORE

The following are the opening programs of Sophomore recitals:

	MARCH 28, 1916	
I. Bobby Shafto		<i>Homer Greene</i>
	Ruby Walter	
II. Retrospection		<i>Sir Alfred Lyall</i>
	Gertrude M. Swan	
III. Two Bars in the Key of G		<i>Clifton C. Osborn</i>
	Iger Whiting	
IV. The Lickpenny Lover		<i>O. Henry</i>
	Ann East	
V. Ma'moiselle		<i>Florence L. Guerton</i>
	Selina Mace	
VI. Mary Carey		<i>Kate Langley Boshier</i>
	Marguerite Ruggles	
	APRIL 4, 1916	
I. The Legend Beautiful		<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>
	Edith MacCulley	
II. The Story of Patsy		<i>Kate D. Wiggin</i>
	Helen Hynes	
III. By Courier		<i>O. Henry</i>
	Dorothy Mitchell	
IV. A Lover of Music		<i>Henry Van Dyke</i>
	Christine Punnett	
V. If I were King		<i>Justine MacCarthy</i>
	Catherine Green	
VI. The Robe of Peace		<i>O. Henry</i>
	Ethel Caine	

VII. The Selfish Giant

Helen Guild

Oscar Wilde

VIII. Francesca's Love Affair

Elizabeth Darnell

Kate D. Wiggin

Neva Wright read recently at People's Temple, receiving a warm reception.

Marguerite Brodeur has returned to us again after an illness of nearly a month.

A group of readings was presented by Miss Ruby Walter before the Woman's Club of Charlestown a short time ago. Miss Walter also read at the Methodist Church on South Street, in Lynn.

The Sophomore original pantomimes are progressing finely, and goodly audiences are present to witness them. The subjects and arguments of the pantomimes range all the way from the sublime to the ridiculous, not to mention the melodramatic. As an example of the latter the following program is given of a very clever pantomime written by Olive Guthrie:

THE LAST WORD IN MELODRAMA

John Obstreperous, the father

Joseph Gifford

Mary Lugubrious, the mother

Mildred Little

Susan Gullible, the girl

Helen Guild

Hiram Faithful, the lover

Ina Duval

Le Roy Di Abolic, the villain

Olive Guthrie

SCENE I

Colossal Gap

(2000 Miles from Suggestive Plain)

The Wolf Within the Fold

Interest Awakened—Smoothness

The note: "I have gone with him

Forgive me if you can."

SCENE II

A Hopeless Dawn

"Let alone the buttermilk, John—it only maddens you."

The father's aim now is to present his thoughts that he may be clearly understood.

"She is no child of mine," etc.

Forming the Elements

SCENE III

In the Cruel City

The Curse of an Aching Heart.

"Kill me, but spare my child."

Child hurled from window.

Setting Out of Parts

SCENE IV

Christmas Eve—The Return

The child lives. Synthesis.

Parts Related to the Whole

"Don't send her away, John. Tho' the way be long, and stormy the night, she is still your daughter" (or words to that effect).

Retribution

Ruth Pancost gave a charming program before the Girls' Friendly Society of the St. John's Episcopal Church, Roxbury. She read also at Marblehead.

Several of the Sophomores had parts in "When Knighthood was in Flower," presented March 30, by the Dramatic Club.

Izer Whiting and Marguerite Ruggles read recently at the School for Cripple Children on St. Botolph Street.

Two plays which have been coached by Helena Pullen are to be produced at the Wells School, Boston.

A new and enterprising musical organization has been formed in the Sophomore Class. It is a quartet, which is composed of Elvira Rasmussen, soprano; Beatrice Coates, contralto; Joseph Connor, tenor; Joseph Gifford, bass. The members have been giving honest, faithful practice all the year, and two most charming song cycles are under preparation, besides other miscellaneous numbers.

FRESHMAN

Following is the program of the Freshman Class stunt which was presented Thursday, April 6th:

YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN

A Fantasy in One Act

BY BEULAH K. FOLMSBEE

CHARACTERS OF PRESENT DAY

Richard Neville, Guardian of Judith	Joseph Connor
Judith Neville, His Grandniece	Arlene Crocker
Zack, An Old Family Servant	William Byer

CHARACTERS OF DREAM

I. Episode 1850	
Richard Neville	Sarah Lewis
Phillip Neville	Agnes Dissette
William Greyson	Eleanor Case
Betsy Buell	Bertha Kaufman
Sofie Ames	Eleanor Dunlap
Ann Gordon	Ruth Kelly
Mandy	Ruth Hubbs
Old Mose	Jessie Smith
II. Episode 1860	
Richard Neville	Edith MacCully
William Greyson	Joseph Gifford
Zack	William Byer
Betsy Buell	Norma Olson
III. Episode 1862	
William Greyson	Joseph Gifford
Betsy Buell	Norma Olson
IV. Episode 1916	
Richard Neville	Joseph Connor
Spirit of Betsy Buell	Sylvia Folsom

Pleased audiences have greeted the work of several members, lately. Dorothy Crocker read in Belmont, Mass., graciously responding to several encores; Helen Darrow and Florence Cutting appeared in Lowell, and Norma Olson was enthusiastically received in Roslindale. We must not forget the combined efforts of Lola Weed, Frances Russey and Joseph Connor, who recently entertained the members of the "Home Circle Club" in Brookline. Mr. Connor also entertained at the "Men's Club" in Roxbury and met with well-deserved approbation.

William Downs, William Byer and Joseph Edward Connor have been assigned rôles in the pageant "As You Like It," to be presented at the Shakespearean celebration, under the auspices of the Boston Public Schools.

Miss Darrow was Miss Cutting's guest during the spring recess. Miss Eva Cook has been entertaining her sister and brother during their few days' sojourn in this city.

Warning: The "Freshman Dance" is coming soon after Easter. Better ask "him" *now* lest you be guilty of a crime against Preparedness!

SORORITIES

ZETA PHI ETA

Margaret Longstreet read recently for the Dorchester Woman's Club and also at a banquet at the Quincy House.

Dorothy Hopkins read recently for the Revere Woman's Club.

Alice Sigworth is to appear as Cynthia in "Rackety Packety House," the first child production at Frohman Theatre, formerly The Copley.

Mary Ella Perry, Edna Fisher and Ruby Ferguson told stories at the Melrose Library.

Alice White spent three days at the Beta Chapter House at Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill., at the annual convention. On her return trip she stopped over at the Delta Chapter House in Syracuse for a couple of days.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Fern Stevenson read at Beal's Hall for the Canadian Club, Tuesday, the fourth of April.

Stasia Scribner has been visiting at the chapter house this week.

Lois Teal read at Lynn recently.

Grace Thorston entertained Kappa Gamma Chi at a dance at the Medford Boat Club on her birthday, April 1.

May Miller gave readings at Arlington Heights this month.

Beth Beattie has returned to Boston after an extended concert tour.

PHI ALPHA TAU

Albert Lovejoy gave impersonations at the Melrose Highlands Pop Concert April 10th.

Messrs. Hussman, Flanders and Lovejoy were guests of the steward of the interned German liner "Kronprinzessin Cecilie" at the docks in East Boston recently. The liner is one of the largest afloat, carrying 1700 passengers and 680 crew. It has been interned in the harbor since the outbreak of the war.

Messrs. Downes, Byer and Smith will appear in the Shakespearian Pageant at the Arena.

B. W. James assisted in decorations and lighting at Boston University's Shakespearean Festival.

Robert H. Burnham produced "Twelfth Night" for the Winchester High School recently.

E. D. Flanders, Jr., played the court officer in Galsworthy's "Justice" during its stay at the Plymouth.

"Can a man like a woman against his will?"

"Of course he can. That is the very nicest way to be liked."

—*Barrie.*

What does it matter who he is, when you canna help it!—
Barrie.



EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF HARTFORD

The March meeting of the Emerson College Club of Hartford, Connecticut, was held at the home of Miss Janet Chesney on Saturday afternoon, March 4th.

Miss Martha L. Spencer entertained the club with several readings. Among them were stories by Eugene Field and pleasing bits of folk lore. Her appreciation and expression of the spirit of each selection and her simplicity in rendering were a delight.

The Emerson College Club of Hartford, Connecticut, was entertained by the president, Miss Ruth Adams, on Saturday afternoon, April 1st.

Mrs. Joseph Butts gave two Bible readings, the story of Esther and Mordecai and the story of Moses.

ALUMNI NOTES

'98. George Henry Galpin is meeting with most brilliant success in his position as director of public speaking in the public schools of New Haven, Conn. The following extracts are taken from an article of some length in a recent copy of the *New Haven Register*:

That the pupils of the school who are enrolled in the course are deriving a great benefit from it is evidenced by the quality of work which has been done along dramatic, literary and debating lines since the start of the school year last September. Under the direction of Mr. Galpin, rapid advances have been made in the art of correct inter-

pretation, correct pronunciation and articulation, and a healthy result of excellent public speaking has been thereby brought about.

There are about 200 boys and girls enrolled in the course and the great majority of these have reached a point where they can talk clearly, intelligently and forcibly before an audience. Naturalness is one of the principal foundations of the work of the course and the pupils have been taught to be natural in their work despite the size and constitution of their audience.

The Shakespearean Club of the school, under the direction of Mr. Galpin, has produced scenes from "As You Like It," "Julius Caesar," "Henry VIII" and "Merchant of Venice." The work accomplished by the pupils in these plays has called forth high commendation from the members of the faculty of the school and when produced they drew very large audiences. At present the members of the public speaking course are preparing to present the first act of "Richelieu," which will be played in the High School Auditorium on March 14. In connection with this event there will be an illustrative recital by the members of the course.

Although the course is by no means designed for instruction in dramatics, nevertheless the desired results in vocal expression are to a large extent brought about through work in that line. The work in dramatics is subordinated to the practical value-giving work of the course and it has proved very successful.

Very extensive work has been done in the course in the matter of reading standard selections and it has proved to have an effective value. A large amount of time is devoted to reading, a part of the work which the instructor claims cannot be emphasized too much.

In debating, the members of the course have developed rapidly. They are able to talk in a convincing manner on many of the leading topics of the day, and their clear, forceful talking in connection with this branch is thought to be one of the best results of the course. The work of the regular High School debating team is connected with the course, and the favorable impressions made by the local debaters in their visits around the state have been partly due to the system of training in the public speaking course.

One of the unique features of the course is a special afternoon class for Jewish boys. This class has been formed because many boys of foreign birth are handicapped by obstruction in speech. They find it hard to pronounce many of the English words correctly and some of them stammer. Excellent results are being obtained in the special work with these pupils, and many of them talk very clearly after being treated a few times.

The course in general is having a good influence throughout the school, and there is no doubt that it will expand greatly during the next

few years. It is the claim of instructors in the school that never before in the history of the institution have there been so many pupils who could speak in public as clearly and intelligently as at the present time.

It is only necessary to review the work of the present school year to determine that George H. Galpin, the director, is fitted in every way to have charge of the important course. He has developed a number of excellent public speakers and aided many pupils to correct speech, who would otherwise have gone through life handicapped with pronounced speech impediments. Director Galpin's work in coaching dramatics and the debaters has been highly commended on all sides.

'98. Dr. Walter B. Swift presented a paper June 24, 1915, before the American Medical Society in California, entitled "The Voice in Tabes and the Treatment of Vocal Ataxia." On August 3 he read before the American Genetic Society a paper upon "The Possibility of Voice Inheritance," and before the National Association for the Study of the Feeble-Minded one upon "A Study of the Voice in Feeble-Mindedness," and also before the American Association for the Advancement of Science a paper upon "The Management of the Speech Defect Problem in the Public Schools."

'99. In celebration of the tercentenary of the death of William Shakespeare dramatic societies of the Eastern District High School, Brooklyn, N. Y., presented "Midsummer Night's Dream" under the direction of Rachel L. Dithridge. More than one hundred students will take part in the comedy. This play was produced in May, 1911, with such success that it was decided to reproduce it in honor of the tercentenary of its immortal author.

'05-'06. Nellie Parker Spaulding, who has been engaged in moving picture activities in New Rochelle, N. Y., for the past year, recently paid a visit to the college.

'08-'09. May Ross Conwell appears frequently in public recital work in Moscow, Idaho. Mrs. Conwell read scenes from "The Lion and the Mouse" for the Faculty Women's Club of

the University of Idaho on February 1st. On February 22nd she staged a farce given under the auspices of the Guild of St. Mark's Episcopal Church and on March 3rd filled a reading engagement at Lewiston, Idaho.

'11. Margaret McCarthy is this year on the staff of instructors at the University of Wisconsin.

'11-'12. Madeline Randall has written a Peace Masque which she will produce for the Class Day exercises of St. Johnsbury Academy this coming June. March 25 she produced an original dramatization of "Captain January" by ninth grade school children. The following is taken from the *Springfield Reporter*, March 17:

" . . . Miss Madeline Randall of St. Johnsbury, equally charming as a dancer or impersonator, was the entertainer and deepened this occasion the impression she had made at a previous appearance before a Springfield audience. Her choice of readings was made with excellent judgment and proved her to be an unusually gifted story-teller and clever in dialect.

"Her dancing might very well be called the poetry of motion, so rhythmical was it and so light and graceful were all her poses. In 'The Irish Folk Dance' she made a fascinating colleen arrayed in a green gown with green kerchief tied under her chin and wrapped in a scarlet cloak. The enthusiastic audience showed appreciation by repeated encores."

'11-'12. Helen Symonds is teaching in Moulton College, Toronto, Canada.

'12. "An Evening with Tennyson" was given as Senior Recital, March 23rd, by the pupils of Mary V. Edwards, teacher of expression in Atlantic Christian College, Wilson, N. C.

'12. Mr. Reeves, head of the Department of Public Speaking at The Peddie Institute, recently staged "The Merchant of Venice" with a cast composed of the Peddie Faculty. The following is a comment from *The Peddie Chronicle*:

"The three hundredth anniversary of the death of Shakespeare was celebrated at Peddie Institute by the presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" by members of the Faculty. The enthusiasm of the audience testified to the great success of the play. The comment generally heard was that the work of the players resembled that of professional actors who had made a study of Shakespeare's plays.

Mr. Reeves, the Director, is a graduate of Emerson College of Oratory, and is Master of Public Speaking at Peddie. He showed much skill in selecting actors so well suited to their parts, and deserves great credit for the thorough training he gave them. Mr. Reeves took the principal character of the play as Shylock the Jew. Those who have seen the masters of Shakespearean interpretation, Irving and Sothorn, in this most difficult part, agree that only high praise can be given Mr. Reeves for so ably presenting his part. His work was of such unusual excellence that it is hoped that other audiences may be able to hear him in this great part."

The following is taken from the *Hightstown Gazette*:

"Last Friday evening the Hightstown Opera House was filled with delighted spectators of the Faculty's presentation of 'Merchant of Venice.' Everybody was delighted with the work of Mr. Reeves' jolly company of Thespians. Mr. Reeves played a professional Shylock,—and all will grant that Mr. Reeves is far above classification as an amateur."

Mr. Reeves is now in the midst of a pageant which is to be produced Commencement week. It represents the founding of Hightstown and the fiftieth anniversary of Peddie Institute.

'13. Pearl Parsley is teaching, reading and giving plays in Franklin, Courtland, Newsomes and Story, Virginia.

'14-'15. Ethel Beard has charge of the English and Public Speaking Departments of the high school in Goldfield, Iowa.

'14-'15. So far this year the Expression Department of Virginia College of Roanoke, Virginia, under the direction of Ethel Bailey, has staged the following plays: "Land of Heart's Desire," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "The Romancers," "King Rene's Daughter," "Nance Oldfield," "The Woman," "A Set of Turquoise" and "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone." An outdoor performance of "Endymion" is being arranged for the spring.

15. Albert Smith is completing his course at Brown University, where he is also conducting classes.
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SPECIAL NOTICE TO ALUMNI

Pres. Southwick, in order to complete his file of THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, desires the following back numbers: December 1905, February 1906 and March 1906. To anyone who can furnish any or all of these, suitable terms will be offered. Please communicate with the Associate Editor.

Love, real love, is an awful faithfulness that may survive even in the least faithful. It is a divine integrity we sometimes suffer against our will.—*Harris*.

To love and lose is high fate.—*Allen*.

The chief want in life is someone who will make us do the best we can.—*Emerson*.



MAY

1ST. This is the month to listen for bird-songs. Someway I have always been sadly lacking in curiosity to try and see the particular bird that is singing, its color, its size. Always it is just a song-bird among leaves somewhere, and almost startlingly intimate with one's soul.

Today I heard one that I wait for every spring. I do not know its name. I know the Latin Declensions and the Multiplication Table and yet I do not know the name of this little bird! I do know, though, that it coos and cones its song. It does not sing a tune that has been learned, but seems rather to be singing to itself in a sweet meditative way, as if thinking aloud. It gives one note, then listens to it for a long time, then slowly tries another, or maybe two or three. I daresay it is a little gray bird.

10TH. I heard a wood-thrush today at sunset. Its music came out of mysterious depths of cool, young-green leaves and pale, late-gold sunlight, and—but I cannot say it. Its music is one of the things I cannot talk about, it is so unspeakably beautiful. Its note is so rare, so perfect, that, when it sings, all other birds suddenly weary me beside it. Have you never had a memory make some brilliant reality seem all at once shabby and sickeningly tawdry? Today its music was very rich and full—so out of other worlds and far heavens. It is a song of pure ecstasy—and yet, I have not said it.



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EMERSON COLLEGE THE HEART OF THE NEW
EDUCATION IN ORATORY.

JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK.

In the days before the advent of Dr. Emerson's system of psychological development of personal expressive art,—there was too exclusive regard for formal technique on the one hand, and too much rant from uncontrolled emotion on the other. The pedagogy of the subject has never been taught. From the inception of the work along lines of psychology and responsiveness to thought, through reflex action in dominant centers, the growth of the educational meaning of the study of expression has been marked.

Today the Emerson College of Oratory represents in its curriculum the synthesis of personal culture, literary appreciation and philosophic insight. In Physical Culture it seeks to develop response to thought and unity of expression. In Voice Culture it aims to establish free manifestation of natural qualities and dramatic response to concept, as well as technique for the exercise and special understanding of vocal action. Literary Interpretation is studied from the standpoint of imagination and response through motive. The Evo-

lution of Expression is a system of mental discipline for the control and vitalizing of imagination under the tests corresponding to natural characterizations. Dramatic Education at Emerson College means the study of human life: its moving forces, its reaction of character and temper, and its types in personality, stage business and technique are taught thoroughly; but, as in literary interpretation, the basis of dramatic expression is understanding of the ethics and psychology of character. Physical and mental education should go hand in hand. Emerson College stands as a successful realization of that harmony.

Why should all students of Emerson support and advocate their Alma Mater? Because it is the living heart of the whole new influence in education throughout the country. It was and is the Pioneer of the New Psychology, the new realization of educational values in dramatic study and training. President Southwick introduced the production of plays by students, when such methods were rarely thought of. The present scope of the College organization includes the best and completest training in the studies of physical expression, voice development, literature and literary analysis and interpretation, dramatic and theatric training, debate and oratory, both original and in the work of interpreting masterpieces. Ethics, psychology, English and pedagogy; together with history of literature, the drama and oratory; are synthesized into a living incentive for the growth of the individual and his power of appeal to his fellow men. No other institution in this country is so equipped and organized! To maintain this working force with teachers enough to cover all subjects and broaden the experience of the student, demands a financial expenditure infinitely greater than any more exclusive expressional school could possibly require. There are private individuals all over this country who make more personal profit out of a small group of pupils than the entire management of Emerson College draws from its proceeds after the expenses of the College are paid.

Why should not those who draw from this source of power aid in the upbuilding of its resources? Here is a group of

trained and experienced teachers with knowledge and success in all the various fields of public appeal—Oratory, Literary Interpretation, Dramatic Reading, and the stage—any one of whom could start a successful school anywhere in the country, but all working *together* under the inspiration of an ideal education which excels the temptation of mere personal aims. The College does not exploit only one teacher, because there are many. This enterprise has become not a question of personality but of personalities co-operating for human service in education. Its great, invincible motive force cannot be well estimated; could not be matched by separate efforts of private teaching. The products of this educational movement are the lifting of standards everywhere, the sending forth of teachers who outrank any of olden times, the success of educational dramatic productions in schools and elsewhere, the creation of an ever extending influence for the benefit of all those who go out from its walls, and the development of powers and incentives for successful initiative in its graduates everywhere. Besides the notable departments in universities, state normal schools, and colleges throughout the land, many individual representatives of the principles of Emerson College have become distinguished in the lines of aesthetic physical training, dramatic coaching, voice development for expression, public speaking, pedagogy and literary appreciation. Last year, in California, I witnessed the latest results of the development of the philosophy in a unique and significant way. Mrs. Wilda Wilson Church, who a few years ago finished her post-graduate work in Emerson, achieved an original and notable result in the training of children for Poetic Appreciation. After a short school year in practice of bodily thinking and response, with graded steps to bring out successive activities and originality, and with the presentation of the best English poems for appreciation (the first being Shelley's "The Cloud") a poetic playlet was constructed and presented by four children from eight to ten years of age, all of the lines except a stanza of epilogue having been written by the children themselves. This playlet is printed elsewhere in this issue.

Mrs. Florence Fleming Noyes has also done notable original

work in responsive aesthetic dancing, and now conducts a most successful work in studios in New York City.

Miss Katherine Brown of Chicago has made remarkable success in that big center of dramatic workers, having started the first dramatic company connected with a church. The Parish Players attracted the attention of managers, and many received offers of positions. Miss Brown was sought as coach and manager of plays for the entire circuit of the Redpath Chautauqua.

Many instances of workers who have been builders in various communities South and West might be cited, but the outstanding fact is that all may be tributary to the success of their Alma Mater, the Emerson College of Oratory, by awakening wider interest, by sending advanced pupils and beginners who could spend the full time for the full course at Emerson, and by everywhere and at all times advocating the Central Source from which they derived their inspiration and philosophy. This fountain has fed many streams; and its maintenance will promote the growth of all good things in connection with public speaking, reading, acting, literary interpretation and the teaching of educational expression.

ONE DAY.

A PLAYLET IN ONE ACT.

by

Ether Bristol.	Age	9.
Margaret Church.	Age	10.
Phil Van Patten.	Age	9.
Charlie Van Patten.	Age	8.

Cast of Characters.

Queen of the Sun.....	Mrs. W. W. Bristol
Princess of Truth.....	Margaret Church
Princess of Sincerity.....	Esther Bristol
Prince of Courtesy.....	Phil Van Patten
Prince of Generosity.....	Charlie Van Patten
Imp of Rudeness.....	Dolliver Church
Queen of Evening.....	Mrs. Van Patten

Place.	In Nature's Garden Where Children Grow
Time.	In Spring Time When Flowers Blow

SCENE ONE—MORNING.

(Enter Queen of the Sun, followed by Princesses and Princes.)

SUN—

Come hither, come hither, and rise with the sun,
 For there is an abundance of work to be done.
 For lurking in shadows left over by night.
 Are naughty desires and temptations to flight.

ALL—

Pray what's to be done,
 Oh Queen of the Sun?

SUN—

Come hither, come hither, and bring your work thither,
 That joyously and bravely the hours may run.
 Come Princess of Sincerity,
 Clothed in meek simplicity,

You must find the meaning clear, of what to you seems
most sincere.

*(Sincerity makes low courtesy to Queen, and goes to
bring Truth.)*

Hand in hand with you for sooth
You must bring the Princess Truth.
For the Princess of Truth has lies to defeat,
The Prince of Courtesy, bold Rudeness must meet,
And bring him groveling in dust at his feet.
The Prince of Generosity
Sly Selfishness may see.
He must drive the cringing knave
Back into his darksome cave.

(Courtesy makes low bow.)

ALL—

Thy tasks we'll not shun
Oh Queen of the Sun.

(Exit Queen, escorted by Princess.)

TRUTH—

The sunbeams over the mountains peep
Awake me from a night of sleep,
It says, "Little girl come out and play,
I've brought you another beautiful day.
I go out and see the chickens white
And watch the pigeons in their flight,
And find which flowers have come to say,
Little girl, I wish you a happy day."

SINCERITY—

Oh bluebird with your glossy throat,
You make such a pretty note.
And when I look
Over the brook
I see you flying by
Way up in the sky.
And you must stay by little birds in the nest,
And must not fly, north, south, east or west.
And you must feed them one by one,
And let them get in the nice warm sun.

And when you get off the nest
You have to teach the rest to fly
Way up in the sky.
And you and your flock
Will sit on a twig and rock.
And all I can see from the valley below
Is a little blue speck, far away from the snow.

End of Scene One.

SCENE TWO—NOON.

(Enter Prince C. and Princesses T. and S.)

TRUTH—

Prince Courtesy pray
What beauty have you spied today?

COURTESY—

Birdies in the treetop
Oh listen to their song,
To pretty little birdies
Good voices do belong.
Rabbits scampering up and down,
Some of white and some of brown.
Nibbling off the tender clover,
As they hop the country over.
Flowers of red and flowers of gold,
Flowers of blue with their shades untold.
The rain will come in little showers
Upon the meadows full of flowers.
The butterfly flits softly by,
Alighting on the flowers.
He drinks the dew left by the showers,
And takes his rest within the bowers.
(Exit Prince.)

TRUTH—

Pray what have your adventures been today?

SINCERITY—

I sat upon a tree today
In the beautiful month of May
And I watched the brooks run
Glittering and glistening in the nice warm sun.

There was moss on the rocks and fern on the bank
And the breeze fanned the trees,
And the twigs fell and sank.
The frogs were hopping around
And making a very queer sound.
The cows were grazing in the field
And all this to me
Was a beautiful sight to see.
For nature in her simplicity
Reveals the true sincerity.

And what have you done to obey the bright sun?

TRUTH—

In the forest nearby
I espied a cringing lie,
Lying fattening in his lair,
Ready to pounce on a maiden fair.
I turned on him the light of truth
And he fell dying to the earth.

(Enter Rudeness, he jostles against the Princesses.)

SINCERITY—

Take care, bold sir, you trod on my toe.

RUDENESS—

What care I, you best look where you go.

TRUTH—

My good young man, you forgot your bow.

RUDENESS—

What do you take me for, a bow-wow?

(Enter Cour.)

SINCERITY—

Who's this who comes so mannerly?

TRUTH—

It is the Prince of Courtesy.

*(Cour. drives Rude. from the stage, and then makes
low bow to Princesses.)*

*(Enter Prince of generosity, with basket of flowers.
He bows.)*

GENEROSITY—

The Prince of Generosity

Will give this gift to you,
There's mignonette and buttercups,
And forget-me-nots so blue.

SINCERITY—

Dear little blue forget-me-not
Bathed in the morning dew,
It is the light of Juno's eyes
That gives you your bright hue.

GENEROSITY—

(Giving Flower to Truth.)

Dear Princess of Truth
This gift I give you
With bright yellow petals
Shining like dew.

TRUTH—

Gold is the color of truth,
Shining straight down from the sun.
Folding up thy petals
Ere our work is done.
Dost thou love me?
I love thee.
Gold my emblem bright shall be.

(Exit all. End of Scene Two.)

SCENE THREE—EVENING.

(Enter Princess and Princesses.)

COURTESY—

The golden sunset on the mountain,
Shines brightly down upon the fountain.
The moon shines softly down upon the Leas,
Drifting slowly o'er the meadows, lakes and seas.
The twinkling stars that keep their watch
In the solemn darkness of the night.
Are scared away by Phoebus' steeds,
Which bring the warm sunlight.
The ocean with its rolling tides
Diamonds and rich rubies hides.
Stolen from the sunken ships
Which enter the icebergs' icy lips.

SINCERITY—

The moon shines down upon the earth so bright,
It shines all through the silent night,
And makes for all a glorious sight.
Till all the people rejoice and say:
“Look at the beautiful moon tonight,
Shining and making all nature so bright.

GENEROSITY—

Oh, the firelight in the evening,
And the sunlight in the day,
And the birds are flying westward,
So far, so far away.

COURTESY—

Oh when the golden sunset
Sank down behind the cloud,
The darkness crept
As if for theft,
Upon the earth so proud.

TRUTH—

See at day's request
Rosy evening comes, to bless
Our tasks well done
Ere set of sun.
And she the Queen of all the night
Will give us stars so wondrous bright,
That all the world may see our light.
(Enter Queen of Evening.)

QUEEN OF EVENING—

Now my valiant children,
Come to me every one.
For all your work is ended, ere setting of the sun.
Refreshing sleep we give you,
That waking with the light
Strong in your faith and courage
You bravely wage the fight.
Come Truth, for you have won your star,
Who paints things only as they are,
And Sincerity her star has won,

For her tasks so nobly done,
And Courtesy adorns the way,
For Truth and Sincerity.
Generosity, were it not for you,
What would poor shivering mortals do?
To each I give a star of gold,
Worn on your breast,
Which high you hold,
That all the world may plainly see,
Your emblems are:
Sincerity, Truth, Courtesy and Generosity.
Now wear your stars, and may their rays
Shine brightly on the earth always.

THE END.

So easy it is out of our own reflections to create irreparable evils.—*DeStall*.

No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men.—*Emerson*.

You could hardly have seen his face thoroughly meeting yours without believing that human creatures had done nobly in time past.—*Elliott*.

Come but you with a safe conscience, and let people say what they will.—*Cervantes*.

THE LAUGHTER OF PETER PAN.

Before I begin my story there are three things that you must know: that Pan is the God of Music—Peter Pan is the little boy who refused to grow up—and that jonquils are the happiest flowers in the world.

Well, once upon a time oh, ever so many years ago, there was a little boy whose parents called him Peter Pan after the great God Pan. Now Pan was very proud of his name-sake, and of course wanted to give him a present, but what should it be? A ring, or a spoon, or a silver mug wouldn't do at all for they were too common and Peter was not a common baby. So Pan, who could make music out of anything, said that Peter's laugh should be the most musical in all the world. (Those of you who have seen Peter Pan at the theatre know that this is true for every time he laughs, which he does rather often as he likes to hear himself, it is so rippley and bubbly that you have to laugh too.)

When Peter grew a little older his parents said that he must be President when he grew up and this Peter absolutely refused to do. He didn't want to be the President and what was more he didn't ever want to grow up, so he ran away to the Never-Never-Never Land.

The great God Pan really should have sent him home but Pan felt rather sorry for Peter for he knew that it wasn't a bit nice to be grown up and he was afraid that when Peter was President he wouldn't laugh nearly as much, so, because he was proud of Peter's laugh, he let him stay in the Never-Never-Never Land.

Peter was so happy because he didn't have to go home and grow up to be President that he laughed and laughed all day long. Every time Pan heard him he thought what a shame it was that all those laughs should be lost, so he said that every time a laugh finished laughing it should run away and hide itself. And what do you think happens? Wherever a laugh

hides the next spring a beautiful yellow jonquil blooms. Around Peter's house are so many millions of them that they call the street on which he lives "Jonquil Row."

But some of the laughs ran away to our land that we may have jonquils also.

And that is why these flowers are the happiest in the world.

If you don't believe that this is a true story, place a jonquil beside a picture of Peter Pan and you'll find that the blossom looks just like the smile on Peter's face.

—*Lucy Upson.*

My mind has not many mansions nor spacious, and I have been obliged to fill it with such cabinet curiosities as it can stand without aching.—*Lamb.*

Everything was fresh and gay as though the world were but that morning made.—*Dickens.*

A man finds he has been wrong at every preceding stage of his career, only to deduce the astonishing conclusion that he is at last entirely right.—*Emerson.*

There's never any change in a doll, it is always the same everlasting old doll.

Tom Folio had not sense enough to give up an opinion he had once received.—*Addison.*

Who that has heard a strain of music feared lest he should speak extravagantly any more, forever?—*Thoreau.*

Life only avails—not the having lived.—*Emerson.*

A HORSEMAN IN THE SKY.

BY AMBROSE BIERCE.

I.

One sunny afternoon in the autumn of the year 1861 a soldier lay in a clump of laurel by the side of a road in western Virginia. He lay at full length upon his stomach, his feet resting upon his toes, his head upon his left forearm. His extended right hand loosely grasped his rifle. But for the somewhat methodical disposition of his limbs and a slight rhythmic movement of the cartridge-box at the back of his belt he might have been thought to be dead. He was asleep at his post of duty.

The clump of laurel in which the criminal lay was in the angle of a road which, after ascending southward a steep acclivity to that point, turned sharply to the west, running along the summit for perhaps one hundred yards. There it turned southward again and went zigzagging downward through the forest. At the salient of that second angle was a large flat rock, jutting out northward, overlooking the deep valley from which the road ascended. The rock capped a high cliff; a stone dropped from its outer edge would have fallen sheer downward one thousand feet to the tops of the pines. The angle where the soldier lay was on another spur of the same cliff. Had he been awake he would have commanded a view not only of the short arm of the road and the jutting rock, but of the entire profile of the cliff below it. It might well have made him giddy to look.

The country was wooded everywhere except at the bottom of the valley to the northward, where there was a small natural meadow, through which flowed a stream scarcely visible from the valley's rim. This open ground looked hardly larger than an ordinary door-yard, but was really several acres in extent. Its green was more vivid than that of the enclosing forest. Away beyond it arose a line of giant cliffs similar to those upon

which we are supposed to stand in our survey of the savage scene, and through which the road had somehow made its climb to the summit. The configuration of the valley, indeed, was such that from this point of observation it seemed entirely shut in, and one could but have wondered how the road which found a way out of it had found a way into it, and whence came and whither went the waters of the stream that parted the meadow more than a thousand feet below.

No country is so wild and difficult but men will make it a theater of war. Concealed in the forest at the bottom of that military rat-trap, in which half a hundred men in possession of the exits might have starved an army to submission, lay five regiments of Federal infantry. They had marched all the previous day and night and were resting. At nightfall they would take to the road again, climb to the place where their unfaithful sentinel now slept, and, descending the other slope of the ridge, fall upon a camp of the enemy at about midnight. Their hope was to surprise it, for the road led to the rear of it. In case of failure, their position would be perilous in the extreme, and fail they surely would should accident or vigilance appraise the enemy of the movement.

II.

The sleeping sentinel in the clump of laurel was a young Virginian named Carter Druse. He was the son of wealthy parents, an only child, and had known such ease and cultivation and high living as wealth and taste were able to command in the mountain country of western Virginia. His home was but a few miles from where he now lay. One morning he had risen from the breakfast-table and said, quietly but gravely: "Father, a Union regiment has arrived at Grafton. I am going to join it."

The father lifted his leonine head, looked at the son a moment in silence, and replied: "Well, go sir, and, whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty. Virginia, to which you are a traitor, must go on without you. Should we both live to the end of the war, we will speak further of the

matter. Your mother, as the physician has informed you, is in a most critical condition. At the best she cannot be with us longer than a few weeks, but that time is precious. It would be better not to disturb her."

So Carter Druse, bowing reverently to his father, who returned the salute with a stately courtesy that masked a breaking heart, left the home of his childhood to go soldiering. By conscience and courage, by deeds of devotion and daring, he soon commended himself to his fellows and his officers; and it was to these qualities and to some knowledge of the country that he owed his selection for the present perilous duty at the extreme outpost. Nevertheless, fatigue had been stronger than resolution and he had fallen asleep. What good or bad angel came in a dream to rouse him from his state of crime, who shall say? Without a movement, without a sound, in profound silence and the languor of the late afternoon, some invisible messenger of fate touched with unsealing finger the eyes of his consciousness—whispered into the ear of his spirit the mysterious awakening word which no human lips ever have spoken, no human memory has ever recalled. He quietly raised his forehead from his arm and looked between the masking stems of the laurels, instinctively closing his right hand about the stock of his rifle.

His first feeling was a keen artistic delight. On a colossal pedestal—the cliff—motionless at the extreme edge of the capping rock and sharply outlined against the sky, was an equestrian of impressive dignity. The figure of a man sat the figure of a horse, straight and soldierly, but with the repose of a Grecian god carved in the marble which limits the suggestion of activity. The gray costume harmonized with its aerial background; the metal of accoutrement and caparison was softened and subdued by the shadow; the animal's skin had no points of high light. A carbine strikingly foreshortened lay across the pommel of the saddle, kept in place by the right hand grasping it at the "grip"; the left hand, holding the bridle rein, was invisible. In silhouette against the sky the profile of the horse was cut with the sharpness of a cameo; it looked across the heights of air to the confronting cliffs beyond. The face

of the rider, turned slightly away, showed only an outline of temple and beard; he was looking downward to the bottom of the valley. Magnified by its lift against the sky and by the soldier's testifying sense of the formidableness of a near enemy, the group appeared of heroic, almost colossal, size.

For an instant Druse had a strange, half defined feeling that he had slept to the end of the war and was looking upon a noble work of art reared upon that eminence to commemorate the deeds of an heroic past of which he had been an inglorious part. The feeling was dispelled by a slight movement of the group; the horse, without moving its feet, had drawn its body slightly backward from the verge; the man remaining immobile as before. Broad awake and keenly alive to the significance of the situation, Druse now brought the butt of his rifle against his cheek by cautiously pushing the barrel forward through the bushes, cocked the piece, and glancing through the sights covered a vital spot of the horseman's breast. A touch upon the trigger and all would have been well with Carter Druse. At that instant the horseman turned his head and looked in the direction of his concealed foeman—seemed to look into his very face, into his eyes, into his brave, compassionate heart.

Is it then so terrible to kill an enemy in war—an enemy who has surprised a secret vital to the safety of one's self and comrades—an enemy more formidable for his knowledge than all his army for its numbers? Carter Druse grew pale; he shook in every limb, turned faint, and saw the statuesque group before him as black figures, rising, falling, moving unsteadily in arcs of circles in a fiery sky. His hand fell away from his weapon, his head slowly dropped until his face rested in the leaves in which he lay. This courageous gentleman and hardy soldier was near swooning from intensity of emotion.

It was not for long; in another moment his face was raised from earth, his hands resumed their places on the rifle, his forefinger sought the trigger; mind, heart, and eyes were clear, conscience and reason sound. He could not hope to capture that enemy; to alarm him would but send him dashing to his camp with his fatal news. The duty of the soldier was plain: the man must be shot dead from ambush. Without warning,

without a moment's spiritual preparation, with never so much as an unspoken prayer, he must be sent to his account. But no—there is a hope; he may have discovered nothing—perhaps he is but admiring the sublimity of the landscape. If permitted he may turn and ride carelessly away in the direction whence he came. Surely it would be possible to judge at the instant of his withdrawing whether he knows. It may well be that the fixity of his attention—Druse turned his head and looked through the deeps of air downward, as from the surface to the bottom of a translucent sea. He saw creeping across the green meadow a sinuous line of figures of men and horses. Some foolish commander was permitting the soldiers of his escort to water their beasts in the open, in plain view from a dozen summits.

Druse withdrew his eyes from the valley and fixed them again upon the group of man and horse in the sky and again it was through the sights of his rifle. But this time his aim was at the horse. In his memory as if there were a divine mandate rang the words of his father at their parting: "Whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty." He was calm now. His teeth were firmly but not rigidly closed; his nerves were as tranquil as a sleeping babe's—not a tremor affected any muscle of his body; his breathing, until suspended in the act of taking aim, was regular and slow. Duty had conquered; the spirit had said to the body: "Peace, be still." He fired.

III.

An officer of the Federal force, who in a spirit of adventure or in quest of knowledge had left the hidden bivouac in the valley, and with aimless feet had made his way to the lower edge of a small open space near the foot of the cliff, was considering what he had to gain by pushing his exploration further. At a distance of a quarter-mile before him, but apparently at a stone's throw, rose from its fringe of pines the gigantic face of rock, towering to so great a height above him that it made him giddy to look up to where its edge cut a sharp, rugged line against the sky. It presented a clean, vertical profile against a

background of blue sky to a point half the way down, and of distant hills hardly less blue, thence to the tops of the trees at its base. Lifting his eyes to the dizzy altitude of its summit the officer saw an astonishing sight—a man on horseback riding down into the valley through the air.

Straight upright sat the rider, in military fashion, with a firm seat in the saddle, a strong clutch upon the rein to hold his charger from too impetuous a plunge. From his bare head his long hair streamed upward, waving like a plume. His hands were concealed in the cloud of the horse's lifted mane. The animal's body was as level as if every hoof-stroke were those of a wild gallop, but even as the officer looked they ceased, with all the legs thrown sharply forward as in the act of alighting from a leap. But this was a flight!

Filled with amazement and terror by this apparition of a horseman in the sky—half believing himself the chosen scribe of some new Apocalypse, the officer was overcome by the intensity of his emotions; his legs failed him and he fell. Almost at the same instant he heard a crashing sound in the trees—a sound that died without an echo—and all was still.

The officer rose to his feet, trembling. The familiar sensation of an abraded shin recalled his dazed faculties. Pulling himself together he ran rapidly obliquely away from the cliff to a point distant from its foot; thereabout he expected to find his man; and thereabout he naturally failed. In the fleeting instant of his vision his imagination had been so wrought upon by the apparent grace and ease and intention of the marvelous performance that it did not occur to him that the line of march of aerial cavalry is directly downward, and that he could find the objects of his search at the very foot of the cliff. A half hour later, he returned to camp.

The officer was a wise man; he knew better than to tell an incredible truth. He said nothing of what he had seen. But when the commander asked him whether in his scouting he had learned anything of advantage to the expedition he answered:

"Yes, sir; there is no road leading down into the valley from the southward."

The commander, knowing better, smiled.

IV.

After firing his shot, Private Carter Druse reloaded his rifle and resumed his watch. Ten minutes had hardly passed when a Federal sergeant crept cautiously to him on hands and knees. Druse neither turned his head nor looked at him, but lay without motion or sign of recognition.

"Did you fire?" the sergeant whispered.

"Yes."

"At what?"

"A horse. It was standing on yonder rock—pretty far out. You can see it is no longer there. It went over the cliff."

The man's face was white, but he showed no other sign of emotion. Having answered, he turned away his eyes and said no more. The sergeant did not understand.

"See here, Druse," he said, after a moment's silence, "It's no use making a mystery. I order you to report. Was there anybody on the horse?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"My father."

The sergeant rose to his feet and walked away. "Good God!" he said.



The Poets



WIND-LITANY.

In this world I shall not find
Any comforter like Wind,
Any friend to so endure,
Any love so strong, so sure.
I was born when Wind with Star
Linked its magic, and from far
Whispered out my destiny—
And the winds have bothered me.

Strong young hill-winds roistering
Up the steep with me and Spring,
Wild wet thrilling ocean-gales
Flinging out my swelling sails,
Or the little dawning-airs
Rising pure as baby-prayers—
These have loved me since my birth
On the wind-swept swinging earth.

Rose-perfumed night-air that slips
Like a kiss across my lips,
Smoke-tanged wood-breath—they can sweep
All old childhood from its sleep
Underneath thick-fallen days
Heaped and dun across my ways;
For until the end shall be,
Scent o' wind is Memory.

I remember when befell
Heartbreak fierce, intolerable,

And no voice or touch but bound
 Deeper torment on the wound:
 Yet a little wind could rise
 Stroking cheek and tear-wet eyes,
 Breathing, "Hush! All pain shall pass!
 Still are winds, and skies, and grass!"

God, when all of earth shall lie
 Stripped and new beneath Thine eye,
 And Thy gold stars fall unstrung,
 And Thy curtain-sky down-flung,
 And Thy seas are lifted up
 Whole from out their empty cup,
 Grant me still, in Heaven's place
 Sweet swift winds across my face!

—*Margaret Widdemer*

HEROISM.

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
 Space for one task the scant years lend—
 To choose some path that leads to God,
 And keep it to the end.

—*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

THE COMFORT OF THE STARS.

When I am overmatched by petty cares
 And things of earth loom large, and look to be
 Of moment, how it soothes and comforts me
 To step into the night and feel the airs

Of heaven fan my cheek; and, best of all,
 Gaze up into those all-uncharted seas
 Where swim the stately planets: such as these
 Make mortal fret seem light and temporal.

I muse on what of Life may stir among
 Those spaces knowing naught of metes nor bars;
 Undreamed-of dramas played in outmost stars,
 And lyrics by archangels grandly sung.

I grow familiar with the solar runes
And comprehend of worlds the mystic birth:
Ringed Saturn, Mars, whose fashion apes the earth,
And Jupiter, the giant, with his moons.

Then, dizzy with the unspeakable sights above,
Rebuked by Vast on Vast, my puny heart
Is greatened for its transitory part,
My trouble merged in wonder and in love.

—*Richard Burton.*

THE BURNING HEART.

I, whom the fires of life each day
Do heat to pallor—I, who sway
Forever in the breath of strife,
Not master, but the slave of life,

A burning heart I bear!
Yet death will full extinction give,
Or kindly age a bound will set;
So, if I live, I shall outlive;
And if I die, I shall forget—

I shall not always care!

Not then, as now, at Anger's shock
This burning heart its wall shall knock;
Nor shall its hopes, o'erdarkened soon,
Amidst a crucifixion noon,

Waste into moaning air!
I, Passion's compassed fugitive,
Shall find relief or refuge yet;
For, if I live, I shall outlive;
And if I die I shall forget—

I shall not always care!

—*Edith M. Thomas.*



PRESIDENT SOUTHWICK'S FAREWELL.

It has never been my custom to make an address to the class that is going away. I doubt if I could do so on the last day. You know what I would say from what I have said to you during the years of your life at Emerson. You have dreamed dreams. I would say to you, keep your dreams. If you have no big dreams you will never have big realities.

Again, I have always urged you in your studies and in your thinking to try to live with the permanent things. Every current subject is rooted somewhere in permanent reality. Truth is permanent; the needs of humanity are permanent; every subject you touch, however casual, is related to the eternal realities; and if you see and treat it in this relation your own nature will become steeped in permanence.

I have urged that the chief place in your thinking should be given to those simple realities without which talent is unavailing, opportunity unfruitful—the strong body, the clear mind, industrious habits, adequate regard for the rights and needs of one's fellows, the will to encourage and to give happiness, the spirit that is steadfast. With these you need dread no failure here nor disappointment to come.

The love of the Alma Mater is with you and will abide with you as you tread the long path. Her faith is in you—that you will be kind, that you will be faithful to man and true to God, that your life will be a fragrance in the path.

STUDENT'S REST ROOM.

Among the many good things done for the College by the various school organizations, none has been more appreciated by the students than the Rest Room provided by the Kappa Gamma Chi Sorority during the past two school years. This year, at last, a fine, well appointed room in close proximity to the class rooms has been hired and placed at the disposal of all. Here were couches, easy chairs, and the latest magazines, where students might gather for conversation or study, or retire from the rush of class work for "the quiet hour."

The room has been so universally and continuously used that every student feels a sense of gratitude to the thoughtfulness and generosity of the "Kappas" in providing this haven of refuge. It is by such good works that the societies justify their existence in the College and prove that they have larger considerations beyond their own membership.

THE DAYS OF QUEEN BESS.

QUEEN BESS.

To the Faculty of Emerson College

as the Court of Queen Elizabeth, and to the great Student Body representing the leading characters in twenty-five of Shakespeare's plays in the brilliant and successful Pageant celebrated by them at Jordan Hall on Saturday, April 22nd, 1916.

The persons referred to in the following lines, aside from Queen Elizabeth, are her two great Courtiers, Shakespeare and Raleigh. The latter is utilized as furnishing the connecting link between the Court of Elizabeth and our America. It is also suggested that in spirit, at least, we are the real Elizabethans; as it was the followers of the great Sea Lords of Elizabeth's day who laid the foundations of most of our Colonies.

1.

Breath to our trumpets, flags to the breeze,
Spirits of air,
Voices of ocean, winds of the seas
Chorusing fair,

Hail to the men whose flag we have flown
Borne at our peak from zone unto zone,
Where'er the night with its sables and gray
Hid the lost world from the light of our day,
Plowing the seas to its farthest recess,
Days of Queen Bess!

2.

Hail to that flag whose men were our own,
Sons of our sires,
Language and mood by the elements grown
Altars and fires;
Where'er we speed through the silence alone,
Fires of the tropics or ices unknown,
A breath of the past, and they kindle with pride
Story nor age nor seas can divide;
Story of comradeship doubt cannot guess,
Days of Queen Bess!

3.

Here's to the Sea which sunders her Isles!
Hearty my men!
Hail to the sky which over them smiles!
Britain again!
And hail to the demons which lurk in her waves,
Lure of each heart who the hurricane braves,
Joy of the fray as they rise on the blast,
Only too soon will the conflict be past.
Close with them now ere the moments may slip.
Nothing so sure as the cup and the lip.
Hearty! again! as they flee from the shore
Swept from the face of the deep as before.
Here's to the brood of our enemies best,
Long may they thrive for renewing our zest!
Perish the soul who would see them grow less,
Why should we shorten the days of Queen Bess?
Queen Bess!

4.

Clouds of Armada darkening the air,
Albion's bale!
"Chains to Old England, her sons to despair,
"What shall avail?
"But who are the men who are blocking our way,
"Skimming the waves from night unto day?"
They are the darlings of time and of tide,
Courting the angel of death as a bride,
Breasting the storm they weather all stress.
Days of Queen Bess!

5.

Back from Armada! Ho for the west!
Victory's prize!
Manning our ships with our bravest and best,
Beckoning skies,
Faraway lines in the clouds as they fare
Point to deep harbors and shores that are there;
Lure of the sea and a home on the land
Ruling the earth as we now do the strand,
Even though sorrow and failure oppress,
Days of Queen Bess!

6.

Home from his voyages, wrecked on the seas!
Islands so fair!
Telling our Bard in his moments of ease
Tales of the air,
Tales of the tempest, Prospero's wand,
All that befel in that far-distant land;
Land whose immortal and measureless shore
Shines 'neath a sun that shall set nevermore,
Glow of a spirit creative in might
Winging the wrack of the worlds in his flight
Whirling away with the orbs into space,
Crowning Miranda with Ariel's grace;
Heaping all gifts of the spirit of man

On the lone isle of the mortal who can,
Type of our voyagers, goal of our quest,
Prospero, banished, we hail as our guest,
Hardy frontiersman, hope of the State
Ruling the forces of nature and fate;
Magical Lord of the storm and the wave,
Wresting the scepter from death and the grave,
Banishment never can darken thy soul!
Greater the worlds of thy spirit's control:
Cities arise where before there were none,
Multitudes people a world yet unwon,
Glory and honor and fame shall be thine,
Myriad hands shall thy laurels entwine;
Trembling they float in the sun's setting glow
Isles of the west that with magic o'erflow,
Isles which our dramatist rises to bless,
Adding a Tempest to days of Queen Bess!
Queen Bess!

7.

Rescued again from the wrath of the seas,
Mainland at last!
Flag of Old England unfurled to the breeze,
Continents vast,
Continents too of the ties of the heart
Bonds which nor oceans nor quarrels can part.
Here's to the men who gave us our best,
Here's to the shore which ended their quest,
Shore of the new world named for Queen Bess,
Virgin Queen Bess—Virginia.

—Dr. W. G. Ward.

Commencement

PROGRAMME FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK, 1916.

Sunday, May 7

10.30 a.m. Baccalaureate Service,
Union Congregational Church

Tuesday, May 9

2.00 p.m. Recital Huntington Chambers Hall
8.00 p.m. Physical Culture Exhibition and Debate
Huntington Chambers Hall

Wednesday, May 10

8.00 p.m. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Jordan Hall

Thursday, May 11

2.00 p.m. Recital Huntington Chambers Hall
6.00 p.m. Annual Alumni Meeting and Banquet
Hotel Vendome

Friday, May 12

9.30 a.m. Commencement Exercises
Huntington Chambers Hall
11.30 a.m. Faculty Reception

The baccalaureate sermon was delivered by our chaplain, Rev. Ernest Graham Guthrie, the text taken from the Book of Acts, Chapter eight, verses thirty and thirty-one. Like all Mr. Guthrie's sermons, it was lofty and inspiring and particularly appropriate to our graduates. It was entitled, "The Great Interpreter of Life."

GRADUATE SENIOR RECITAL

TUESDAY, MAY 9

I. A Story *Original*
Byrdie P. Townley

- II. "The Importance of Being Earnest . . . Oscar Wilde
Olive E. Guthrie
- III. "The Sunken Bell" Act I Gerhart Hauptmann
Helen Schroeder
- IV. "Rosalind" J. M. Barrie
Marguerite Seibel
- V. "Pygmalion" Act V G. Bernard Shaw
Vera Bradford
- VI. "War Brides" Marion C. Wentworth
Ruby Page Ferguson

DEBATE.

RESOLVED: That the United States should adopt the Swiss
System of Military Training.

*Affirmative**Negative*

Margarette Josephine Penick Nellie Marrinan
Mary Anastasia Winn Jessie Goldthwaite Smith

Presiding Officer

C. Jean MacDonald

Timekeeper

Florence Fransioli

AESTHETIC PHYSICAL CULTURE.

(a) Emerson Exercises

(b) Green Dance

C. Evelyn Benjamin	Edna M. Fisher
Vera Bradford	C. Jean MacDonald
Charlotte Butler	Margarette J. Penick
Ara Marie Dishman	Jessie G. Smith
Ruby P. Ferguson	Byrdie P. Townley

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Dramatis Personae

Theseus, Duke of Athens	Clara Jean MacDonald
Egeus, father to Hermia	Lois Leota Teal

Lysander, betrothed to Hermia	May Mitchell Miller
Demetrius, once suitor to Helena, now in love with Hermia	Margaret Agnes Aiken
Philostrate, master of the revels to Theseus,	Bernice Mildred Durgin
Quince, a carpenter	Mary Anastasia Winn
Bottom, a weaver	Ruth Amelia Wood
Flute, a bellows-mender	Georgette Helen Jetté
Snout, a tinker	Florence Fransioli
Snug, a joiner	Louise Cooke Vann
Starveling, a tailor	Mary Ella Perry
Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus	Ruth White
Hermia, daughter to Egeus, betrothed to Lysander	Charlotte Wentz Butler
Helena, in love with Demetrius	Alice Frances White
Oberon, king of the fairies	Ara Marie Dishman
Titania, queen of the fairies	C. Evelyn Benjamin
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow	Jessie MacAloney
Peaseblossom	Olive Elizabeth Guthrie
Cobweb	Edna Miller Fisher
Moth	Margaret L. Longstreet
Mustardseed	Alice Sigworth
Soldiers	Misses Hubbs, Nygren, Paddock, Vail
Amazons	Misses Barrow and Manley
Fairies	Misses Brodeur, Caine, Carter, Green, Mase, Macomber, Pullen, Punnett, Schroeder and Wellington
Scene: Athens and a wood near it	

SYNOPSIS

Overture	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
Act I, Scene 1. The palace of Theseus	
Scene 2. Quince's house	
Scherzo	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
Act II. The wood	
Act III. The wood	

Act IV. The wood

Nocturne

Mendelssohn

The Wedding March

Mendelssohn

Act V. The palace of Theseus

GRADUATE-SENIOR RECITAL.

Thursday, May 11

1. A Story *Original*
Mary Ella Perry
2. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" . . . *Frances Hodgson Burnett*
Edna Miller Fisher
3. "Peg o' My Heart" *Hartley Manners*
Margarette Josephine Penick
4. "The Rajput Nurse" *Sir Edwin Arnold*
Annie Belle Reid
5. "If I Were King" *Justin McCarthy*
M. Lucile Barrow
6. "Quality Street" *J. M. Barrie*
Alice Sigworth
7. "L'Aiglon." Act III *Rostand*
Ruth Southwick

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

Prayer Rev. Ernest Graham Guthrie
 Address Marshall L. Perrin, Ph.D.
 Presentation of Diplomas

President Henry Lawrence Southwick

Class Song

Words by Ruth White. Music by Lucile Barrow

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS.

Dr. Marshall L. Perrin of Boston University gave a most helpful address to the graduating class. His subject was "Personality."

Dr. Perrin said that personality is that group of traits and characteristics which we have in this incarnation. Man seems to be, and is, held responsible for his personality. He can make note of his traits and control them. There is the deeper root of personality which is within and the flower and branch which is the outward manifestation. The part within has to do with our becoming; that without is the manifestation in action and manner.

It is our duty to God to become, it is our duty to humanity to manifest ourselves in a way to help others to become also; and we should all act beneficently.

Character is within; the outward manners are the graces. The graces with which we manifest the divine soul within have much to do with our influence in making others to grow as they should. The child should not be burdened with many "don'ts." The adult should have no "must." "I must have" should give place to the calm force of the inner soul—manifested in outer grace and careless, or trustful, about the results.

If the young would be beautiful and great in old age, they must begin at once to form habits of right action and the control of the will over all outward manifestation, that it may be noble and ever significant of truth and the ideal of the life.

Those who have power and ability in speaking or entertainment should remember the greatness of their responsibilities; that they give out only that which can nourish and ennoble life. Life is the within, the soul. We should not say we "have a soul"—but that *we are the soul*, and we *have a body* with all its outward traits and expressions, which the soul should guide and master.

To ennoble life, to make great things appreciated by the world and to reveal more and more of the growing soul of life—this to do?

Many more inspiring demonstrations of the beauty of heroic soul life were given! And the students of Emerson College will go forth with the uplift of high motive from the splendid incentive of Dr. Perrin's address.

GRADUATION CLASS.

Margaret Agnes Aiken	May Mitchell Miller
Mary Lucile Barrow	Sadie A. O'Connell
C. Evelyn Benjamin	Margarette Josephine Penick
Vera Bradford	Mary Ella Perry
Charlotte Wentz Butler	Annie Belle Reid
Ara Marie Dishman	Helen Rhoda Schroeder
Bernice Mildred Durgin	Marguerite Townsend Seibel
Ruby Page Ferguson	Alice Sigworth
Edna Miller Fisher	Jessie Goldthwaite Smith
Edwin Daniel Flanders, Jr.	Ruth Southwick
Florence Mary Fransioli	Lois Leota Teal
Olive Elizabeth Guthrie	Byrdie Pearl Townley
Georgette Helen Jette	Louise Cooke Vann
Albert Russell Lovejoy	Alice Frances White
Jessie MacAloney	Ruth White
Clara Jean MacDonald	Mary A. Winn
Nelly Marrinan	Ruth Amelia Wood

The number of students to receive diplomas from Emerson College of Oratory this spring is smaller than during the past few seasons because the institution is in the process of transition from a three-year to a four-year course. The College has enlarged the scope of its work, adding one year, and now presents a four years' college course in lieu of the previous three years' training. It is this that accounts for the smaller number of graduates this spring, as the bestowal of diplomas on one class, because of this transition, is necessarily deferred for a year.

The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

EDITORIAL STAFF

MARY ELLA PERRY	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
NETTIE M. HUTCHINS	<i>Associate Editor</i>
BURTON W. JAMES	<i>Business Manager</i>

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No. 7

EXIT. This is an editorial for graduates. No one else is in the proper frame of mind or feeling to appreciate or understand the emotions thereof.

Being one of these same graduates, I find myself, even now, trying to be gay about it and almost slipping into frivolity of speech. But I do not feel gay about it—none of us can. Thinking of it the other day—that is, the fact that I would have to really and truly leave for good and all—I became first panicky, and then filled with a sort of dull despair about it. What was the use, I asked myself, of coming here to Emerson and growing enthusiastic about the work, and loving the people, every last one of them, and even achieving an attachment for the elevator, and then, presto! having to pack it all away, fold it up like so much scenery and quietly go away. It seemed, just then, a terrible waste of enthusiasm and affection and time. And it is not pleasant to think that any of the real sincere things of the spirit are a waste.

In the midst of this Slough of Despond, I happened to remember something Stevenson said once, "Ye know not your own blessedness, for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive." I had thought of that often before, but one phrase

in it seemed to stand out just then very particularly. "To travel"—so, that was it, was it? Always life was to be traveling. It was not a passing show we were to sit and gaze at, it was something we were to travel through and see things as we passed them, not as they passed us. The great thing was to travel—to keep the soul marching.

So, the meaning of life is not to be peace in the sense of resting. We can never fold our hands and say, "Now!" "Here!" We have no sooner said than something jerks us up and sends us headlong down the stream again. No. Life is to mean struggle. That is trite, but its meaning is very new at times. Traveling is not always a pleasure!

And we are not only to travel, but we are to travel "hopefully." We are, as far as possible, to motivate our own existence, we are not always to have it wrung out of us by circumstances. When things are bad, we must believe they will be better—when we are sad, we must hope we shall be happy again very soon. And, by the way, is not hope the choicest possession of man? It is his redemption. And it is a beautiful thing how the heart of man will not have the universe wrong. He cannot believe the scheme of things unjust for long at a time and remain sane.

I know of nothing that enables us to "travel hopefully" so well as dreams. In the degree that reality becomes sordid and cruel and desperately insufficient, in just that proportion can we make our dreams and ideals the more beautiful, and thus bridge over the darkness until such time as happiness returns to us again. Do not be afraid to dream—build heavens of beauty and dare your soul to laugh at them! "Travel hopefully." And hope gloriously!



STUDENT



SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.

In the days of tercentenary celebration of the Poet's death, Emerson College joined in by a brilliant and beautiful pageant, held in Jordan Hall the evening of April 22nd.

Many of the student body went in costume as Shakespearean characters, and their long procession was reviewed by Mrs. Southwick in the person of Queen Elizabeth. Then followed scenes selected for presentation from the Shakespearean plays studied during the past year. Our faculty represented the court of Queen Elizabeth, grouped as in olden times on the stage itself. The general committee of arrangements consisted of Mrs. Hicks, Mrs. Willard and Dean Ross. The decorations were in charge of Mary Winn and were artistically carried out. Old English flags and crests covered the balcony railings; flags and pennants were draped about the stage, while a marble bust of Shakespeare with its laurel wreath was prominently placed. Other details were carefully attended to by Margaret Longstreet, chairman of dance committee. Amy Toll, chairman of staging. The programs were printed in ye olde time text on butcher's linen in long scrolls, tied with brown tape and sold in "the pit," even as in Shakespeare's day. Following is a replica:

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

By Faculty and Students of the Emerson College of Oratory

William Shakespeare witnesses presentation of scenes from his plays before Queen Elizabeth and her Court at London town. Here may be seen enacted Tragedy, Comedy and Romance. During entr'actes musicians from Avon will discourse sweet music; rustics will sing rounds and catches; while lads and lassies, commons and gentles, will foot it featly and vie in the merrymaking. Masters, you are welcome!

Earl of Leicester	President Southwick
Queen Elizabeth	Mrs. Southwick
Lords-in-Waiting	Prof. Kidder, Dr. Alden, Mr. Burnham
Ladies-in-Waiting	
Miss McQuesten, Miss Riddell, Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Hicks	
Dowager Duchesses	Mrs. Puffer, Miss Sleight
Court Fool	Professor Tripp
Mary, Queen of Scots	Miss Smith
Sir Francis Bacon	Dr. Black
Spirit of Poetry	Mrs. Black
William Shakespeare	Dean Ross
Anne Hathaway	Mrs. Ross
Herald	Samuel Kern
Lord Chamberlain	Leon C. Handy

TRAGEDY

ROMEO AND JULIET

Mercutio	Muriel Cook
Tybalt	Charles Vinick

HAMLET

Laertes	Marguerite Brodeur
Ophelia	Beatrice Coates

MACBETH

Macbeth	William Downs
Witches	

Ruby Sutherland, Helen Roarty, Blanche Crenshaw

KING LEAR

King Lear	William Basset
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OTHELLO

Emilia	Jean Hutchinson
Desdemona	Norma Olson

HISTORY

RICHARD III

King Richard	Effie Morrison
King John	Gertrude Allen
Lady Anne	Mary Lancto
Lady Anne	Kathryn Maxham

KING JOHN

Lady Constance

Carolyn Richards

HENRY VIII

Queen Catherine

Charlotte Perkins

Anne Boleyn

Charlotte Butler

HENRY VI

Joan of Arc

Helen Flaherty

JULIUS CAESAR

Marc Antony

Loretta McCarthy

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Cleopatra

Helen Crawford

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Hector

Dorothy Crocker

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Herman Hussman

COMEDY

AS YOU LIKE IT

Rosalind

Faye Eaton

Audrey

Margaret Scureman

Aliena

Hazel Call

Sylvius

Florence Bailey

Phœbe

Helen Lynch

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Helena

Vera Bradford

Hermia

Evelyn Benjamin

Titania

Eleanor Dunlap

Oberon

Eleanor Case

Hypolita

Mary Roberts

Theseus

Byrdie Townley

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Benedick

Beulah Folmsbee

Beatrice

Lillian Johansen

Hero

Sara Lewis

Claudio

Ruth Southwick

Courtier

Dorothy Mitchell

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Falstaff

C. C. Parsons

Mistress Ford
Slender

Marguerite Ruggles
Elvira Rasmussen

TWELFTH NIGHT

Maria
Malvolio

Frederica Magnus
Sarah Stocking

THE TEMPEST

Miranda

Lucy Upson

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Francesca

Annabel Conover

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Moth

Olive Guthrie

CYMBELINE

Jachimo
Posthumus

Harriet Stille
Ruth VanBuren

THE WINTER'S TALE

Hermoine

Jessie Smith

PAGES

Page to Queen Elizabeth
Izer Whiting

Ann Fowler
Neva Wright

BEEF EATERS

Hazel Manley, Ruth Hubbs, Ann Vail, Georgia Paddock

MARSHALLS

Alma Brown (Comedy), Ruth Kennard (Tragedy), Rena
Macomber (History)

ATTENDANTS

Grace Zerwick

Catherine Green

EPILOGUE

Mildred Southwick

Court Processional. Royal March, "Banquet Scene from
Macbeth." By Edgar S. Kelly

Avon Trio

PROLOGUE

Fred Hubbard

ACT I

COMEDY OF ERRORS. Act IV. Scenes 2 and 4

Antipholus of Ephesus
Antipholus of Syracus
Dromio of Ephesus

Clara Jean Macdonald
Lois L. Teal
Edna M. Fisher

Dromio of Syracuse	Florence M. Fransioli
Pinch	Jessie MacAloney
Officer	Mary Ella Perry
Attendants	Mary A. Winn, Helen Schroeder
Adriana	Margarette Josephine Penick
Luciana	Marguerite Seibel
Juliana	Alice A. White
Soldier	Ellen Reed
(a) Old English Rustic Dance	
(b) Old French Dance	
Ladies	Karma Kunkel, Alice Sigworth, Ara Dishman, Amy Toll
Gentlemen	Helen Schroeder, Ellen Reed, Mary Winn, Margaret Longstreet

ACT II

HAMLET. Closet Scene

Hamlet	George F. Pearson
Polonius	William R. Byer
Ghost	George Lyon, Jr.
Queen	Leah I. Kendall
(a) Rounds by the Shotttery Strollers	
1. The Bell Doth Toll.	2. Merrily, Merrily
(b) Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor"	<i>O. Nicola</i>
By Avon Trio	

ACT III

MERCHANT OF VENICE. Casket Scene

Portia	Helen W. Carter
Nerissa	Helena Pullen
Bassanio	Fay S. Goodfellow
Gratiano	Grace B. O'Leary
Morocco	Ina L. Duval
Arragon	Helen V. Guild
Lorenzo	Mary Elizabeth Darnell
Jessica	Ruth Stowe
Salerio	Ethel M. Caine
Balthazar	Barbara Wellington
"Tell me where is fancy bred"	<i>Dr. Arne</i>
Song by Hannah Beard	

(a) "Green Sleeves"

"Come to these Yellow Sands"

Emerson College Glee Club

(b) Selections from "Romeo et Juliette"

Gounod

By Avon Trio

ACT IV

ROMEO AND JULIET. Tomb Scene

Romeo

Burton W. James

Juliet

Dorothy C. Hopkins

Paris

Lawrence J. Smith

Friar

Albert R. Lovejoy

Page to Paris

Phyllis Jenkins

Balthazar

Ethel Green

Court Dance: Shakespeare Duet, "The Gilliard"

Mary Winn, Margaret Longstreet

Three Danes from "Henry VIII"

Edward German

By Avon Trio

ACT V

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Act II.

Petruchio

Ruby P. Ferguson

Baptista

Ruth A. Wood

Gremio

Alice Sigworth

Hortensio

Margaret A. Aiken

Tranio

An Minahan

Lucentio

Nettie M. Hutchins

Katharine

Annie Belle Reid

Bianca

Jessie C. Haszard

Servant

Phyllis Jenkins

Epilogue

Mildred Southwick

"Good Night Ladies"

Old English Song

(The audience will remain seated until the Court
has left the hall)

The Shottery Strollers

Joseph Connor, Edward Flanders, Jr., Joseph Gifford

Avon Trio

Sam Rosen, Violin; Adolph H. Vogel, Jr., Violoncello;

Hester Deasey, Piano

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Miss George was present at the meeting of April thirteenth and talked to us about the work for the coming year. Election of officers took place with the following result:

President	Elvira Rassmussen
Vice-President	Izer Whiting
Secretary	Barbara Wellington
Treasurer	Ann Fowler
Pianist	Gertrude Allen

April twenty-seventh we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Gustave Frohman speak. In a delightfully informal way he told us of incidents in the lives of various prominent actors and actresses, some of their characteristics and reasons for their success.

This was the last meeting of the year and one of the largest in attendance. All of those who have been present at the Y. W. C. A. gatherings this year know how uniformly interesting and helpful they have been. Next year they will be even finer.

SOUTHERN CLUB.

It is fitting that the Southern Club should send in as its last report of the year, the nature of its annual play.

Mary Ella Perry did well when she wrote for us our "stunt," and gratefully we acknowledge it.

For the actors, too, we have only praise and thanks for their unselfish interest.

It was a good stunt, a splendid stunt, and we are all proud if it, even if "we do say so as shouldn't."

The Southern Club wishes all Emersonians a happy vacation.

"WHEN WOMEN FIGHT"

MARY ELLA PERRY.

Cast of Characters

Douglas Drexel of Pennsylvania	Lucille Barrow
Hubert Merck, former Overseer of Gordon Plantation	Anna Belle Reid

Ruth Gordon, daughter of a Southern Colonel	Alice Sigworth
Mrs. Gordon, her mother	Ara Dishman
Mammy Clo, her mammy	Anne East

Time—Winter of 1866.

Place—South Carolina.

POST GRADUATES.

Albert R. Lovejoy is coaching Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" for the Dramatic Club of New Hampshire State College.

Vera Bradford is to read in West Acton for the Woman's Relief Corps, an April 11.

Margaret Seibel, Mr. Flanders, Mr. James, and Mr. Lovejoy played Shaw's "The Man of Destiny," and Sutherland's "A Bit of Instruction" at the Dorchester Woman's Club on April 12.

Edna Fischer read at Philip Brook's House, Harvard, April 7.

Georgette Jetté and Albert Lovejoy gave a very successful program, consisting of readings and sketches, at the West Newton Woman's Club on March 24.

The Post Graduates held their Banquet at River Bank Court on the evening of April 8.

May Miller read at the First Baptist Church in Somerville recently.

E. D. Flanders, Jr., appeared successfully in several parts at the Castle Square Theatre during Mr. Craig's Shakesperean Revival.

Jean MacDonald read at the First Congregational Church in Brighton, also Warren Ave. Baptist Church in Boston, on April 25.

Helen Shroeder coached the play, "A Virginian Heroine," at the Elizabeth Peabody House.

Bernice M. Durgen read several selections at an entertainment at Tremont Temple recently.

Mildred Forbes was the reader at an Easter Cantata at Pilgrim Church, Dorchester.

Evelyn Benjamin read at the Bennett School, Brighton, on May 5.

Edna Fisher read at the Civic Club meeting in Roxbury on May 1.

Vera Bradford gave an interesting entertainment at the Morgan Memorial Settlement House on April 29.

SENIOR.

Our President entertained the class in a most delightful way on May 7th. Various "episodes" were enjoyed, songs were sung, delicious refreshments partaken of, and the evening closed with a fond farewell to our class president, our class and our Alma Mater.

Margaret Aiken has been reading at the Phillips Club in Watertown, at the Mothers' Club in Dorchester, and before the Tufts College Club.

Olive Guthrie read recently in Roxbury.

Jessie Smith read at the Franklin Lodge of the Odd Fellows, Dorchester, April 28.

Mary Ella Perry has had Miss Mayme Rohr from Columbia visiting her for the past two weeks.

Lawrence Smith was the banished duke in the Forest Scene of "As You Like It" at the Arena Pageant on April 29th.

Helen Reed read for the Noble Grands' Association at Fitchburg recently.

Faye Eaton spent a week end recently at Lakeside.

Florence Bailey entertained several members of the Junior Class during Commencement Week.

The engagement of Elizabeth Spalter, a former member of the class, has been announced.

Nettie Hutchins visited Wellesley College on May 18.

On May 17, at eleven o'clock, Burton W. James and Florence Bean were quietly married at the parish house of St. Cecilia's Church. Mr. and Mrs. James left soon after for a short honeymoon in Maine. The Junior Class extends best wishes and heartiest congratulations.

SOPHOMORE.

Mrs. Amy Toll appeared at the Bungalow Theatre, April 11,

in two original plays by Mrs. Pauline C. Bauvé of the Boston Play Writers' Club. Mrs. Toll also read "The Lady of Shalott," April 26, musical setting by Bantick, at the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston.

On May 16, a group of Emerson students, under the direction of Mrs. Amy Toll, gave the Tomb scene from "Romeo and Juliet" at the Twentieth Century Club. The cast was as follows:

Paris	George Pearson
The Friar	Annie Bell Ried
Juliet	Amy Toll
Romeo	Margaret Aiken

The closing of our first Emersonian year brings a queer feeling of joy and sorrow, for the next time we gather in these halls there will be other "Babies" to be loved, while we must assume our Sophomore dignity. Nevertheless we are glad to have been E. C. O. infants and will try to help our younger sisters and brothers to the same state of unalloyed joy.

During the past few weeks, those of us who have dared stop for pleasure on the last desperate race for knowledge, have enjoyed some social events.

First and foremost is the Freshman Dance. Everyone agreed that Riverbank Court is a great place for good fun and that it is as nice to play as it is to work.

Mr. Connor gave a very pleasing program in Charlestown and is to read in Brighton in the near future with Frances Russey and Margaret Scureman.

The engagement of Lola Weed has been announced. Mr. Kirkland has our heartiest congratulations.

At a recent meeting we elected our officers for next year. Mr. Connor is to rule in the president's chair, assisted by Beulah Folmsbee as vice-president, Frances Russey as treasurer and Agnes Dissette as secretary.

SORORITIES.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Kappa Gamma Chi welcomes Selina Mace and Rena Macomber as new members.

The sorority was entertained most delightfully by Mrs. Kenney at Leominster, Mass., the week-end of May twelfth.

Madeleine Tarrant and Beth Tack spent Commencement Week at the Chapter House.

Nettie Hutchins entertained Mae Elliot the last week of college.

Genevieve MacGill spent Commencement Week in Boston.

Leah Kendall and Edna Schmitt are to take the Spring course.

Lois Teal is to go to Baltimore, to be bridesmaid at her brother's wedding. She will return to Boston for six weeks to complete her work with the University Extension Department of the State Board of Education.

Phyllis Jenkins read for the Whitman Equal Suffrage League on May day.

ZETA PHI ETA.

Carolyn Walker furnished the program at a luncheon given by New Century Club at "The Tavern."

Hazel Call read the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" recently at the Jewish Synagogue for a Shakespearean afternoon.

Catherine Green read recently for the Pomona Grange at Lowell, Mass.

Alice White and Barbara Wellington are going to take the supplementary course.

Dorothy Hopkins and her younger sister expect to spend the summer in Maine.

Ruby Ferguson is going to spend the month of June in New York City with her sister. Later she and Jean MacDonald are going to Wyonegonic Camp as councillors.

Ruby Ferguson read recently at Concord Junction, Peoples' Temple, and had a return engagement at Wollaston.

Barbara Wellington entertained some of her friends at her summer home at Nantasket on Wednesday, April 19. The day was delightfully spent on the seashore.

A new chapter of Zeta Phi Eta has been organized at Brenar College, Gainesville, Georgia.

Miss Overton, head of the Oratory Department at Brenar College, Gainesville, Georgia, spent a week in Boston and was entertained at the Chapter House.

PHI MU GAMMA.

Phi Mu Gamma Sorority welcomes as its new members Elvira Rasmussen and Ramona Given.

Harriet Brown has returned from California, where she spent a very enjoyable winter.

Elvira Rasmussen will stay in Boston this summer to take up a course in music at Boston University.

Estelle Van Hoesan will spend a few weeks in New York before she leaves for her home in Minnesota.

Ramona Given is going to Hanover, N. H., for Junior week at Dartmouth College.

Beatrice Coates is coaching the children's dances in a pantomime to be given by the Fleur de Lis Club of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church of Lynn.

Ethel Caine and Ramona Given danced in the Egyptian Ballet produced under the auspices of the Players' League at the Park Square Theatre, April 25th.

Molly Sayre is planning to stay in Boston for Harvard Commencement.

Ethel Caine read at the Pilgrim Congregational Church in Weymouth on Easter Sunday.

Mildred Galloway is going to spend the first part of the summer with Gladys Hunt.

Anne Vail and Gwendoline Henry are to accompany Helen Carter when she returns to her home in Carthage, N. Y., in June.

Marguerite Thompson will spend most of the summer at her sister's home in Buffalo, N. Y.

Lucile Barrow is to give a house party in August at her home in Blackstone, Virginia. Gwendolyn Henry, Mildred Galloway, Anne Vail, Marguerite Thompson and Florence Fransioli are to be among the guests.

Miss Betty Curtis, daughter of Governor Curtis of Maine, has been a guest at the Chapter House for ten days.

Phi Mu Gamma wishes a happy summer for all Emersonians.



ALUMNI CLUBS.

The Emerson College Club of Boston has just paid the last \$35.00 of its \$500.00 pledge to the Emerson College Endowment Association.

A contribution of \$75.00 has been received from the Emerson College Club of Providence to swell the Endowment Fund.

The sincerest thanks of the Endowment Association is due these clubs for their hearty support and helpful co-operation.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'93-'94. J. S. Gaylord will teach psychology and pedagogy of reading and speaking in the summer school of the University of Wisconsin this year and then for two weeks in August lecture on the same topics at the summer school of Harvard University.

'98. Dr. Walter B. Swift's latest articles are:

A Psychological Analysis of Stuttering.

J. Abn. Psy., Oct.-Nov. 1915.

Observations on the Voice in Tabes—A Voice Sign.

Am. J. of Insanity, October, 1915.

Studies in Speech Disorder No. B.

P. M. A.—case and treat.

B. M. & S. J., November 4, 1915.

Studies in Speech Disorder No. c.

The Dev. of a Mental Defective by Vocal Drill.

B. M. & S. J., November 11, 1915.

'98-'99. Alice Howell, head of the Department of Public Speaking at the University of Nebraska, recently staged

"Jean D'Arc." The following press notice from *Nebraska State Journal* tells of her success:

The most ambitious effort yet made by the dramatic department of the University of Nebraska, a production of Percy MacKaye's play of "Jeanne D'Arc," occupied the attention of a serious minded and deeply impressed audience at the Oliver theater last night. The play was notable for the size of the cast, for the beauty of the stage pictures, for the elaborateness of the costumes and for the care with which a large number of people had been trained for a single performance. It was a special event, too, because it marked the appearance of Miss Alice Howell, the director of the department, in the leading role. For years she has shown her work mainly through her pupils. When she devoted her personal attention to such a heavy role as "Jeanne D'Arc" the whole university became interested, and gave her a large audience, an attentive hearing throughout a long performance and an amount of applause that must have been some recompense for the hours that the preparation of the piece cost everybody connected with it.

She had become so immersed in the spirit of the play that she did not seem to be acting the part of "Jeanne D'Arc." She was the maid in every fibre of her being. Her sympathetic hearers felt especially her spiritual union with the role, and her emotional oneness with everything it called for.

Miss Howell's audience remained until twenty minutes before twelve, and then paused for a final curtain call as evidence of appreciation for the character of the performance and its high intellectual quality.

'98-'99. Prof. George McKie, of the University of North Carolina, will teach at the Harvard summer school.

'98-'10. The following extract from *The Idaho Statesman* reflects the success of Elizabeth M. Barnes in her work in the Boise High School:

"Miss Bob White," given by the students of the Boise High school, is one of the best amateur productions ever seen in the city, and the big audience which filled the theater on the first night was simply charmed with the perfection in which the tuneful little operetta was produced.

The sweet, well trained voices of the many students who appeared in the chorus and the excellent singing of the principals, together with the charming dancing and general stage effects, was a revelation to those not in close touch with the musical and expression department of the school.

It was in the close attention to details, to the harmonious effect of costumes, to the stage effects with regard to lighting and to the splendid orchestra of High School students, that much of the great success was due.

To Ward French, director of music in the High school, and to Miss Barnes, supervisor of the expression department, belongs the credit for the production.

'03-'04. Aside from teaching English Literature and Expression in the State Normal School, Bloomsburg, Pa., Maude Fiske has put on this year the following plays: "The Silent Woman," "Lady Ursula," "The Shrew," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Comedy of Errors," "Romeo and Juliet," "Friend Hannah," "Barbara Frietchie" and "Midsummer Night's Dream." Miss Fiske has also originated two May Day pageants and directed five contests in expression.

'07. On May 5th, Mr. C. Bishop Johnson, who is at the head of the Public Speaking Department of South Bend, Indiana, High School, acted as judge at an Interscholastic competition in Extempore Speaking. Twenty-two high schools of Chicago and adjoining regions were entered. In Mr. Johnson's own department, too, contests are held annually for his students in extempore speaking.

'09. Mary R. Slifer is finishing a very successful year at the State Normal School, Winona, Minn. She presents as the Senior class play the last of May "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

'11-'12. Lucille Barry visited college during Commencement week. Miss Barry has been with the Eastern Lyceum Bureau reading with great success "Polly Anna" stories to many audiences.

'12. Mary V. Edwards, who has been teaching Expression and Physical Culture in Atlantic Christian College, Wilson, North Carolina, is closing her year with a series of evenings with the authors by her graduates. A press comment runs as follows:

Miss Edwards is to be congratulated upon the high grade programs that are being given by the graduates in their individual recitals. The Tennyson program was so much enjoyed by all who attended that we are already anticipating the Riley and Dickens programs which are to be given later.

'15. In an account of the National Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution held in Washington, D. C., we find the following notice in the *Washington Post* :

Miss Sarah Coleman, of Virginia, stated that Kipling's "Recessional" was a prayer that his country should respond faithfully and wisely to a great trust. She said she felt the spirit of the poem peculiarly appropriate to the present great crisis of our own country. With great earnestness and feeling she gave most convincingly the wonderful lines of this poem.

The following notice concerning Rev. Daniel Dorchester will be of interest to all who knew him as a teacher of Literature in Emerson during the years 1892 to 1895:

Rev. Daniel Dorchester, whose retirement from the pastorate of St. Mark's Methodist Church, Flatbush, N. Y., is announced, and ends forty years of continued work in the pulpit and in college professor ship. After serving various churches, he was for seventeen years professor of English literature and political economy in Boston University. Then he held prominent pastorates in Pittsburgh and St. Louis. He has declined calls to the pulpit of a large church and to a college professorship, in order to round out his later years in the country. He will do some lecturing on political economy and preaching in churches desiring temporary services. He received the degree of A. B. at Wesleyan in 1874 and was licensed to preach in 1876, while teaching in Vermont. His Alma Mater gave him the degree of D. D. in 1900. Dr. Dorchester followed his father's footsteps in the New England Conference. He was a delegate to the general conference in 1908 and received 201 votes for bishop. He is the author of numerous magazine articles on literary topics and has published two books. He was given a purse of gold and Mrs. Dorchester a gold watch by the people of Flatbush as parting tokens.

